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HOW TO SPEND

MONTH IN IRELAND

BY

SIR CUSACK P. RONEY.

ILLUSTRATED.

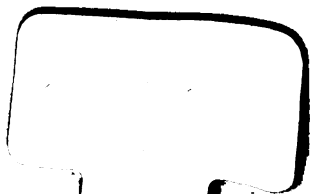
PRESENTED BY

MR. CHARLES COTTON,

Proprietor of the Imperial Hotel,

CORK.

1867.





HOW TO SPEND
A
MONTH IN IRELAND.

BY
SIR CUSACK P. RONEY.

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THE AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

THIS little book has been compiled for the purpose of showing how a month may be spent in Ireland.

By the recent establishment of what undoubtedly is the most complete mail and passenger communication in the world, the capitals of England and of Ireland have been brought within $11\frac{1}{2}$ hours of each other; and the various other routes which link together the western ports of Great Britain with all the leading harbours on the east side of Ireland afford facilities of communications so extensive and varied, that there is scarcely a town, north or west of the Thames, that is not connected, by through booking arrangements, with all the leading places in Ireland. The fares for this accommodation are very moderate, and the tourist will find that the economy of the terms upon which the portals of the sister country are opened to him extends to many items of his expenditure during his stay there. Railway fares, are, as a rule, less than they are in England. Car and cab conveyances in towns are also lower. Two persons can post on cars through almost every part of Ireland at the rate of eightpence a mile, including the driver; and the cost for three or four persons does not exceed a shilling and twopence a mile. If the visitor be a bachelor, he will see that his hotel bills are some 15 per cent. lower than for the like accommodation in England; and if *paterfamilias* be travelling with his wife and daughters, he can, if he desire it, be freed, at a great many of the Irish hotels, from the additional cost which private sitting rooms and their concomitant charges involve. The establishment of ladies' coffee rooms and of *table d'hotes* at the large hotels is now becoming general, and the system will extend, because it is found to be profitable to landlords, as it certainly is beneficial, in point of economy, to families who wish to avail themselves of it.

And now, gentle reader, let one who is both an earnest Irishman, and from long residence and social domestic ties, an equally earnest Englishman, advise you strongly to visit the sister country, and to spend a little

month there. Yes, the sister country—for, no matter what stupidity or malevolence may suggest to the contrary, Ireland *is* the sister to her massive brother, England. Go there, and in addition to finding scenery as interesting, as grand, and as picturesque as you can meet with in any other part of the world, you will see a country that *was* badly governed, but that now rapidly evinces the happy results which flow from just laws, equal for all, and administered with good feeling and impartiality. You will also come in contact with a peasantry who, you will learn, were degraded, but who, at the present day, are industrious, well clad, and well fed, and able to bring to their labour, material strength and intelligence. In the society of your own rank you will meet the combination of the well educated Englishman with the less restrained familiarity of Continental habits. From all classes you will experience courtesy, kindness, and a heartiness that will quickly convince you you are among fellow-subjects—that you are in a father-land, which as much belongs to you as it does to those who dwell within it. Recollect, further, that the passport barrier will not be raised against you at your entrance, and no frowning official will ask you, in a language that you probably don't understand, your name, your age, and your religion; but you will be precisely as free to come, as free to go—when you like, and as you like—as you are in your own free country.

The money that you spend in Ireland will do much good—more perhaps than you think for. Let me illustrate this by only one example. You will, if you be of the male sex, probably buy for your fair sisters or cousins, as mementoes of your visit to Ireland, some of the lace, or of the crochet, or of the other ornamental work that will meet you on every side: or, if you be of the gentler portion of creation, you will buy these articles for yourself. The sums thus expended will probably, in the difference between English wealth and Irish moderation, appear to you to be small, yet, small though they be, they will confer great blessings, for these purchases are the sources, for thousands of the young girls of Ireland, of honest and virtuous livelihoods.

In my native land you will, no doubt, observe many things which lack the perfection and the completeness of your own high standard; but if you will look upon all you see there in the genuine spirit of English fair play, and of English justice, you will not only acknowledge, on your return, that you have had an agreeable and refreshing tour, but like every one of your countrymen who visits Ireland in the same spirit, you will have convinced yourself that she is worthy of your warmest sympathies.

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HOW TO SPEND
A
MONTH IN IRELAND
BY
SIR CUSACK P. RONEY.

THE advantages which Ireland offers to the tourist, independent of those which are shared by other portions of the United Kingdom, such as the absence of the annoying custom-house and passport regulations of the continent (although these are greatly diminished of late years), are, the comparative inexpensiveness of travelling, and the facilities which the admirable railway system of the country, combined with well organized road conveyances in all parts, affords for seeing all the principal objects of interest in a comparatively short period. Travelling in Ireland is somewhat less expensive than in either England or Scotland, while the scenic attractions are fully

equal to the most picturesque portions of either, and unite the wild grandeur of the north with the softer beauty of the south. Through booking and other arrangements facilitate trips to Ireland from all the more important towns in England.

It will be better to suppose that the intending tourist is a resident in London, and that he makes his start from that capital. Direct "through" communication offers by the following different routes, viz.—1st, the great postal and passenger route from Euston station, *viâ* Chester and Holyhead, to Dublin; 2nd, from Paddington station, *viâ* Shrewsbury and Chester, and thence by Chester and Holyhead route to Dublin; 3rd, from Paddington station *viâ* Bristol to Cork; 4th, from Paddington station to Milford, thence to Waterford, with through booking arrangements to Cork and Limerick; 5th, from Euston station to Fleetwood, thence to Belfast and all the principal towns in the north of Ireland; 6th, from Euston station to Liverpool, thence by steamer to Dundalk, with through booking arrangements to Enniskillen; 7th, from Paddington station to Liverpool *viâ* Shrewsbury and Chester, or from Euston station *viâ* Stafford and Crewe, to Liverpool, and thence by direct steamer to Belfast; and, 8th, the same as the last to Liverpool, and thence by direct steamer to Londonderry. It is to be understood that the routes commencing at Euston station follow the London and North-Western system of railways, and those from Paddington the Great Western system. Through booking arrangements have also been established between some of the stations of the Midland Railway Company and Belfast, by means of steamers which sail between that port and Morecambe; and likewise between stations on the Great Northern and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railways and Belfast.

We shall commence with that which is undoubtedly the most important of the foregoing routes, namely, that *viâ* Chester and Holyhead, as it is by it that all the correspondence between the two countries is conveyed, and it has been specially organized with a view, not only to postal requirements, but also to insure for passengers the utmost comfort and despatch that the present state of science and of railway experience can afford. The present service commenced October 1st, 1860, under a contract entered into by the Postmaster-General with the London and North-Western Railway Company and the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company. By the stipulations of this contract, the distance (330 miles, of which 66 are by sea), between London and Kingstown (the packet port for Dublin, with which it is connected by a railway 6½ miles long), must be accomplished in eleven hours, mean time. The trains leave Euston station at 7.25 a.m. (except on Sundays), and 8.25 p.m., stopping only at Rugby, 83 miles from London; Stafford, 133 miles; and

Chester (where ten minutes are allowed for refreshment), 177 miles. Thence to Holyhead station, 86 miles, making the total distance 263 miles, which is performed in six hours and forty minutes. The time for conveying the passengers and mails from the station to the pier, and transferring them to the steamer, is about half an hour, which leaves $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours for the transit to Kingstown—equal to a speed of nearly nineteen miles per hour. The steamers which perform this service are the *finest* mail packets afloat. They are named after the four provinces of Ireland—Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, and Munster. The first-named vessel was built by Messrs. Samuda Brothers, London; the others by Messrs. J. Laird and Sons, Birkenhead. The engines of the *Leinster* and *Connaught* were made by Messrs. Ravenhill, Salkeld, and Co., London; those for the other vessels by Messrs. James Watt and Co., of Soho, near Birmingham. The nominal power of the engines of each vessel is of 700 horses.

The day mail steamer is due at Kingstown at 6.5 p.m., *Dublin time*; and here it may be noted that there is a difference of 25 minutes between London time and Dublin time, so that 6.5 p.m., Dublin time, is 6.30 p.m., London time. Ireland has adopted the English plan of making metropolitan time that of the whole country, and Dublin time is the standard there, as London time is in England. The steamer in connection with the train leaving Euston station at 8.25 p.m. is due at Kingstown at 7.5 a.m., Dublin time. The Dublin and Kingstown Railway extends to the pier, so that the steamer and the train are not more than thirty feet apart, and this portion of the pier is entirely under cover. Special trains await the arrival of each steamer, and perform the journey to the capital in little more than ten minutes.

By availing of the morning mail train from London, the tourist has an opportunity of seeing the quaint architecture of Chester, and the natural beauties of North Wales, which are lost when the journey is performed by night. The mountain scenery of the principality divides the admiration of the traveller with those triumphs of engineering skill, the bridges constructed by Telford and Stephenson across the Menai Straits, the latter of which was the most remarkable structure of its kind until eclipsed by the world-famous Victoria Bridge, which spans the St. Lawrence at Montreal. Arrived at Kingstown, the attention of the tourist is drawn to the fine harbour, pronounced by the Tidal Harbour Commissioners "one of the most splendid artificial ports in the United Kingdom," embracing an area of 250 acres. Should he be disposed to remain a day or two amid the beautiful scenery surrounding the Bay of Dublin, there is good hotel accommodation at Kingstown; but most

visitors prefer going on to Dublin at once, and that course is recommended to all whose time is limited.

Before conducting the tourist through Dublin, it will be necessary briefly to notice the second through route to that city from London, namely, from Paddington station to Chester, by the Great Western system of railways, *viâ* Oxford, Birmingham, Shrewsbury, and Chester, through a very interesting and picturesque country.



CITY OF DUBLIN.



UBLIN the capital of Ireland, occupies both sides of the Liffey, extending from Ringsend, at the mouth of the river, to Kilmainham, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and from Phibsborough to Portobello, its northern and southern extremities, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. In 1610 it was confined to the southern side of the Liffey, and did not exceed a mile in circumference. In 1851 its population was 254,850, being an increase of 22,124 since 1841. The number of tenements valued for local taxation was 24,548, and the amount of valuation was £534,106. There are 84 places of worship, of which number 40 are in connection with the Established Church, 23 belong to the various dissenting sects (seven Presbyterian, four Independent, seven Wesleyan Methodist, three Primitive Methodist, one Moravian, one Welsh, one Quaker), 20 belong to the

Roman Catholic Church, and the total is completed by a Jewish synagogue. There are 26 collegiate, literary, and scientific institutions, and 100 hospitals and charitable institutions supported by donations and subscriptions. The Liffey divides it into two great divisions, but its social demarcations are strikingly opposite to those of London, the south-eastern quarter being that which contains the finest streets and squares, the principal public

institutions, banks, theatres, &c., while the north-western, which in the British metropolis is the fashionable quarter, in Dublin contains the courts of law, markets, hospitals, foundries, breweries, and distilleries. In the south-west quarter are situated the two cathedrals, all the older churches, and the poplin manufactories. The north-east is the commercial quarter, comprising the docks, shipping stores, and the customs and excise departments of the Government, with the establishments of the principal traders and professional men, and some of the modern churches.

Omnibuses run throughout the day from the General Post Office, in Sackville-street, to Roundtown and Dundrum, southward, and to Dollymount, northward, at moderate fares. Hackney carriage fares are charged, between 9.0 a.m. and 10.0 p.m., at a uniform rate of 6*d.* for two persons, and 1*s.* for three or four persons, for any distance within the municipal boundary. Between 10 p.m. and 9.0 a.m. the fare for one or two persons is 1*s.* The fare beyond, or partly within and partly beyond the boundary, returning with the employer, is 4*d.* per mile, or 6*d.* if returning without the employer. If engaged by time, the fare is 1*s.* 6*d.* for the first hour, and 6*d.* for every half hour commenced after the first. Drivers are entitled to charge 3*d.* for every quarter of an hour's detention beyond 30 minutes. The principal hotels are the Shelbourne, Stephen's-green; the Imperial, Gresham, Reynolds', the Bilton, and the Prince of Wales, Sackville-street; Morrison's, the Hibernian, and Mackin's, Dawson-street; the European, Bolton-street; the Arcade and Jury's, College-green; and the Wicklow and Foley's, Wicklow-street.

The General Post Office is within ten minutes' walk of the most central of the first-class hotels, and is one of the principal ornaments of Sackville-street, having a handsome portico supported by Ionic columns and surmounted by emblematical figures. The mails for England are despatched at 6.20 a.m. and 6.50 p.m. Close to the Post Office is the Nelson column, of cut granite, 121 feet high, exclusive of the statue which surmounts it. From the top of this monument, for access to which 6*d.* is charged, a fine view is obtained over the city and surrounding country, extending on clear days to the Mourne mountains north, and those of Wicklow south. Turning southward, if prepared for a walk, the visitor soon reaches Carlisle Bridge, the lowermost of the eight bridges under which the Liffey flows in nearly a straight line from west to east. Having crossed the bridge, a peep may be taken at Conciliation Hall, famous in the history of the repeal agitation, now converted into a corn-store;

and then, going down Westmoreland-street, Trinity College is reached. The buildings of the University consist of three spacious quadrangles, comprising refectory, library, observatory, museum, printing-office, and buildings devoted to the students, who number about 1400. Among the valuable records in the manuscript room are a copy of the Brehon laws, the Book of Kells, and the MSS. of Wickliffe; and in the museum, to which strangers are admitted on presenting their cards, are the harp of Brian Boru, three perfect skeletons of the extinct Irish elk, and a fine collection of Irish birds and fishes. Beyond the College Park, in Kildare-street, are the premises of the Royal Society. Close to the College is the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Parliament House, the House of Lords remaining in its original condition, and being shown on application. Leaving College-green, passing the statue of William III., the visitor may proceed along Dame-street to the Exchange, the hall of which is adorned with statues, among which are that of Grattan, by Chantrey, and one of O'Connell, by Hogan. In Castle-street are the gates of the viceregal palace of the Lord-Lieutenant, the chief attractions of which are the chapel, a beautiful Gothic structure, in which very fine music may be heard every Sunday forenoon, and the ball-room, the ceiling of which is ornamented with pictures. The other state apartments are decorated in the style of the last century, and present nothing remarkable. A short walk conducts the visitor to Christ's Church, otherwise the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, a comparatively modern cruciform building, on the site of another erected in 1088. It contains a monument reported to be that of Earl Strongbow, but which some authorities maintain to be that of the Earl of Desmond, who was Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in 1467. Full choral service is performed in this Cathedral every Sunday at 11 a.m. At a short distance southward is the other Cathedral, dedicated to St. Patrick, and dating from 1190, though the spire was added in the latter part of the fourteenth century. It is worthy a visit, for the monuments it contains. In the chancel is a tablet in memory of the Duke of Schomberg, and in the choir, where hang the banners of the knights of St. Patrick, are the tombs of Swift and Hester Johnston (the Stella of his poetry), and Boyle, Earl of Cork. The handsome clock of this cathedral was constructed by Benson, London. The streets around the cathedral being among the worst in the city, the visitor may now retrace his steps to Richmond Bridge, near the northern foot of which stands "the Four Courts," a noble structure, with a frontage of 450 feet to the river, and crowned with a majestic dome. The front of the central building has a fine portico of six Corinthian columns, supporting a handsome pediment, surmounted by a figure of Moses, with those of Justice and Mercy on either hand. Each wing has a magnificent arched gateway, ornamented

with emblematical designs. Proceeding along the noble line of quays, which extend, on the north, from the gates of Phoenix Park to the North Wall lighthouse, three miles, and, on the south, from King's Bridge to the end of the South Wall, six miles, the visitor reaches the Custom House, a large quadrangular building, with its principal front facing the river. In the centre is a portico of Doric columns, surmounted by a pediment adorned with allegorical figures, and a dome, crowned by a colossal statue of Hope, rises above the building. Returning towards Sackville-street, the visitor passes the Mechanics' Institution, the reading-room of which is open to strangers on payment of one penny, and the Royal Hibernian Academy, a plain Doric structure, devoted to painting and sculpture, an exhibition of which is open from May to the end of July.

This walk, though less than three miles, comprehends all the principal public buildings and objects of attraction in the city, except the Park, which may be reached by a walk along the north quays. It greatly exceeds in extent any of the London parks, among which the Regent's conveys the best idea of it, the ground being undulating and well-wooded. On the left of the main avenue is a tall obelisk of Wicklow granite in honour of Wellington; and near the vice-regal lodge are the Zoological Gardens, the price of admission to which is only sixpence, and on Sundays one penny. The grounds are exceedingly well laid out, and the collection of animals is good, though not so extensive as that in the Regent's Park. The Botanic Gardens at Glasnevin, two miles from Dublin, are also worth a visit, admission being free, except on Tuesday and Thursday, when sixpence is charged. Close by is the cemetery containing the tombs of O'Connell and Curran, both of granite, the former a copy of the celebrated monument of Scipio Barbatiens, the latter a round tower, 160 feet in height, surmounted by a cross eight feet high.

Dublin is not famous for any special branch of trade or manufactures, though formerly there was a considerable amount of capital and industry employed in the production of silk, woollen, and hosiery manufactures. The poplin manufacture, which of late years has shown symptoms of revival, was introduced by French Protestants at the close of the seventeenth century, but after the Union it fell into a state of gradual decline. "At the time of the Union," we are told, "and for some years afterwards, the Liberties presented a scene like the business part of Manchester. Fully 40,000 lived by the employment given there." The Liberties are the oldest portion of the city, in the south-west quarter,

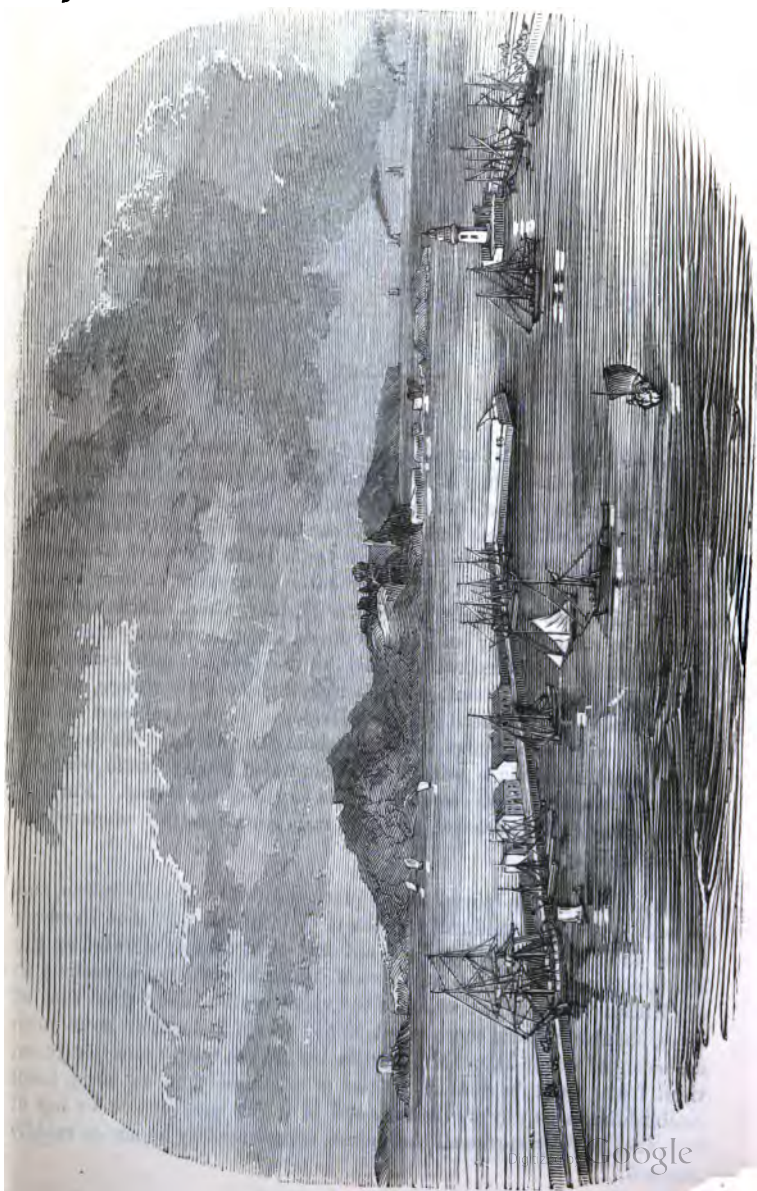
and, if the visitor is inclined to explore them, a few minutes's walk from St. Patrick's Cathedral will take him into their heart. At a little distance, in Coombe-street, is the Weavers' Hall, now shorn of its splendid tapestries, and falling into decay, being let to several poor tenants. Pursuing his way along Coombe-street, and turning to the right, the visitor enters Thomas-street, where, in the house No. 151, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was captured, receiving, in the struggle that ensued, a mortal wound. In this street also Lord Kilwarden was dragged from his carriage by a mob, infuriated by the execution of Robert Emmett (whose memory has been preserved in more than one of Moore's beautiful lyrics), and was rescued with difficulty, and only after his nephew had been brutally murdered. Turning into Bridge-street, the house in which the committee of the United Irishmen assembled, and in which Emmett, M'Nevin, M'Cormick, Jackson, and Dillon were arrested, will be pointed out; and if the tourist crosses Whitworth Bridge, a few minutes' walk will take him to St. Michael's Church, one of the oldest in Dublin, in whose vaults rest the bodies of Jackson, Dr. Lucas, Oliver Bond, and the brothers Sheares—names prominent in the history of the exciting events of 1798.

Before leaving Dublin, the tourist should, if time permit, not omit to visit Howth, which should be seen for the baronial and ecclesiastical antiquities in its neighbourhood, while it lies off the main line of travel northward. It is distant from Dublin eight miles, and is reached by a branch of the Dublin and Drogheda Railway. A fine view of the Bay is obtained after crossing the Royal Canal, and on the left is seen Marino, the beautiful seat of the Earl of Charlemont. On the same side of the line lies the field of Clontarf, where the celebrated Brian Boru fell, in a battle with the Danes, and where, more than eight centuries later, O'Connell terminated his repeal agitation by a monster demonstration. Should the site, and the neighbouring castle, seat of the Vernons, have an attraction for the tourist, he may go by omnibus from Sackville-street to Clontarf for 3d., and then by train from Raheny station for Howth. Just beyond the pretty village of Baldoyle, the junction is reached, and the train in a few minutes runs into the station at Howth. The first object of interest is the castle, seat of the St. Lawrences, a fine Norman structure, dating from the twelfth, but almost entirely rebuilt in the sixteenth, century. Near it are the ruins of St. Mary's Church, and the Abbey, close to the sea, said to have been founded by Sitric the Dane, in 1038. From the high road leading from the church to the village, the tourist may obtain beautiful views of the adjacent coast; also of Ireland's Eye, scene of the Kirwan tragedy,



LONG HOLE, IRELAND'S EYE.

access to which can readily be had by boats. It is about a mile in circumference, principally composed of quartz, and rises pyramidically to a considerable elevation. It contains the ruins of a small ancient building, said to have been erected in 570, by St. Nesson. The lower lands afford good pasturage, and seals and sea-birds frequent the rocks. The famous Hill of Howth is a prominent object from all points of view, and commands an extensive prospect. At the base of the steep rocks which overhang the beautiful grounds of the castle is a remarkable cromlech, and several other Druidical remains may be observed on different parts of the hill.

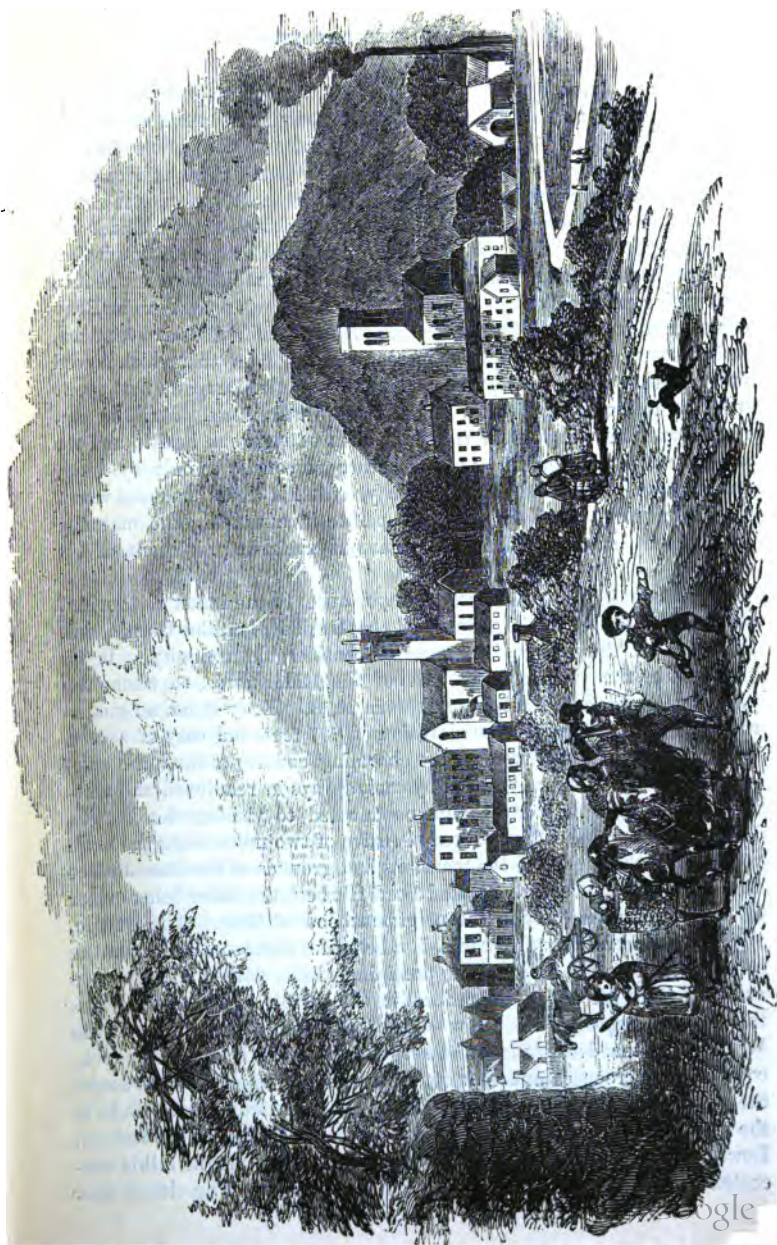


HILL OF HOWTH.

COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

HAVING seen all the "lions" of Dublin, the tourist should arrange to visit the county of Wicklow, for which purpose he should take the train of the Dublin and Wicklow Railway for Bray station, twelve miles from Dublin. He can have no difficulty in selecting the time most convenient to himself, as trains leave Harcourt Road station nearly every hour, occupying about three quarters of an hour on the journey. The line crosses the little river Dodder, which affords pleasant glimpses of river scenery both up and down; but after passing Dundrum a deep cutting is entered, which shuts out the prospect until Stillorglin is reached. The next station is Carrickmines, a little village, with a ruined castle, at the head of Glen Druid, a name significant of the numerous relics of paganism scattered about the vicinity. On the brow of Shankhill mountain is pointed out a ruin called Puck's Castle, wherein James II. is said to have rested after the battle of the Boyne. Further on, the Bray river is crossed, and the train runs into the commodious station of Bray.

Bray should be the tourist's head-quarters for at least a day or two, and he will be the more inclined to make it so from the fact that Breslin's Hotel and the International are not only picturesquely situated on the beach, commanding excellent views of Wicklow scenery, extending to the Killiney Hills, which separate the valley of the Liffey from that of Bray, but also because there is not, in any part of Ireland, an hotel more deserving of confidence. Mr. Breslin has, in the course of a few years, risen from small beginnings to the proprietorship of as large hotel establishments as any in Ireland, and it is but bare justice to say of him, that he fully merits all the success and prosperity he has so rapidly attained.



TOWN OF BRAY.

We cannot more appropriately introduce, in these pages, the name of an Irishman of whom his country may well be proud than in connection with this locality. Although the works of WILLIAM DARGAN may be seen in almost every part of Ireland, it is at Bray that he has of late years concentrated his energies, now removed almost entirely from the active pursuits in which he was engaged for nearly thirty years. Under his guiding eye, and by the judicious investment of his abundant capital, a small and comparatively obscure village has been rapidly converted into a charming marine outskirt of Dublin. Mr. Dargan's operations at Bray commenced in 1856, and it now abounds with well-built villas and terraces, and possesses a population which increases as rapidly as that which flowed into Kingstown shortly after the completion of Mr. Dargan's first great work in Ireland—the Dublin and Kingstown Railway. Mr. Dargan, now upwards of sixty, is in the enjoyment of vigorous health, and we are sure that all who know him, whether personally or only by fame, unite in the earnest hope that he may, with his clear head and warm heart, for many years to come, co-operate in advancing the material development, as well as the intellectual and social improvement, of his country.

Bray, though it owes its present importance to the influx of tourists, attracted by the beautiful scenery of the Devil's Glen, the Dargle, and the Glen of the Downs, is a place of considerable antiquity. In its vicinity are the ruins of the Castle of the Riddesfords, to whom the place was granted by Earl Strongbow in 1173. Bray Head, a remarkable promontory, rising to an elevation of 807 feet, and easy of ascent, commands extensive views over the charming country around, the chief attractions of which are reached by cars, always in readiness, at moderate fares. The first day should be devoted to visiting the Dargle, Powerscourt, and the Bray Lakes. A drive of two miles along the main road brings the tourist to the mansions and grounds of the Hon. Justice Crampton and the recently created Lord Herbert, the latter being owner of much of the property in the neighbourhood of Bray. The Dargle, which is reached soon afterwards, is a beautiful glen, so called from the stream which gushes between the precipitous hills, clothed from base to summit with thick woods, which form its sides. Sir J. Forbes compares this romantic spot to the valley of the Wye, and a companion to the Wyndeliff of that locality is found here in the Lover's Leap, a lofty rock, covered with creepers and mosses, the summit of which projects across the glen, and overshadows the torrent below. A winding path leads to the summit, whence a view over the entire extent of the dell is obtained. Lower down the torrent plunges down a deep chasm, but the fall is concealed by the dense masses of foliage which overhang it on either side.

A view of it may be obtained, however, from a small patch of greensward at the bottom of the glen, close beside a broad pool, in which the stream is dammed by a ledge of rocks. Mr. Stirling Coyne thus describes this view:—"Looking up the stream, the waters are seen tumbling through a rocky channel from the dark woods, which, rising to a vast height on either side, exclude every other object. Perched on the shoulder of a precipitous cliff, the thatched roof and rustic pillars of a charming little cottage, called the Moss House, peep through the foliage of the trees that grow above and beneath it, and form a singularly pleasing object in the landscape." Mr. Barrow, whose recollections of the picturesque in other lands had prepared him to look critically on home scenery, expresses himself more pleased with the Dargle than with any thing else he saw in Wicklow; and Mr. Inglis is lavish in his praise of the happy union of rock, wood, and water, the picturesque combinations presented to the eye, and the pleasant murmur of the almost hidden stream.

Emerging from the glen, the tourist re-enters his car, which follows the road while he walks through, and soon reaches the beautiful demesne of Powerscourt, seat of the noble Wingfield family, to whom it was granted by James I., on being taken from the Kavanaghs. To view the grounds the order of Lord Powerscourt's agent, who lives at Eniskerry, is necessary. The gardens are very extensive, and near the house, an imposing edifice in the Grecian style, is the finest and largest ash tree in the country. From the south or garden front of the mansion a fine prospect is obtained over the deer park and its woods, the glen of the Dargle, and the beautiful quartz mountains called the Sugar Loaves. But the great attraction of Powerscourt is the Cascade, about two and a half miles from the mansion, and more than 100 feet in height. In dry weather the tourist sees only a silvery thread gliding down the face of the perpendicular rock, but when rains have flooded the stream the water rushes down tumultuously, half veiled in a cloud of spray. Mr. Barrow, who saw it under the former aspect, acknowledges that "though the water is deficient, the accompaniments of rock and wood give to it a character of more grandeur than it could otherwise have any pretensions to;" and these accessories have been the admiration of all travellers. The whole demesne abounds in beautiful scenery—dark woods, brawling streams, precipitous mountains, and secluded glens.

On the opposite bank of the stream is Charleville, the handsome mansion of Lord Monck. This demesne, which participates in the attractive features displayed by Powerscourt, extends over 1,200 acres, and abounds in noble forest trees. Close to it is Bushy, the picturesque residence of Mr. Justice Keogh. The Douce mountain and the Sugar Loaves are prominent objects from all points of view, and seem, as

POWERSCOURT WATERFALL, CO. OF WICKLOW.



Mr. Leitch Ritchie observes, to haunt the traveller wherever he turns. The Douce is considerably higher than the Great Sugar Loaf, and is recognizable at a considerable distance by a cairn on its summit. The ascent is very steep, but the view from the summit, embracing a large portion of the counties of Wicklow and Dublin, is well worth the trouble.

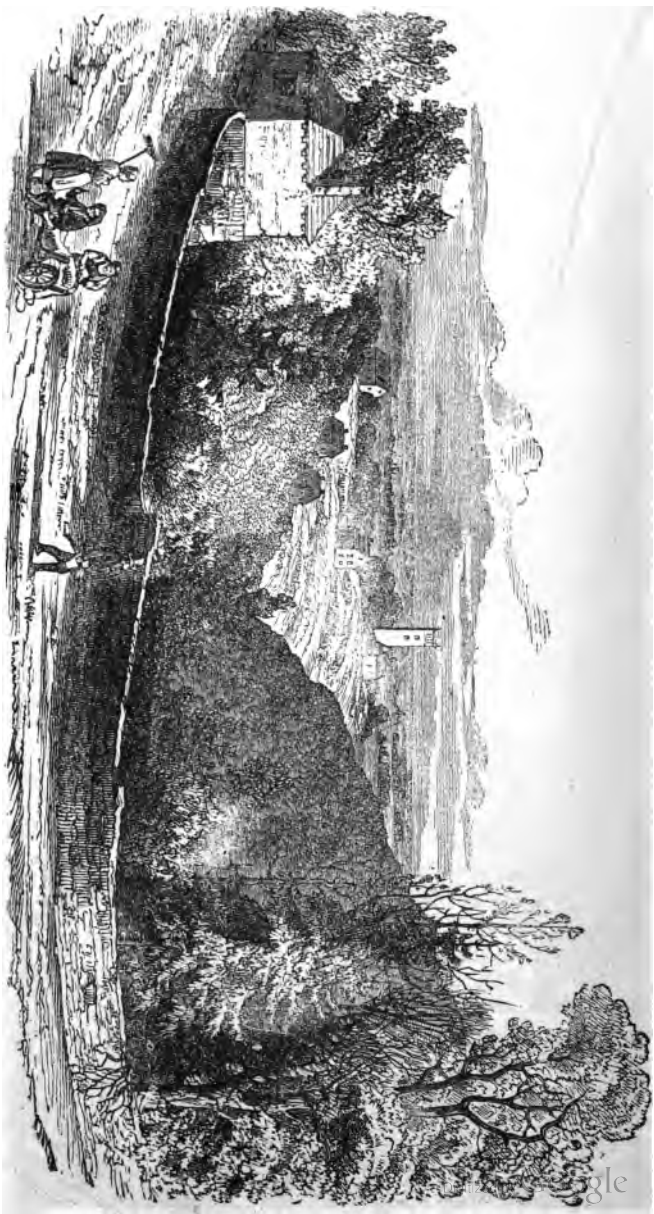
Regaining the road, the tourist passes by the picturesque little parish church, and approaches the richly wooded grounds of Tinnehinch demesne, seat of the Grattan family, having been presented to the patriot and orator of that name by the Irish Parliament. Some fine views of mountain scenery are obtained in the drive along the Enniskerry road, particularly at the cross roads near the constabulary barracks at Glencree, where the hills known as Prince William's Seat are seen towards the north, and the Douce and Warhill mountains on the south. Some distance further on, the Bray lakes are seen, occupying two deep dells in the midst of the wild and desolate scenery of the Kippure mountains. The situation of the lower lake is peculiarly picturesque. Close at hand is the charming cottage of the late Sir P. Crampton, erected for him by the late Duke of Northumberland, during his viceroyalty. The tourist, having inspected this part of the county, now turns again towards Bray, and gradually approaches Hollybrook, the demesne and mansion of Sir G. F. J. Hodson, both the grounds and interior of which contain attractions sufficient to induce visitors to avail themselves of the generous kindness of the proprietor in opening them to the public. The approach to the Elizabethan mansion is through plantations affording vistas of the magnificent mountain scenery on one side, and of the sea on the other, and remarkable for its magnificent groups of cypresses and evergreen oaks. The mansion itself is an object of interest to all lovers of song from the fact of its having been the residence of "Robin Adair," whose Irish harp and drinking cup are shown in the old oak hall. The noble library is a fine specimen of mediæval decoration, an admirable contrast to which is afforded by the furniture and adornments of the drawing-room, which are in the most elaborate style of Louis Quatorze. Within thirty minutes' drive of Hollybrook is Bray Head, the extensive and beautiful prospect from whose lofty summit cannot fail to induce the tourist to pause awhile before descending to Breslin's Hotel. Looking inland, he beholds Shankhill, the Sugar Loaves, and the Douce. Beneath, in quiet beauty, reposes Bray. Along the coast to the northward, he has a view of Howth, and in fine clear weather his prospect extends as far as the Mourne Mountains. To the southward, Wicklow Head juts into the glittering sea; and far peering out of the horizon, may be discerned the Welsh mountains. The bays of Courtown, Wicklow, and Killiney, form beautiful features in the prospect.

The second day's excursion should be to the Glen of the Downs, about five miles from Bray. The first object of interest on this route is Killrudderry, the princely seat of the Earl of Meath, standing in a forest of evergreens about a mile southward. This fine old Elizabethan mansion was originally a rural retreat of the monks of St. Victor, whose monastery was near Dublin, but in 1545 the property of the order, which had been surrendered to the Crown a few years previously, was granted by Henry VIII. to Sir W. Brabazon, in whose family it has remained to the present day. The interior of the mansion affords a rich treat to the lovers of art. From the outer hall, fitted up with ancient armour, steps lead to the grand hall, the windows of which contain a genealogical history of the Brabazon family, finely painted by Hailes. The grand staircase is of carved oak, with elaborately painted windows. The principal apartments are rich with pictures and sculpture, including among the former several fine family portraits by Lely and Kneller, and a portrait by Rembrandt of his wife, formerly in the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, and among the statues one of Ganymede by Thorwaldsen. The extensive gardens, laid out in geometrical forms, with clipped yew hedges, have been preserved exactly as they were left three centuries ago by the monks; and near the bowling-green are some of the finest and oldest evergreen oaks in Ireland. At a short distance from the house are the remains of a sylvan theatre, cut out of the side of a hill, and supposed to be of considerable antiquity. Sir W. Scott, who visited it, mentions it in a note to *St. Ronan's Well*. There is a carriage road through the grounds to the summit of the Little Sugar Loaf, whose sides are rich in summer with the gold and purple blossoms of the furze and heath. An extensive view is obtained from the summit over the beautiful vale of Bray, bounded on the south by Bray Head, and on the north by Killiney Hill, Howth Head, with its lighthouse, and Lambay Island.

Continuing his drive, through a richly wooded country, the tourist comes in sight of the Down Mountain, 1,232 feet above the sea, and enters the wildly beautiful Glen of the Downs, which is a little over a mile in length. A fine view of the Great Sugar Loaf is obtained from an opening in the road, which pursues a meandering course through the glen, by the side of a gushing rivulet, half hidden amidst rocks and shrubs, and overshadowed by wooded precipices which rise on either hand between 500 and 600 feet. Bellevue, the property of Mr. P. Latouche, includes one side of the glen, the other side being part of the Powerscourt demesne. The principal entrance is from the low road leading from the Glen of the Downs to Delgany, a pretty hamlet within a mile and a half of the sea, where was once a cell belonging to St.



GLEN OF THE DOWNS.



HAMLET OF DELGANY,

Mogoroc, who flourished about 492. The Hydropathic Establishment of Doctor Johnson is one of the most conspicuous buildings overlooking the beautiful Vale of Delgany—one of the most healthful localities in Ireland. The seat of Mr. Latouche stands on the eastern slope of the hills separating the Glen of the Downs from the sea, whence the eye looks over a fine marine prospect, embracing all the coast of Wicklow, and extending eastward, on clear days, to the opposite coast of Wales.

The tourist may either return by road to Bray, or by train from Delgany station. If he adopt the latter course, his attention will be arrested soon after leaving the station, by the deep cuttings, tunnels, and ledges of rock along which the line is carried, in a manner without a parallel in this country. Many of the scenes in this portion of the journey are not much inferior in grandeur to those of the famous Simplon road over the Alps. If time permit, the tourist may proceed by train to Kilcool station, around which are many objects of interest and demesnes replete with sylvan beauty. In visiting these he may be guided by the suggestions that will be offered at either of the comfortable inns in the village. We may mention, however, as specially deserving attention, the demesnes of Mount Kennedy, Glendarragh, and Altadore, and the Glen of Dunran. The first, seat of Mr. Cuninghame, though not to be compared with Powerscourt, possesses a varied and beautiful surface, many of the elevations commanding charming views of the sea on one side, and of the mountains on the other. Passing the mansion, near which are some of the finest arbutuses in Ireland, the visitor quits the demesne by the back gate, and emerges on the hilly road leading from the village of Newtown Mount Kennedy to Glendarragh and Altadore. The entrances to these demesnes are close together, about a mile along the road, which, from its elevation, commands a fine prospect over the hills, wooded valleys, and distant sea. The Glen of Dunran lies in the opposite direction, on the road from Newtown Mount Kennedy to Ashford. It stretches along the base of Carrignamuck, and forms part of the demesne of Dunran, seat of the Rev. Dr. Fletcher. It is about two miles in length, and runs nearly parallel with the high road. It will not bear comparison with the Dargle or the Glen of Downs, but, as Mr. N. P. Willis observes, "though it assimilates with the general character of the magnificent scenery of the district, it possesses individual attractions to amply compensate the labour of ascending the eminence from whence it may be advantageously viewed." The spot indicated is a lofty rock, reached by a winding path through the wood, and commanding a view extending as far as Wicklow. A conical rock, clothed with old pines, forms the eastern boundary of the glen, where the stratified rocks have been, by some great elevating cause, tilted up into the most striking and grotesque forms.

Should the tourist wish to visit the Glen of Dunran without stopping at Kilcool, he may view it by prolonging his drive from Newrath Bridge to the Devil's Glen, presently to be described.

The railway journey should terminate at Newrath Bridge, whence Hunter's Hotel, one of the most comfortable provincial establishments in the country, is reached by a drive or walk of 2½ miles. It is pleasantly situated on the road from Bray to Wicklow, on the left bank of the Vartrey, the best trout stream in the county, and the river from which Dublin is probably to be supplied with water, a bill for that purpose being now before the legislature. In the immediate neighbourhood is Rosanna, a beautifully wooded demesne belonging to the nephew of the person from whom it derives its chief interest, Mrs. Tighe, authoress of *Psyche*, the poem referred to in Moore's lyric, commencing, "Tell me the witching strain again." The drive thence to Wicklow town is only two miles, and the view from the noble promontory of Wicklow Head will alone repay a visit; besides which, the place is extremely rich in objects of archaeological interest. On a rock overhanging the sea are the ruins of Black Castle, built by William Fitzgerald, 1375, on the site of a fortress erected by Maurice Fitzgerald, and which had been burned by the Irish in 1308. There are also to be seen the ruins of a Franciscan abbey, founded in the reign of Henry III. by the chief of the O'Byrnes.

The first excursion by car should be to the Devil's Glen, entered nearly opposite to the church at Nun's Cross, a village a little beyond Ashford, the latter place being one mile from Newrath Bridge. Public vehicles not being allowed to enter the glen, on account of its narrowness, the car must be sent round to any point of egress the tourist may select, in which matter he may be guided before setting out by Mr. Hunter. Invalids may, however, obtain permission to drive through, by previously sending their card to Mr. Tottenham, the proprietor. The glen is about a mile and a half in length, and wider than the Dargle, which in some respects it resembles. The path follows the course of the Vartrey, which foams and roars in its narrow and rocky bed, and at the upper end of the glen forms a beautiful cascade which, when the stream is swollen by rain, should not be left unvisited. Beyond that point, however, there is nothing to see, the glen opening out into a dreary moor of considerable extent. Fine prospects are obtained from various points in the glen, particularly from the View Rock, accessible by a flight of steps, and from the cottage erected by Mr. Tottenham for the accommodation of tourists. The way from the head of the glen to the place where cars wait for tourists lies across some fields, and will be pointed out for a few halfpence by any of the children who are usually at hand, and who, Dr.

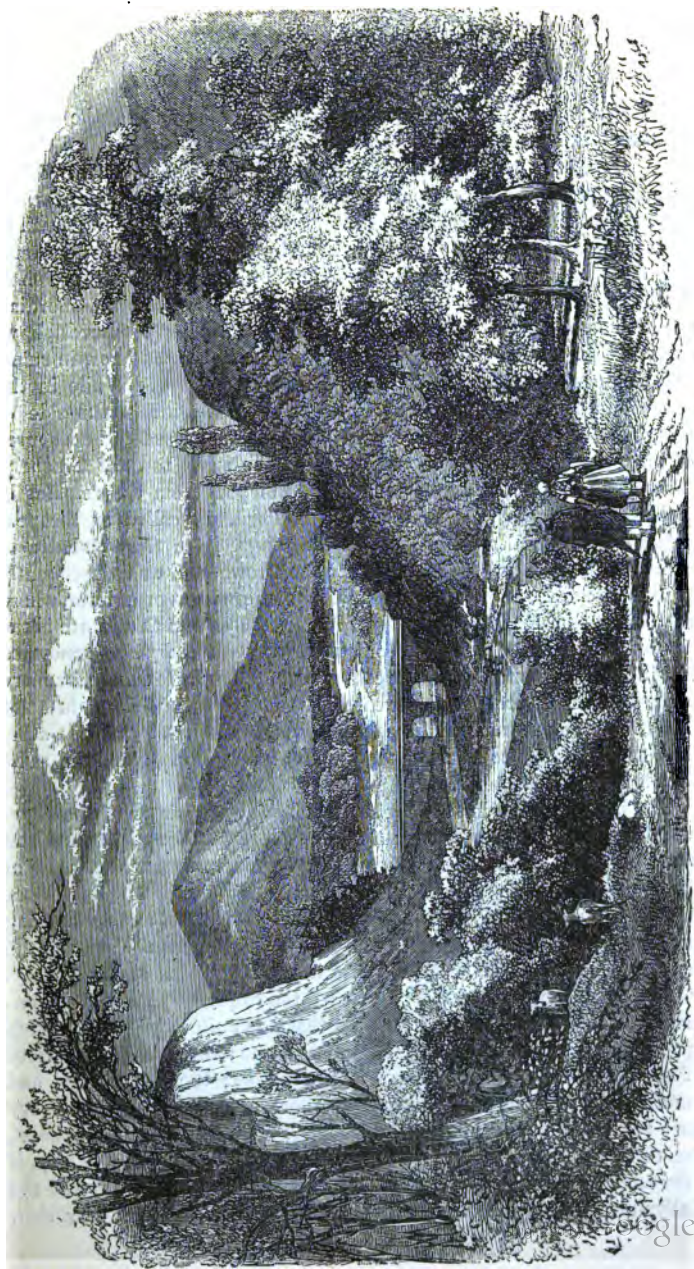


ENTRANCE TO THE DEVIL'S GLEN.

Rodenburg observes, "with their naked feet, and their round brown legs in the short ragged skirts, look like Murillo's angels, and have as much humour in their plump faces. The girls," he adds, "standing in the doorways, or nodding to us from the meadows, are not handsome, but appear very impassioned, and are remarkably piquant. They have black eyes, and know the use of them. They are coquettish, like French women; but their coquetry is more natural, and much more innocent." Should the tourist not have stopped at Kilcool, he may advantageously continue his drive to the Glen of Dunran, passing the demesne of Ballycurry, and leaving behind the hamlet and ruined church of Killesky. From the junction of the Killesky and Ashford roads to Newrath Bridge is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Stepping into the car again, after viewing the beauties of the glen, and leaving Ashford behind him, the tourist passes through much of the interesting tract of country called the Garden of Wicklow. From Cronroe, a beautiful view is obtained over the vale of Glenealy, including the richly wooded demesnes of Rosanna, Clonmannon, and Inchanappa, with the sea in the distance. Further on, from the hill on which Hollywood House stands, another fine prospect meets the eye, embracing the thickly wooded sides of Carrickmacrilly and Balkillivane mountains, and the intervening valley, with the spire of Glenealy church rising from the embosoming woods of Glencarrig. Passing, on the left, the road leading to Wicklow through Deputy's Pass, a picturesque gap in the hills, the tourist reaches Rathdrum, a town of less importance now than formerly, when it was the seat of an extensive flannel manufacture. It is situated on an eminence, on the highest point of which a handsome Gothic church has lately been erected. From this elevation the eye commands a fine view over the lovely vale of Avon and its enclosing hills. Another beautiful view is obtained from Corbalis Castle, at which point the car descends the hill, and, crossing the Avon, where charming prospects meet the eye, both up and down the valley, reaches Castle Howard. At a short distance from this place, on the left, is the world-renowned Meeting of the Waters, the spot whereon Moore is said to have sat while composing his immortal lyric being marked by a slab and a group of evergreens. There is another Meeting of the Waters at the lower end of the valley, and there has been much discussion as to which was the one referred to in the lyric, but Moore says himself, in a letter published by Lord J. Russell, "The fact is, I wrote the song at neither place, though I believe the scene under Castle Howard was the one that suggested it to me."

A little beyond the further Meeting of the Waters the lofty clock tower and Elizabethan chimneys of Shelton Abbey, seat of the Earl of



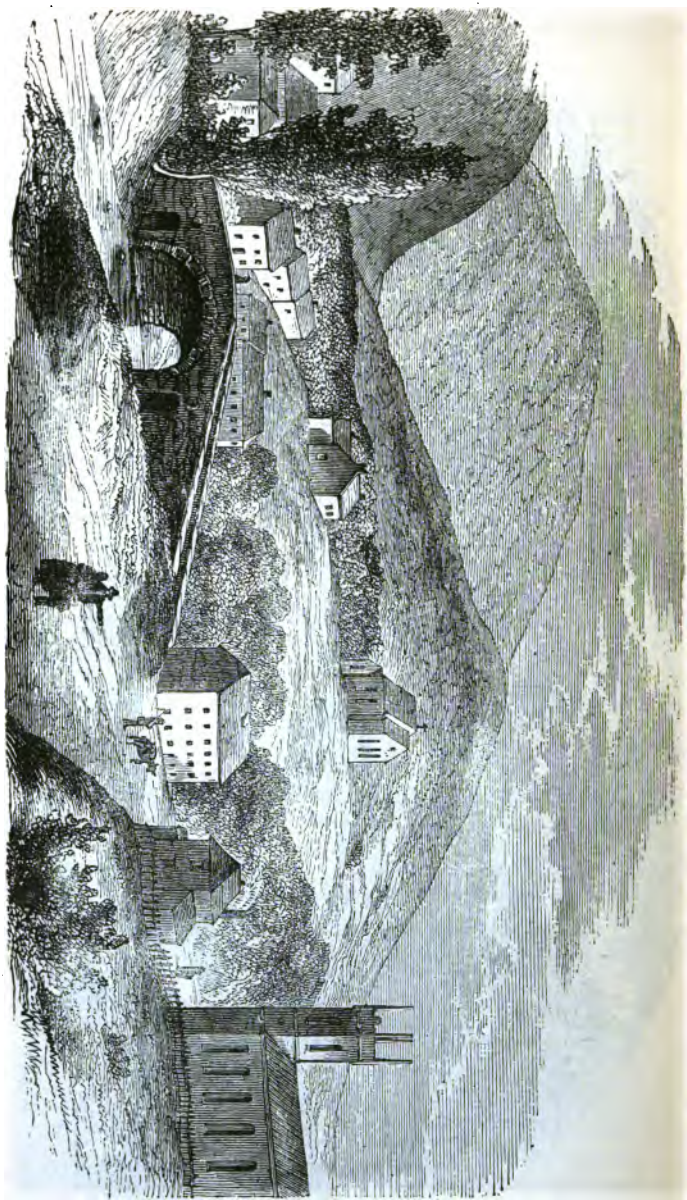
MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Wicklow, are seen above the woods, and, on the other side of the stream, Glenart Castle, the beautifully situated residence of the Earl of Carysfort. Tourists are permitted to walk through the grounds of the Abbey, and also to inspect its quaint interior, one of the chief attractions of which is a remarkably handsome carved chimney-piece. There is not much to attract the tourist further southward, but he may, if desirous of prolonging his drive, and reaching Wooden Bridge by a different route, go on to Arklow, distant one mile and a half, where there is a good inn, affording the accommodation of cars and horses. The only object of interest, however, is the castle, once a stronghold of the Ormonds, but now in ruins, to which condition it was reduced by Cromwell in 1649. While in the neighbourhood, a visit may be made to the gold mine in the side of Croghan Kinshela, no longer worked, but once supposed to be a source of inexhaustible wealth. Further west is the small town of Tinehelly, destroyed in 1798, but afterwards rebuilt, in part from the remains of Coolrass Castle, a seat of the Earl of Strafford, and called by the peasantry of the locality Black Tom's Buildings. On the attainder of Strafford the property was forfeited to the Crown, and was subsequently granted to the ancestors of Earl Fitzwilliam, the present proprietor, whose seat, Coolattin Park, is 4 miles from Tinehelly. On this estate is the far-famed wood of Shillelagh, from which the oak cudgel so renowned in Milesian song and story derives its name. It was formerly far more extensive than at present, the greater part having been cleared in 1634 by Strafford, when some of the oak was used to roof St. Patrick's Cathedral, as (according to some writers) was formerly done, from the same forest, for Westminster Hall.

The hotel at Wooden Bridge, owned by the proprietor of the Newrath Bridge Hotel, should be the resting-place for the night, and the starting-point for next day's journey. The windows command some of the finest views in the locality, both up the glen through which the river Aughrim flows, and down the beautiful vale of Avoca, and a charming prospect is obtained from the View Rock, in the grounds behind the hotel. Prince Puckler Muskau writes in glowing terms of this locality. "Just before sunset," he says, "I reached the exquisitely beautiful Avondale. In this Paradise every possible charm is united. A wood, which appears of measureless extent; two noble rivers; rocks in every variety of picturesque form; the greenest of meadows; the most varied and luxuriant shrubberies and thickets. In short, scenery changing at every step, yet never diminishing in beauty." Two miles beyond the hotel, the thriving village of Newbridge is passed, where the tourist may, if interested in mining pursuits and speculations, turn aside to visit the Ballymurtagh Copper Mines. The ore is a sulphuret, and very rich.



GLENDALOUGH.



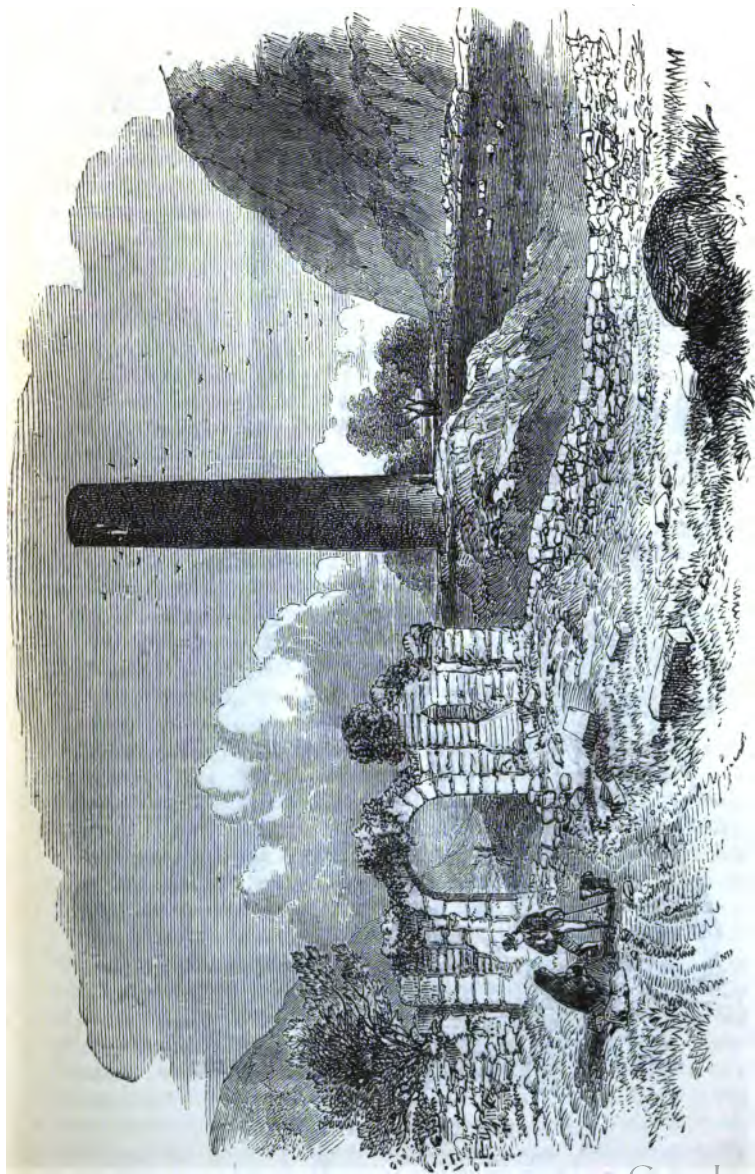
LARAGH.

Crossing the Avon at Castle Howard, the visitor retraces his way through the valley of the Avon to Rathdrum, and driving along the banks of the Avonmore, and through the woods of Copse House, a seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, enters the beautiful Vale of Clara. Knockregon, 1,559 feet high, is seen on the left, and the hills of Trooperstown and Moneystown, respectively 1,407 and 1,272 feet in altitude, on the right, shortly after passing which the village of Laragh is reached.

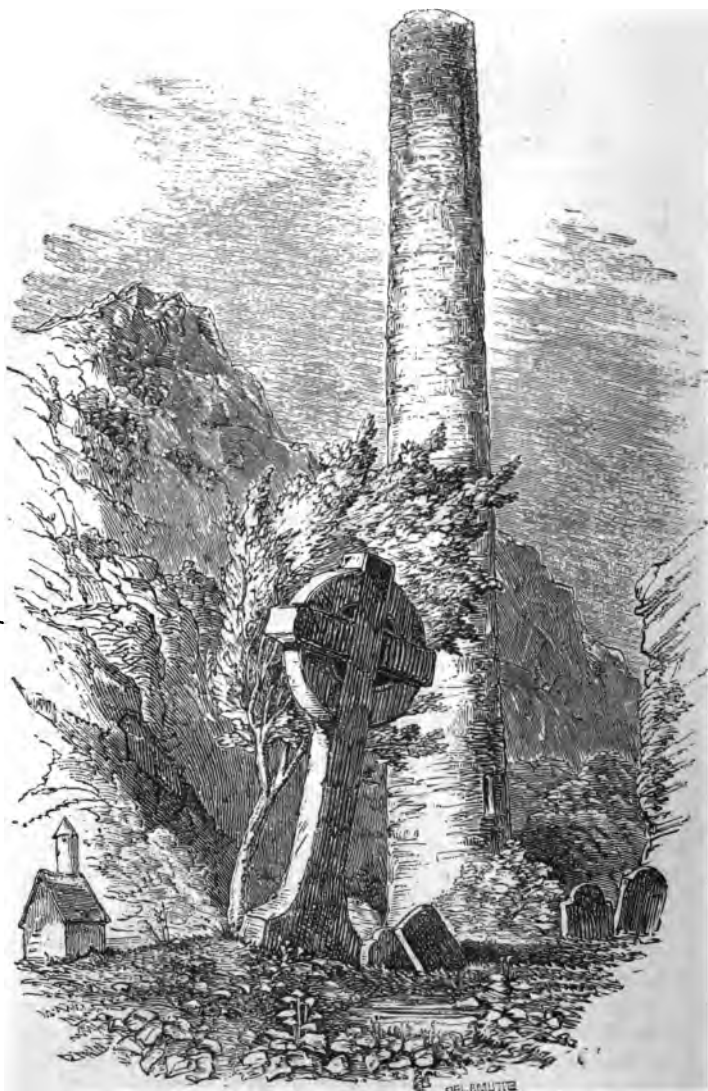
Another route is by Glenmalure, a beautiful valley through which the Avonbeg winds for several miles. At the entrance from Rathdrum the hills, wooded from base to summit, slope gently away, but as the traveller advances the glen narrows, and the rude and barren rocks that rise abruptly on either hand give an air of savage grandeur to the scene, altogether different to the sylvan beauty of the Dargle, or the softer features of the Glen of the Downs. The head of the glen, where the waters of a small stream, tumbling down the precipitous face of a rocky mountain, form the Ess Fall, is especially striking, and is thought by some to merit the praise of one of the numerous describers of Irish scenery, who asserts that it is by far the finest of the Wicklow glens, and with the exception of the Killery, in Connemara, not to be equalled in the kingdom. Lugnaquilla, the highest mountain in the county, 3,039 feet above the sea, affords from its summit a prospect that amply repays the toil of the ascent. Guides may be obtained, if required, at the solitary inn of Drumgoff, three miles above the entrance of the glen. The course of a mountain torrent is followed for some distance, until a pool called Kelly's Lough is reached, when the tourist has to climb a precipice, forming the only really difficult portion of the ascent. The ridge above being gained, the sombre head of Lugnaquilla appears, and the approach lies over a verdant slope. On the top of the mountain there is a great extent of table-land. The highest point is marked by a large stone, called Pierce's Table, resting upon smaller stones, after the manner of a cromlech. "From that elevation," says Mr. Wright, "in clear weather, parts of five counties are clearly seen. Mr. Weaver states, that the Galtee mountains in Tipperary have sometimes been perceived; but such extensive prospects can only be enjoyed by those who have frequent opportunities of ascending, and the good fortune to meet with a cloudless atmosphere. Towards the north, Kippure and the Great Sugar Loaf raise their towering summits to the clouds, beyond a lengthened chain of waste and barren mountains. To the west and south is an extent of cultivated country, and to the east are seen mountain and vale, wooded glens, and rapidly rolling rivers, bounded in the distance by St. George's Channel." In descending, the tourist should make for the Ess Fall, and thence down the glen to the little inn at Drumgoff (where he

may rely upon being very comfortably lodged), passing on his way through a singular ravine, one side of which is a perpendicular wall of granite, arranged in a manner resembling the basaltic cliffs of the Giant's Causeway.

A mile and a half from Drumgoff Inn, by a road carried over the ridge which separates Glenmalur from the adjacent valley, are the ruins of Glendalough, commonly called the Seven Churches, there being remains of that number of ecclesiastical edifices, with numerous other antiquities scattered through the valley. Here, in the seventh century, a city rose round a monastery founded by St. Kevin, but in 1398 it was burnt by the English invaders, and was never rebuilt. There are no remains of dwellings, but a quadrangular paved space is pointed out as the site of the market-place. The churches are all of very small dimensions, though one of them is dignified with the name of the Cathedral. The site of this edifice is indicated by crumbling remains of the walls and some half-buried tombs. The Lady Chapel is in better preservation, the masonry being of immense thickness, and bound together by the clinging ivy. The ruins of Trinity Church are not far from Laragh, and near them is the stump of one of those singular round towers, the origin and purpose of which have been such a puzzle to antiquaries. Another, nearly perfect, and one of the finest structures of the kind in Ireland, stands in the centre of the ruins. It is built of granite, 110 feet high, but originally more lofty, the top having been carried away by a storm in 1804. The most perfect of the existing ruins is the Oratory, commonly called St. Kevin's Kitchen, the little belfry having been mistaken by the peasantry for a chimney. The broken cross in this building was removed from the demesne of Derrybawn, residence of Mrs. Bookey, twenty minutes' walk from the ruins, a spot which the tourist, if interested in archæological researches, should not omit to visit, as there moss-grown shafts and capitals are profusely scattered. But the most interesting of the ruins is the Abbey, in the crypt of which St. Kevin is said to have been buried in 618. Only the western wall remains, with a tree growing out of the crumbling masonry above the entrance, and the semi-circular arches of the window so covered with moss that the stone is invisible. Within, trees have grown out of the opening in which the cross once stood, and stones carved with symbolic devices and defaced names of the O'Tooles, the old kings of Wicklow, are half buried in rubbish. In the cemetery is a cross, hewn out of one block of granite, eleven feet high, and a number of smaller ones are scattered about among the broken tombs of bishops and abbots. Behind the ruins are two small lakes, lying solemnly tranquil and sombre in the shadows of the dark forms of the sterile hills that encircle the lonely valley. In



ST. KEVIN'S CHURCH.



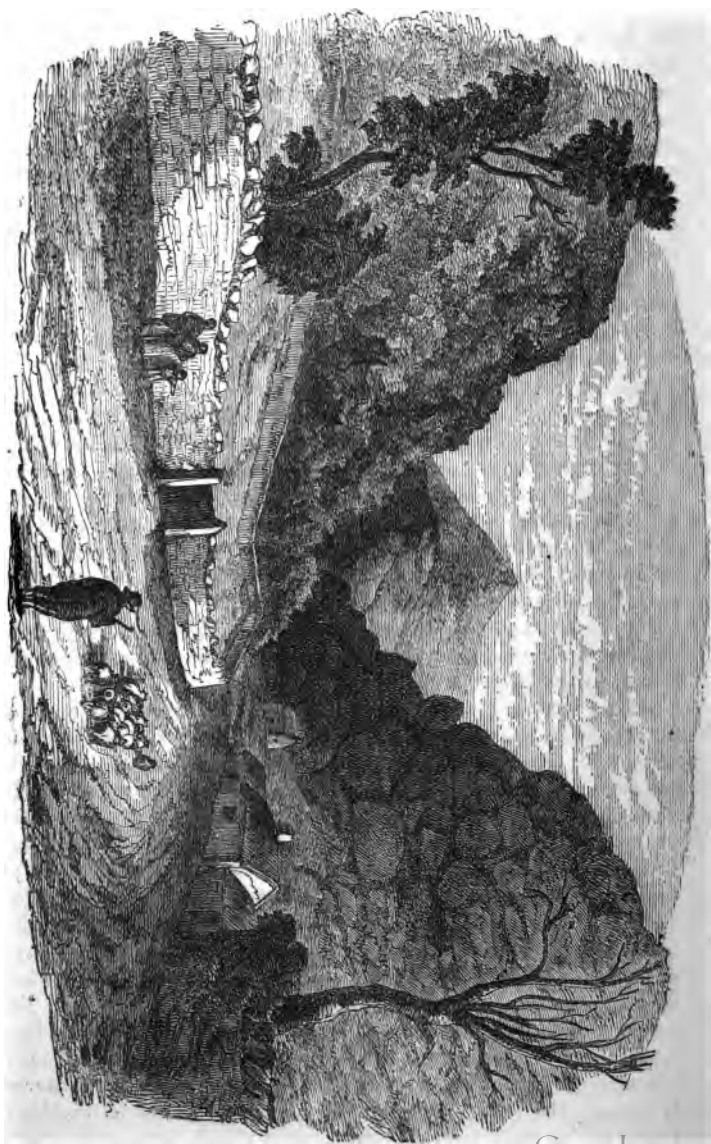
ROUND TOWER AND CROSS.

the face of the precipice which rises above the upper lake is the cavity, called St. Kevin's Bed, with which is connected the legend of the saint and the fair Kathleen, immortalized by Moore. The approach is by a narrow ledge scarped out of the face of the cliff, to the foot of which adventurous visitors are conveyed in a boat. Formerly the lakes were much frequented by anglers, trout and char being abundant, and fishing free; but since the commencement of mining operations, and the discharge into them of water impregnated with mineral, the finny tribes have disappeared. Trout still abound, however, in Lough Nahanagan, near the lead mines of Lugganure, three or four miles distant; and in several mountain streams which the guides will indicate.

The village of Annamoe adjoins Glendalough Park; and the ruins of the residence of the O'Tooles, built about the twelfth century, and Castle Kevin demesne, lie left of the village, close to the road to Rathdrum by Moneystown Hill. Of the castle, apparently a place of strength, few traces are now discoverable. Should the tourist have leisure to spend a day or two in this interesting neighbourhood, the best accommodation will be found at Jordan's Hotel, in the immediate vicinity of the ruins of Glendalough, of which and the wild scenery around it commands some of the finest views. Mr. Jordan has considerably enlarged and improved his establishment during the last twelve months, and it may now be regarded as second to none in the county. In all that concerns the hiring of cars, horses, boats, or guides, the tourist is advised, while at Glendalough, to consult Mr. Jordan, whose arrangements in these respects are as satisfactory as his charges are moderate.

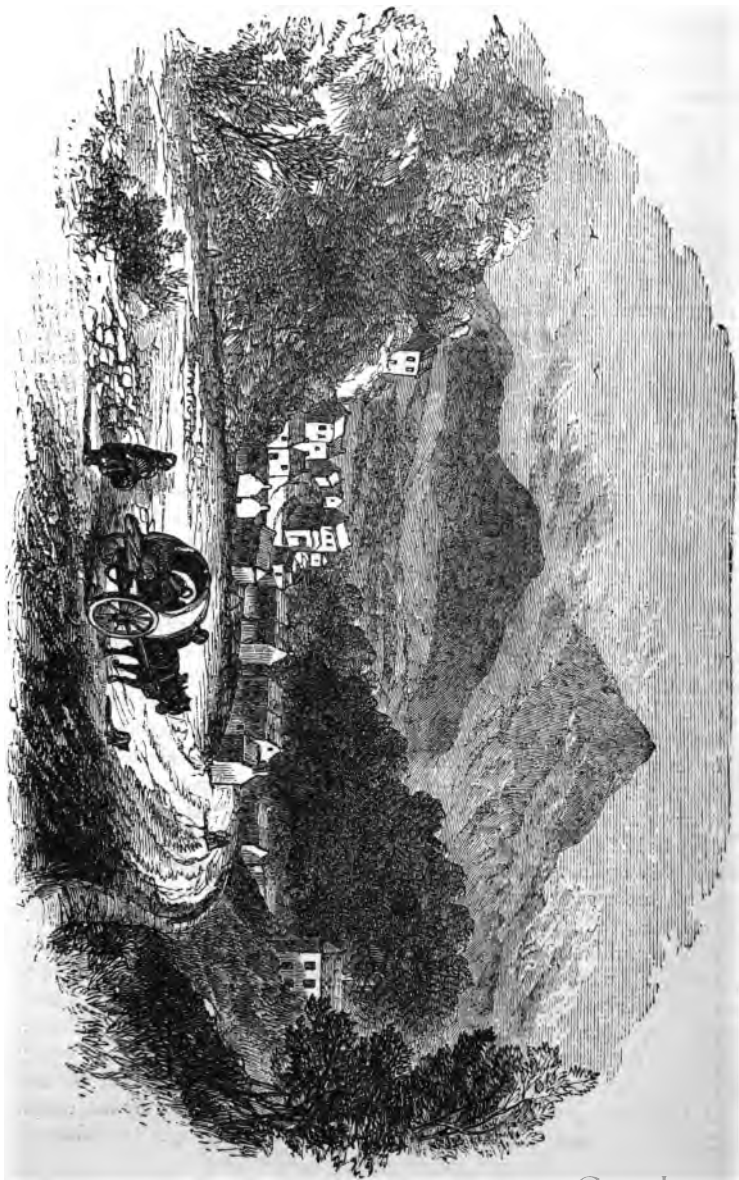
Having seen every object of interest about Glendalough, the tourist pursues his way to the secluded hamlet of Roundwood, which lies within three miles of Lough Dan, the largest and most picturesque of the Wicklow lakes, and within six of the smaller, but not less beautiful Lough Tay. Fishing on Lough Dan is free, and boats are to be had at very moderate charges. It lies off the road, but Tay may be reached through the beautiful demesne of Luggala, admission to which is accorded by the proprietor, Mr. Latouche, whose permission must be obtained for angling in the lake. The area of the lake is about 120 acres. On the side of the mountain which partially surrounds it is one of those remarkable relics of Druidism called rocking-stones; one enormous mass of granite being so poised on another as easily to be moved by a single person. From Luggala Lodge, the road is continued along the base of the Douce mountains, which rise on the left to a height of 2,384 feet, and over the Great Sugar Loaf, whose elevation is 1,651 feet, to Bray. Another way is through the pretty village of Enniskerry, a route which enables the tourist to visit the remarkable pass called the Scalp, a deep defile, formed

THE SCALP.



by a convulsion of nature, in the bosom of a mountain, composed of granite. The sides are acclivitous, but not so perpendicular as to prove inaccessible; and the whole surface of the ascent on both sides is covered with prodigious disjointed masses of stone, shouldering each other in tumultuous confusion, and threatening to overwhelm the passenger at each adventurous footstep. Formerly the road ran at the bottom of the chasm, but it is now carried along a ledge, amongst the masses of rock, by which change the height of the precipitous sides is much diminished in appearance. From the Scalp the road descends gradually to Enniskerry, passing the magnificently wooded demesne of Old Connaught, from which there is only a short distance to Bray.

If time will permit, the tourist should not leave Wicklow without seeing the famous waterfall of Poula-phouca, or Puck's-hole, which is reached by car either from Bray, or from Dublin by the road to Blessington. The Liffey rises a mile south of the upper lake of Bray, and rushing through the Glen of Kippure, arrives at this point, where the glen narrows and becomes precipitous. The waters glide in stillness to the verge of the fall, whence, by a series of cataracts, they plunge into the pool below. The fathomless depth ascribed by the country people to this pool, and the demon tradition connected with it, have perpetuated its name. A bridge crosses the chasm, sixty-five feet from rock to rock, whilst, far below, the torrent is seen plunging, enveloped in clouds of mist. When the river has been swollen by rains, the view is little less than sublime. Mr. Ritchie says that Poula-phouca will afford pleasure to the lover of the picturesque even after he has traversed the rest of the country. "I had no opportunity," he says, "of seeing the cascade in its moody hour; but I can easily conceive that after much rain the centre fall at least must possess a good deal of the grandeur which arises from volume and impetuosity. The action of the waters has worn the deep bed of the rock into which they plunge into a form almost circular; and this again, reacting upon the stream, increases its rotary motion till it becomes a formidable eddy or whirlpool. It is precisely over this part, the most striking scene of the whole, that the road is carried. A bridge spans the gulf from rock to rock, in a manner at once beautiful and daring, and the traveller looks down from it into the middle of the whirlpool." This fine scene forms part of Tulfarris demesne, whose proprietor, Mr. Hornidge, in the liberal spirit of his Wicklow neighbours, permits free access. There is a neat inn for visitors, the vicinage being crowded during summer with pic-nic parties. Four miles on the Dublin side is Blessington, a pretty little town, surrounded by lordly demesnes. Nearer the waterfall, on the other side, is Russborough, the admired



ENISKERRY.



GEORGE WINDER, THE GLENDALOUGH GUIDE.

seat of the Earl of Milltown, of Grecian design, containing many rare old pictures, and liberally opened to visitors.

It is manifestly impossible, within the limits of this little volume, to describe, however briefly, all the beauties of a county so abounding in picturesque scenery of every variety. All that can be pretended to be done is to indicate the more prominent attractions, and to mark the line of travel which will enable the tourist to visit them in the shortest period of time. The tourist who can devote a longer period than four days to this tour will find ample information in the numerous handbooks to be procured of the Dublin booksellers, or may obtain it from Mr. Breslin at Bray, Mr. Hunter at Newrath Bridge or Wooden Bridge, or Mr. Jordan at Glendalough. Persons whose time limits them to an inspection of points of interest within a short distance of Bray will always find cars at that station, the drivers of which will take them to the most attractive scenery.

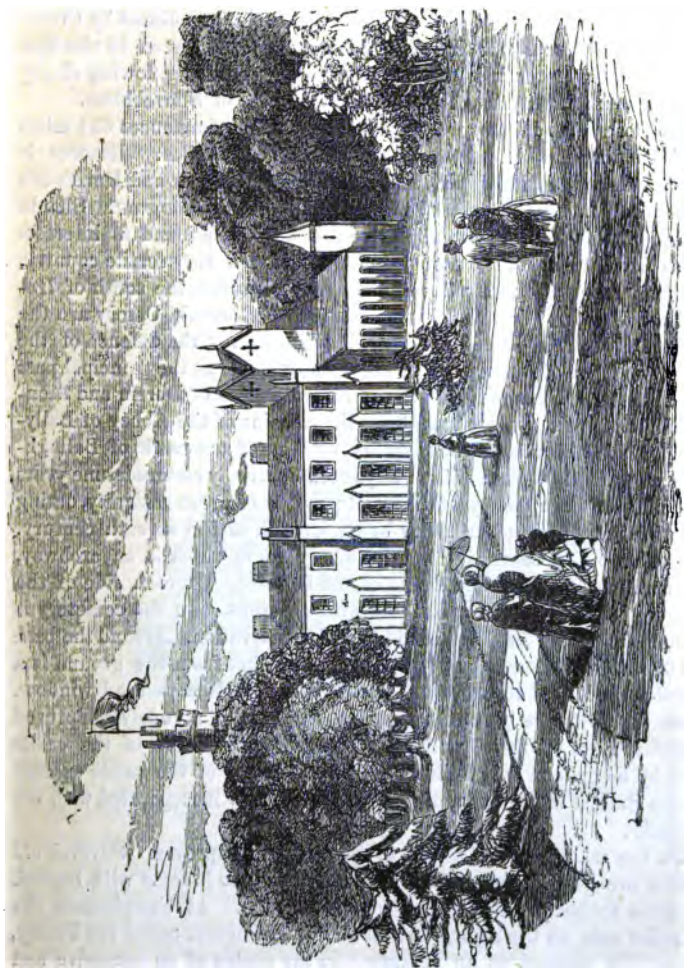
KILLARNEY AND THE SOUTH.

NEXT to Wicklow, the part of Ireland most attractive to the tourist, whether for its natural beauty of scenery, or for its association with some of Moore's most charming lyrics, is the fairy-like region of Killarney. The Great Southern and Western Railway, by which it is reached, passes through Kildare, Queen's County, King's County, Tipperary, Limerick, and Cork, in a nearly direct line, the distance between the termini being 165 miles. The Dublin station is near King's Bridge, on the south side of the Liffey, adjacent to the entrance of the Phoenix Park, and at the extreme west of the city, of which it is a noble architectural ornament.

The first object that arrests the traveller's attention after leaving the terminus, is the military hospital of Kilmainham, the Chelsea of Ireland, established in 1675, on the site of a priory of Knight Templars, founded in 1174 by Earl Strongbow. On the opposite side are Ballyfermot Castle and Church, a mile beyond which is Clondalkin, where a round tower, 34 feet high, and one of the most perfect in Ireland, may be seen on the left. Within a mile of Hazel-hatch, the next station, is Celbridge Abbey, formerly the residence of Swift's Vanessa. Four miles distant, on the right, is Carton, seat of the Duke of Leinster, and formerly of the Talbots. Seven miles further, between Hazel-hatch and Straffan, Lyons Castle, seat of Lord Cloncurry, is seen on the left, occupying the site of an ancient stronghold of the O'Tooles. On the opposite side of the line is Killadoon, seat of the Earl of Leitrim; and below Straffan, on the south, is the hill of Oughterard, on the summit of which are the remains of a round tower, and other antiquities. Four miles below Straffan is the Roman Catholic College of Clongowes Wood, the Stonyhurst of Ireland, surrounded by luxuriant plantations. At Sherlockstown the line crosses the Grand Canal, by a timber bridge, and at Sallins' station the canal is crossed by another. On the left of the first bridge is Palmerstown House, seat of the Earl of Mayo. Half a mile

beyond Sallins the line enters a deep cutting, on emerging from which it crosses the Liffey by a timber bridge, 270 feet long. Five miles further on, the Hill of Allen is seen on the right, rising 300 feet above the bog of the same name. Here is the scene of one of Ossian's poems, and the reported residence of Fin M'Coul. On the opposite side of the line are the ruins of Old Connell Abbey, founded in 1202.

Beyond Newbridge station, 25 miles from Dublin, the line passes over the famous Curragh of Kildare, an elevated and extensive plain where horse-races take place twice a year, and now the scene of a military encampment. Several tumuli are scattered over the plain, which was once a vast forest. Here, in 1406, a body of Irish, led by the Prior of Connell, were defeated by the English; the Irish Volunteers assembled here in 1783; and here also the United Irishmen encamped in 1804. Kildare, the next station, is famous for its ecclesiastical antiquities, comprising the ruins of the Cathedral, the Chapel of St. Brigid, in which was preserved the inextinguishable fire mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis, and alluded to in one of Moore's melodies, and a round tower, 110 feet high. The town is partially concealed from the tourist by a ridge, on the summit of which rise the round tower and ruined Cathedral. Near this station the line branches off to Waterford, 82 miles distant, through Carlow and Kilkenny. At Monastereven, the next town on the line, a good view is obtained of the demesne of Moore Abbey, seat of the Marquis of Drogheda, occupying the site of a Franciscan Abbey, on the banks of the Barrow. Half a mile beyond the station the line crosses the Barrow by an iron viaduct, 500 feet long. From Portarlinton, the next station, a branch line of $15\frac{1}{4}$ miles leads to Tullamore, through a flat, boggy country, which affords little to interest the traveller. Eight miles from Portarlinton the line passes the village of Glashill, the church, parsonage, and old castle of which are seen on the summit of a hill. Tullamore is situated nearly in the centre of the immense tract of peat-moss known as the Bog of Allen. It is a well-built and thriving assize town, and, owing to its central position, a place of considerable trade, sending large quantities of corn and provisions to Dublin by the Grand Canal. Adjoining the town is Charleville Forest, seat of the Earl of Charleville, whose extensive and well-wooded grounds are open to the public. The little river Clodiagh runs through them, supplying a fine artificial sheet of water; and the towers and battlements of the castle (of modern architecture) have an imposing appearance from the various points of view. On the banks of the canal, close to the town, are the ruins of Shragh Castle; and three miles from Tullamore is the ruined castle of Ballycowan. Twenty-three miles further on this branch is Athlone.



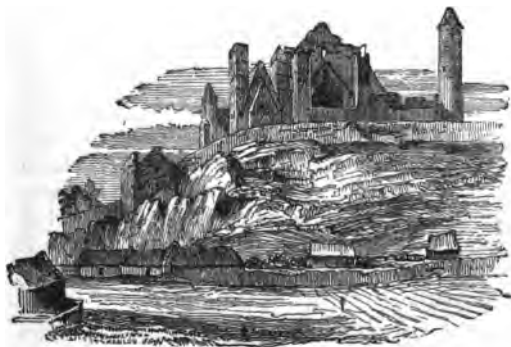
THE PRIORY, TEMPLEMORE.

Soon after passing Portarlington, Emo Park, seat of the Earl of Portarlington, and one of the finest deer-parks in Ireland, is seen on the south. In the distance, on the same side, is the Rock of Dunamase, crowned with the ruins of Earl Strongbow's castle, demolished by Cromwell. From thence to Ballybrophy the country intersected by the line is flat and uninteresting, the rivers Nore and Kildellig flowing slowly through a dark bog, backed by the distant ridge of Slievebloom.

The Roscrea and Parsonstown Junction branch commences $67\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Dublin; its length to Parsonstown is 22 miles. Roscrea is situated in a beautiful plain, between the Slievebloom and Devil's Bit Mountains, and is the property of the Earl of Portarlington. Should its antiquities tempt a visit, the drive thither will be found as interesting as the place itself, the road running through a very fertile country, and past many of those relics of the past with which the south of Ireland is everywhere dotted. In the vicinity of Borris-in-Ossory are the ruins of the castle erected by the Fitzpatricks for the defence of the place, which was formerly one of great importance, as the principal pass into Munster. Near at hand are the ruined castles of Derrin and Mondrehid, and two miles northward are the remains of the Abbey of Ballyduff. Near Roscrea, on the right, is the keep of the castle of Ballaghmore, another stronghold of the Fitzpatricks, partially restored some years ago, and now occupied by a farmer. Roscrea is of great antiquity, dating from the foundation of an abbey by St. Cronan in the seventh century. The only portion remaining is a curious gable, in which is an archway, surmounted by a mutilated figure of the founder. On each side of the arch are several niches, ornamented with chevrons. In the cemetery is a round tower, 80 feet high, and in good preservation. Around the base are two tiers of stone steps, and about fifteen feet from the ground is a round-arched doorway, fifteen feet above which is a pointed window. Near the tower is part of an ancient cross, with a rudely sculptured representation of the Crucifixion. One of the towers of the castle built by King John is still standing, and the keep of the castle erected by the Butlers in the reign of Henry VIII. is now incorporated with the barracks.

On the main line the aspect of the country improves. Several old castles are passed, each of which has attached to it some wild legend, or some thrilling story of the wars of the Pale. At Templemore the traveller sees, on the right, the seat of Sir J. Carden, called the Priory, beautifully situated on an eminence, in the centre of an extensive and well wooded park. The town owes its origin to the Knight Templars, and one of the entrances to the Priory is a picturesque remnant of one of their preceptories.

The Devil's Bit mountains now become visible on the right. They derive their name from a legend that the devil, benighted on their summits and famishing, bit a morsel out of the ridge, but dropped it in disgust on finding that it was too hard for mastication. The Bit is the famous Rock of Cashel. In its vicinity is Barnane, seat of Mr. Carden, whose name will be familiar to most readers. The next station, 87 miles from Dublin, is Thurles, where there are remains of a monastery founded by the Butlers in 1300; and about two miles further, on the left, the ruins of Holy Cross Abbey, one of the finest remains of Gothic architecture in Ireland, founded in 1182 by Donald O'Brien, and famous in that age for a supposed fragment of the cross of Calvary, presented by Pope Pascal to Donagh O'Brien, grandson of Brian Boru. At Goold's Cross, the next station, the Rock of Cashel, distant eight miles, is seen, crowned with a ruined castle and a famous group of ecclesiastical



ROCK OF CASHEL.

antiquities, comprising remains of a cathedral, a monastery, a small church, and a round tower. Here, in ancient times, was the residence of the kings of Munster, the royal O'Briens, whence Cashel is called the City of the Kings, as Kildare, from its religious associations, is styled the City of the Saints. Three miles beyond the station the line passes through Dundrum demesne, seat of Lord Hawarden, one of the largest private parks in Ireland, comprising 2,400 acres, and famous for its deer.

At the Limerick Junction station, 107 miles from Dublin, the line is intersected by the railway which connects Limerick and Waterford, distant respectively 22 and 55 miles from the junction. The Galtee mountains are here visible in the distance, on the left of the line. On the right is Ballykisteen House, the Irish seat of the Earl of Derby. The

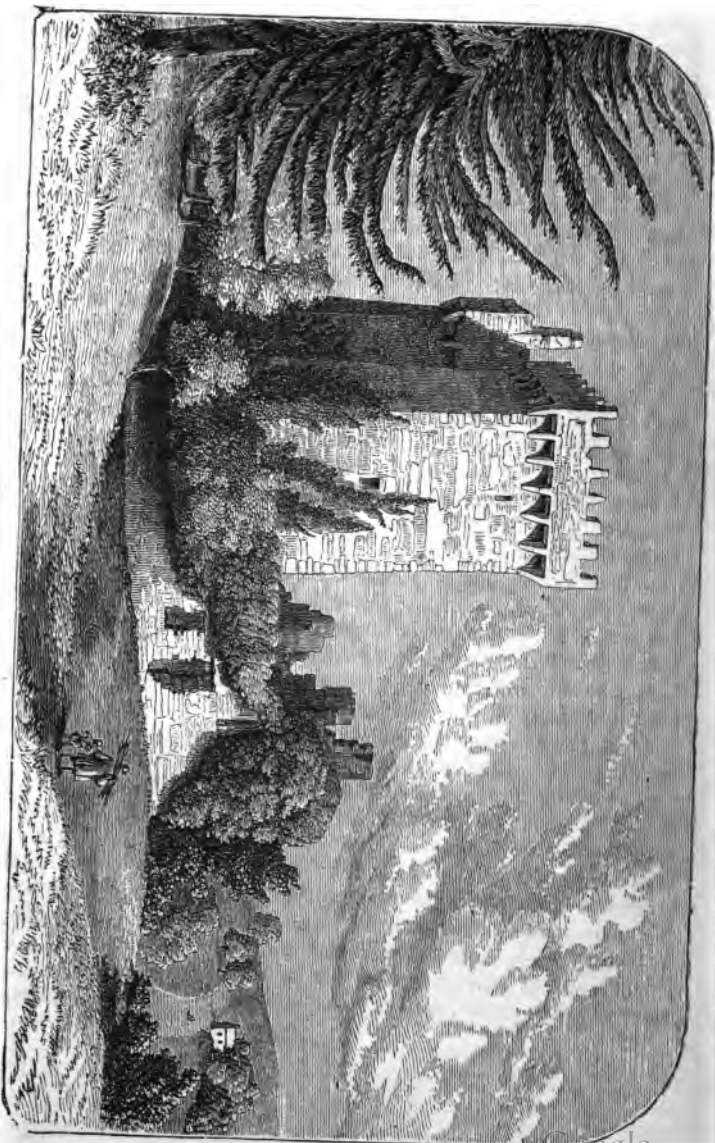
surrounding country is one of the most fertile and best cultivated districts in Ireland, and his lordship's estates will bear comparison with any. A few miles further on Knocklong is seen on the left, and Slievenamuck is visible in front. *Knock*, we may here observe, signifies a hill, and *slieve* a range of mountains. On the right is Emly, now an unimportant place, but formerly, under the name of Imlagh, one of the principal towns in Ireland. Two miles north of Knocklong is the village of Hospital, so called from a preceptory of Templars, founded in 1266; and four miles further on is Lough Gur, around whose shores are scattered a number of Druidical remains, while on an island in the lake are the ruins of a castle, once a stronghold of the Geraldines. On the opposite side of the line is the beautiful Glen of Aherlow, formed by the Galtee mountains and Slievenamuck. The next station is Kilmallock, where the tourist, if antiquities have interest for him, would be agreeably occupied for several hours in surveying the relics of pagan and mediæval times here scattered about. There is an abbey, the choir of which is still used for divine service; a Dominican friary, with elaborately sculptured cloisters; remains of an old church, and a round tower. Five miles from the line, on the left, is the little town of Kilfinane, containing the ruins of an ancient castle, and a rath, or fortified place of the early inhabitants, consisting of a high mound, encircled by a series of ramparts, each of less elevation than the one behind it. Further on, the hill of Ardpatrik, crowned with the stump of a round tower, in the last stage of decay, is seen on the left. Charleville, the property of the Earl of Cork, is the next station, between which and Buttevant the winding river Awbeg is crossed by the line in three places. Between these stations the tourist will observe a striking change in the character of the country. The rich loamy soil and luxuriant vegetation of the Golden Vale are left behind, and the line enters the hilly regions stretching southward to the Atlantic.

Rounding the Ballyhoura mountains, and catching an extensive view of their southern slopes, the traveller approaches Buttevant, which, like Kilmallock, presents numerous evidences of former grandeur in the midst of present meanness and decay. The most striking of these are the remains of the abbey founded by David de Barry, lord chief justice of Ireland in the reign of Edward I., which, judging from what remains, must have been one of the noblest ecclesiastical edifices in the country. To the left, six miles distant, is the ruined castle of Kilcolman, formerly the property and residence of Spenser, but plundered and burnt by the insurgents in 1598. After the Restoration, the poet's grandson was put in possession of the property, but forfeited it by his adhesion to James II. It was afterwards restored to the family, but has long since passed from

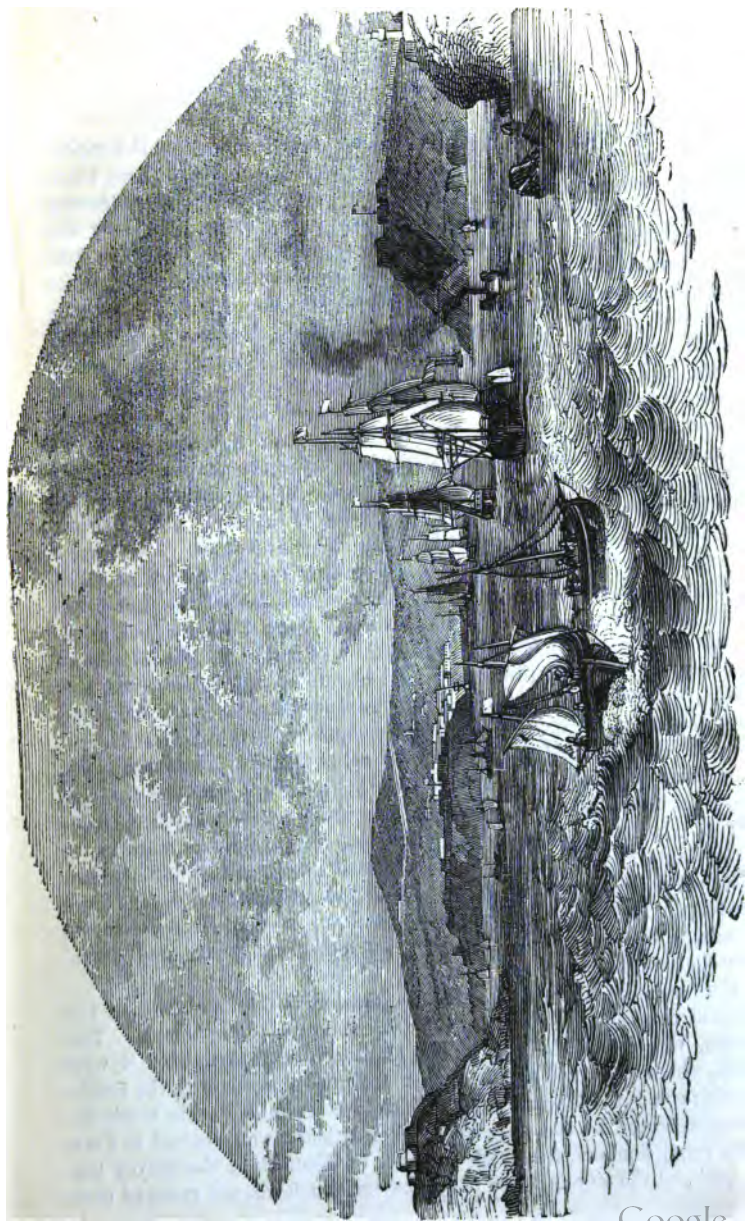
them, and is held, in part, by Mr. Justice Blackburn, by whom the ruins of Spenser's Castle are carefully preserved. Eight miles from Buttevant, on the left, is Castletownroche, where there is another ruined castle, on a rock overhanging the Awbeg. A mile beyond is the castle of Carrignacenny, and at Bridgetown, about the same distance, the remains of an abbey, founded in 1314 by the chief of the Roches.

The Killarney Junction Railway turns off to the right at Mallow, four miles beyond which the ruined castle of Dromaneen is seen. On the left is Gazabo Hill, a wooded eminence, crowned with another ruin. Near Kanturk is the unfinished castle commenced by the chief of the Macarths, in the reign of Elizabeth, by whose council the works were ordered to be stayed, on the ground that it might be dangerous to the state. The next station is Millstreet, romantically situated at the head of the glen formed by the Boghra and Caherbarna mountains. Near the town, distant a mile from the station, is Drishane Castle, built in 1436 by Dermot Macarthy, and forfeited in 1641 by his descendant, Donagh; now the seat of Mr. H. Wallis. Here we catch the first glimpse of the beautiful scenery of Killarney, Torc being distinctly visible, with the Reeks in the distance. The line skirts the valley of the Flesk, and at Skinnagh station Flesk Castle, seat of Mr. D. C. Coltsman, is seen on the left. Tickets are collected at this station, and the train glides along the base of the hills, crossing several small streams, and enters the station at Killarney. Here we must leave the tourist who selects this route, while we return to Mallow to conduct to Cork those who may prefer the more interesting journey from that city to the far-famed Kerry lakes, *via* Glengariff and Kenmare.

At Mallow the line quits the limestone formation, which occupies the greater portion of the centre of Ireland, and enters the schist, which continues to Cork. Three miles beyond the station, the train passes the village of Ballinamona, near which are the ruins of Mourne Abbey, and on the heights above the Blackwater the remains of Barrett Castle. The river is passed by a splendid viaduct, and from this point to Cork, travellers interested in railway engineering will be amply employed in observing the numerous deep cuttings and high embankments, and the long tunnel by which Cork is entered. Glimpses are caught at intervals of a wild country, and at Blarney station the famous castle of that name, embowered in the groves, "which look so charming," is seen on the right.



BLARNEY CASTLE.

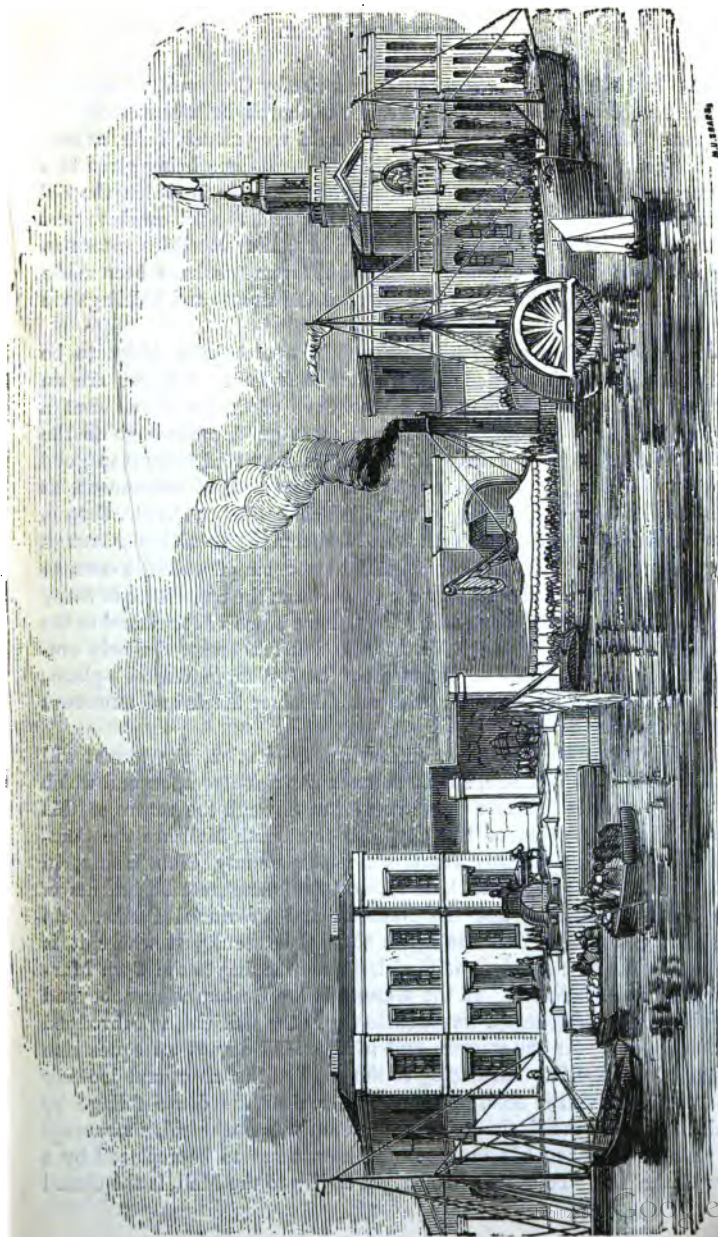


CORK HARBOUR.

CORK AND THE LEE.

CORK, the third city of Ireland, and sometimes called the capital of the south, is situated on the banks of the river Lee, which widens below the city into a fine bay, the southern extremity of which is called the Cove of Cork. It is divided by the Lee into two unequal parts, the larger of which is on the south. Its greatest length is two miles, and its breadth one mile, but its outline is irregular. Its area is about 520 acres, and the population 89,972, when the census was last taken. There are no special manufactures, but many tanneries, foundries, breweries, and distilleries, and a large export trade in corn, provisions, live stock, and other agricultural produce. Cork is the *entrepôt* for the butter trade of the south-western districts. The harbour, of which more presently in connection with Queenstown, is well adapted for the purposes of an extensive commerce; and, as the river divides at the custom-house into two branches, between which a large portion of the city is built, there is a wide extent of water frontage for quays and warehouses. There are a chamber of commerce, corn exchange, several banks, and well attended cattle and provision markets. The principal channel of the Lee is the more northern one, crossed by Patrick's and North Gate Bridges, as far as the latter of which it flows due west. Northward of this branch are the terminus of the railway from Dublin, the steam-packet office, barracks, cattle market, Magdalen and lunatic asylums, fever and foundling hospitals, most of the Roman Catholic churches and religious houses, and all the principal distilleries, and other industrial establishments. The most regularly built portion of the city lies between the two branches of the Lee, and comprises the custom-house, post-office, chamber of commerce, banks, public libraries, chief places of worship for Protestants, and principal hotels. The south channel is crossed by Anglesea, Parliament, South Gate, and Clarke's Bridges, and beyond it are the termini of the Passage and Bandon Railways, corn exchange, episcopal palace, college, cathedral, constabulary barracks, county gaol, and several churches and hospitals.

Cork owes its origin to a monastery founded in the beginning of the seventh century by St. Finnbar, on the site of a pagan temple. The Danes, who seized the city in the ninth century, surrounded it with walls, which protected them in their frequent quarrels with the neighbouring chiefs, the Macarthy's and O'Mahonys. In 1493, Perkin Warbeck, being protected by the powerful Earl of Kildare, was received in Cork with regal honours, for which evidence of disaffection the mayor was hanged and the city deprived of its charter, which was not restored until



CORN EXCHANGE, CORK.

1609. In 1649 the city was taken by surprise by Cromwell, when many of the inhabitants were massacred, and the church bells converted into cannon. Cork was then, and long afterwards, very meanly built, as may be inferred from the distinguishing title of Broad-lane being given to a passage not twelve feet wide; whilst Bridewell-lane, in which the old corn-market stood, was only four feet wide, and the fish-market, post office, theatre, and assembly-rooms, were in similar localities so late as the middle of the last century. Great improvements have been made during recent years, however, and many of the streets and buildings vie with those of the capital.

Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick) says, there are three things to be recommended to the notice of the visitor to Ireland. "If you are an admirer of beautiful scenery, go to the Cove of Cork; if you want a good hotel, go to the Imperial; if you want good tobacco, go to the smoking-room there. I may add also, you may find more than good pipes and cigars, for you will meet with a vast deal of amusement, as some droll fellows do congregate there." This hotel, kept by Mr. Cotton, is in Pembroke-street, with an entrance also from the South Mall, through the Commercial Buildings, the splendid news-room of which is open to visitors to the hotel. The author can vouch, from the experience of many years, that for convenience and comfort, there is not a better hotel in the empire. There are also the Victoria, in Patrick-street, similarly connected with the Chamber of Commerce; the Italian, in Warren's-place; and the Albert, in King-street; with several minor hotels and numerous private lodging-houses.

Passing along Penrose-quay, on leaving the station, the tourist will first cross Patrick's-bridge, and then enter Patrick-street, beyond which is George's-street. These two streets run through the centre of this almost insular portion of the city. In the South Mall are the Commercial Buildings, already mentioned; the County Club House, in the Italian style; the Cork Library, and the branch establishments of the Bank of Ireland, and the National and Provincial Banks. At the east end of the Mall the south channel is seen, just where it is crossed by Anglesea-bridge, built of iron, and leading to the Corn Market and the Athenæum. In the distance is the Custom House, beyond which the Lee stretches far away, glittering in the sunlight, and thronged with shipping. At the western end of the Mall stands an equestrian statue of George II. Advancing to the edge of the river, and looking westward, the visitor sees, peeping from amidst the dense foliage by which it is surrounded, the spire of St. Finnbar's Cathedral, a structure of plain exterior, rebuilt in 1735, and now about to be replaced by a new Cathedral. To the north, at right angles to the Mall, is the Grand

Parade, the widest street in the city, but irregularly built, a defect equally observable in most of the streets of Cork, and which deprives them of much of the effect that would otherwise be produced by the fine public buildings. More than half-way up the Parade, on the left, is Great George's-street, a handsome line of buildings, designed by Sir T. Deane, a native architect, monuments of whose professional abilities are found in all parts of the city. At the western end is the Court House, erected by Messrs. Paine, the architects of Mitchelstown Castle, and greatly admired for its graceful external proportions. The Western-road forms a continuation of this street for some distance, and commands views, across the south branch of the Lee, of the Convent of Mercy, crowning a wooded hill, and Queen's College, occupying the elevated site of the old monastic institute of Gil Abbey. Both these buildings were designed by Sir T. Deane. Turning to the right, a few minutes' walk brings the visitor to the Mardyke, an avenue of stately elms, extending in a straight line fully a mile, and once the usual promenade of the citizens, a distinction now transferred to the Victoria Park, an area of 140 acres, reclaimed from the tide by the embankment made for the railway to Passage.

Re-entering the city by the Mardyke, and crossing North Gate Bridge, the tourist finds himself in the vicinity of one of the famous "lions" of Cork, namely, Shandon Steeple, the bells of which have gained such celebrity through the famous lyric of Father Prout. Crofton Croker, a fellow-citizen and brother humourist of the bard, thus speaks of it—"The steeple of St. Anne, or Upper Shandon, in which hang the celebrated bells, is 140 feet high, and, being built upon an eminence, is remarkable in every point of view of the city; but especially from what Moore has termed 'its noble sea avenue,' the Lee. This church was commenced in 1722, its steeple constructed of hewn stone from the Franciscan Abbey, where James II. heard mass, and from the ruins of Lord Barry's Castle, which had been the official residence of the lords president of Munster, and whence this quarter of the city takes its name, —Shandon (*Sean dun*) signifying, in Irish, the old fort or castle. But as the demolished abbey had been of limestone, and the castle of red-stone, the taste of the architect of Shandon Steeple led him to combine the discordant materials by constructing three sides of white, and the remaining side of red stone." In connection with this want of harmony, the tourist will have observed in his walk that the County Gaol, not far from Queen's College, is built of limestone drawn from the quarries in the vicinity, and the City Prison, on the opposite side, of red sandstone, from the quarries on the north. This geological peculiarity of the district extends from the source of the Lee, at Gougane Barra, limestone



SHANDON STEEPLE.

being found on one side, and red sandstone on the other, even where the stream is so narrow that it may be jumped across. The principal other ecclesiastical edifices are the Roman Catholic churches of St. Patrick and St. Mary, both in the Grecian style, and the interior of the latter very handsome; and that of the Holy Trinity, a Gothic structure, interesting from its having been founded by the Rev. Theobald Mathew, the apostle of temperance, and from containing the O'Connell memorial window of stained glass. The cemetery is about a mile from the city, and is well laid out, and planted with trees and shrubs. It was formerly a botanic garden, and was converted to its present purpose in 1826.

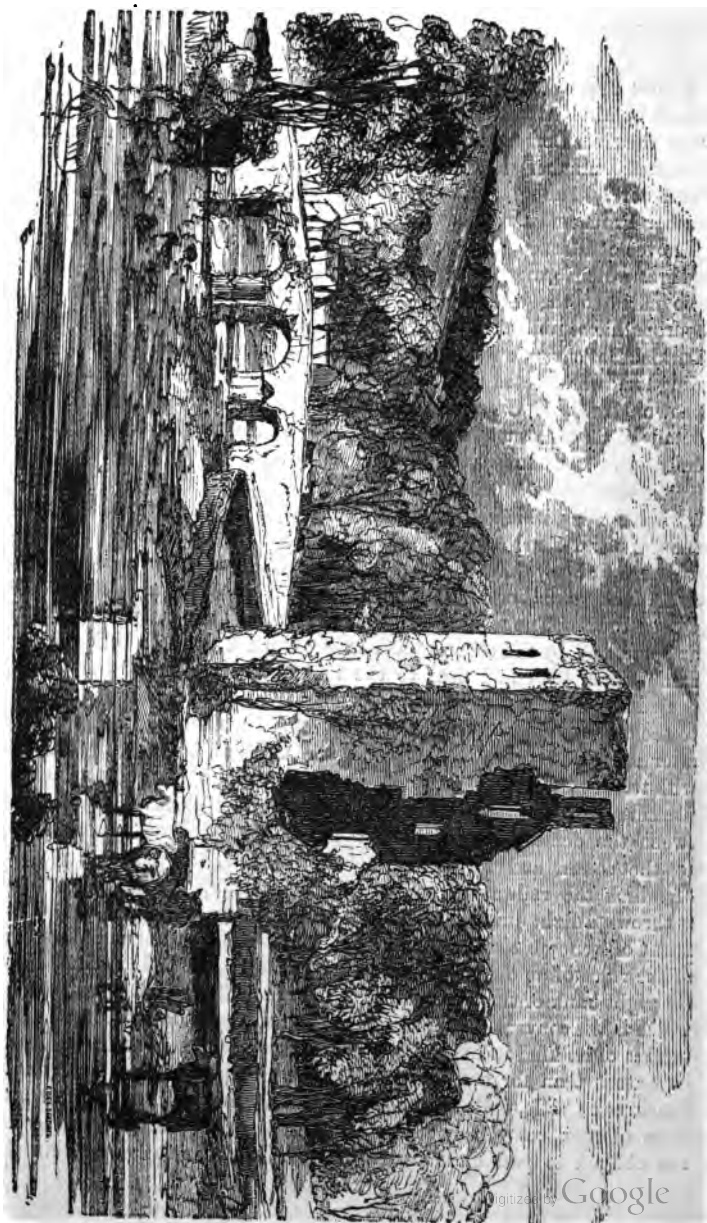
Having seen thus much of the city, the tourist's first excursion beyond its boundaries should be made to Blarney, which may be reached either through Blackpool, the northern suburb, and along the road to Kanturk, or along Sunday's Well-road and Blarney-lane. The former route is the shortest, but the latter affords charming views over the environs of Cork, embracing the "Silver Lee," winding through scenes of varied loveliness, the wooded heights of Glenmire, and richly-planted grounds of Blackrock. The tourist may reach Blarney by one road, and return by the other; or reject both, and make the trip by railway. The distance from Cork is five miles, and the charge for a car ~~6s.~~ *6d.* The celebrated castle, long the residence of the younger branch of the Macarthy family, by whom it was erected in the middle of the fifteenth century, stands about a mile from the village. The remains consist of the massive donjon, about 120 feet in height, and a lower and less substantial portion. Twenty feet below the summit, at the northern angle, is a stone bearing the inscription—*Cormach MacCarthy fortis mi fieri fecit. A.D. 1446.* This is the far-famed Blarney Stone, though for the accommodation of visitors, as it is somewhat inaccessible, the guides sometimes point out as the "raal stone" another nearer the summit, bearing the date 1703. "When or how," says Mrs. Hall, "the stone obtained its singular reputation, it is difficult to determine. The exact position among the ruins of the castle is also matter of doubt, and the peasant guides humour the visitor, in respect to it, according to his or her capacity for climbing. He who has been dipped in the Shannon is presumed to have obtained in abundance the gift of that 'civil courage' which makes an Irishman at ease and unconstrained in all places, and under all circumstances; and he who has kissed the Blarney Stone is assumed to be endowed with a fluent and persuasive tongue, although it may be associated with insincerity, the term 'blarney' being generally used to characterize words that are meant neither to be 'honest or true.'" Blarney is the property of Sir G. Colthurst, M.P., son-in-law of the late Mr. Jeffries, a gentleman who laboured unceasingly to introduce



BLARNEY CASTLE, FROM PEEP-HOLE ON BRIDGE.

the most improved systems of agriculture, and is so eulogistically mentioned by Mr. Caird, in his valuable work on the agriculture of Ireland. Near the river Coman, within the demesne, is a cromlech, in fine preservation, and a number of pillar-stones inscribed with the ancient Ogham characters. The grounds surrounding the castle, to which the lyrics of Father Prout and Dr. Milliken have given a world-wide celebrity, as the "Groves of Blarney," have long been divested of the grottoes and rustic bridges which formerly adorned them, but are still very beautiful. About two miles to the west of the castle is St. Anne's Hill, the celebrated hydropathic establishment of Dr. Barter, where, in 1844, the first of the Turkish Baths, now springing up in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom, was erected under the personal superintendence of the well-known Mr. David Urquhart, who made himself acquainted with all the details of its construction and application while secretary to the British embassy at Constantinople.

The next trip should be down the Lee to Queenstown. The distance is twelve miles, which may be performed by the Queenstown branch of the Cork and Youghal Railway, recently sold to the Great Southern and Western Railway Company; by steamboat, calling at Blackrock, Passage, and Monkstown; or by railway to Passage, and thence by steamer to Queenstown. The whole distance is performed by railway in about half an hour, and by the other routes in about an hour. As both railways run parallel with and near to the river, a description of the scenery passed in descending the Lee by steamboat will apply in a great measure to the other routes. A beautiful panorama breaks upon the view soon after starting by river, the slopes of the northern bank being crowned with terraces and villas, while on the right are the Park and the wooded pleasure-grounds of the various demesnes on the Blackrock road. Between the demesnes of Tivoli and Feltrim, the channel takes a sweep to the south, and we pass Dundanion Castle, through the grounds of which the railway to Passage runs in a deep cutting, over which is thrown a light bridge, leading to the mansion, which stands in the midst of venerable trees. The modern castle takes the name from that of the ruins of an old one still existing in the grounds. It is situated on the right bank of the river, opposite the neat village of Blackrock, near which is the convent of the Ursulines, one of the most celebrated institutions of its kind in Ireland, if not in Europe, but more remarkable for its extent than for architectural beauty. The steamer next passes Blackrock Castle, built in the castellated Gothic style, on a projecting mass of rock, completely commanding this part of the river, as vessels are obliged to pass close under its walls in order to keep within the



DUNDANON CASTLE, CORR.



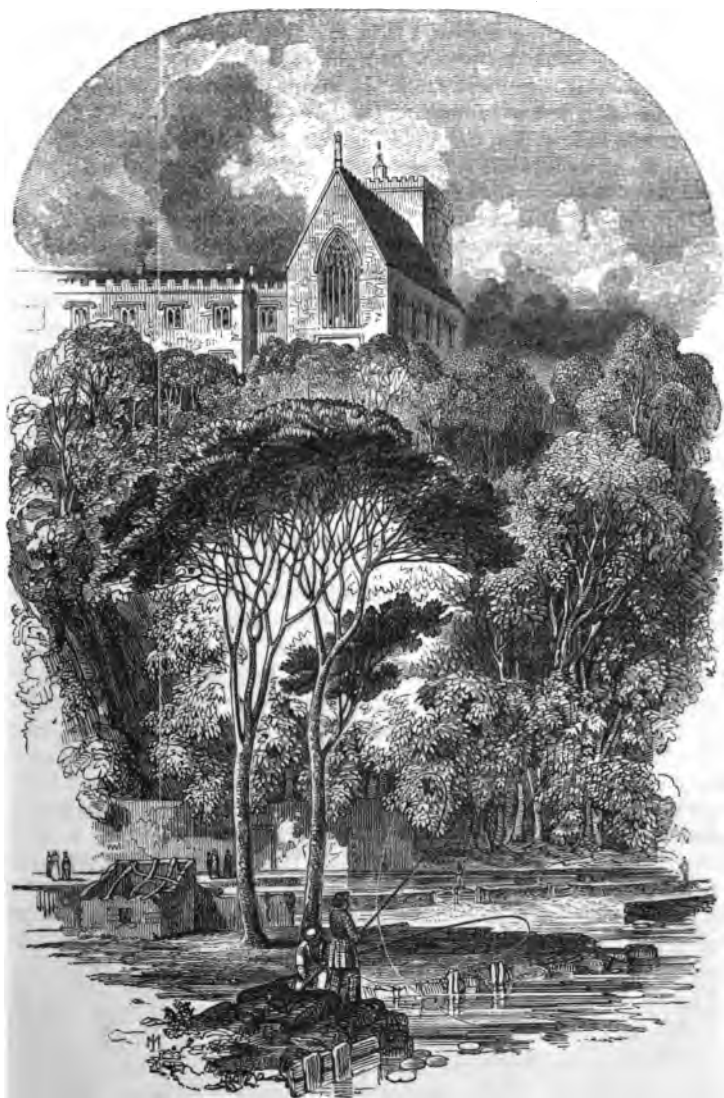
BLACK ROCK.

channel. The present building was erected about thirty years ago, on the foundations of the old castle, built in the reign of James II.

As the steamer rounds on its course, we see Castle Mahon, formerly the residence of Lady Chatterton, who has contributed so much to the literature of the day; and after steering a little north again, towards the demesne of Inchera, seat of Mr. C. S. Oliver, the broad expanse of Lough Mahon opens on the view. Running up at our right is the Douglas Channel, and the house and demesne opposite the little island at its mouth is Lakelands, seat of Mr. Crawford, of the eminent brewing firm of Beamish and Crawford. Our course now turns again to the south. Opening on the left is Smith Barry's Bay, the trees we see in the distance shutting out from view Foaty, the princely residence of Mr. H. Smith Barry; while on its eastern side is the wooded hill of Marino, seat of Mr. T. French, the venerable but active admiral of the Queens-town Yacht Club.

We are now opposite Passage, a place of almost as great lyrical fame as Blarney, Crofton Croker giving no less than three lyrics to the charms of the "fair maid of Passage," in his *Songs of Ireland*. On the opposite side is the bleak hill of Carrigaloe, beneath which, and in close proximity to the river, is seen the Queenstown branch of the Cork and Youghal Railway; and lower down on the right, the Monks-town baths and the hydropathic establishment of Dr. Curtin. A little further on are the Giant's Stairs, a name given to some natural steps in the cliff, originally seven in number, but reduced a few years ago to five in making a new road. Monkstown, with its pretty church and ruined castle, built in 1636, are next passed; and then, as the river widens, and the steamer rounds White Point, we observe the island of Hawlbowlne, and the masses of building erected on it as storehouses for the navy. Opposite Hawlbowlne is Rocky Island, containing the powder magazine, occupying six chambers hewn in the rock, in which 10,000 barrels of gunpowder are usually stored. Looking south, we see Spike Island, the natural breakwater of the harbour; and to the eastward, about four miles distant, is Rostellan Castle, the princely seat of the O'Briens.

Queenstown, as the principal naval station in Ireland, is a thriving bustling town, but affords little to interest the tourist, beyond the shipping in the harbour, and the heights behind the town. It is situated on the south side of the Great Island, which here divides the estuary; and as the land rises abruptly from the sea, the streets rise in tiers, one above another, presenting a fine appearance from the harbour and opposite shores. The hills beyond afford magnificent views over the harbour, with Forts Camden and Carlisle, on either hand, the islands in front,



QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK.

the numerous vessels in motion, and in the distance, the ocean and the green hills and wooded slopes on the right and left.

The voyage is sometimes continued to Aghada, on the eastern side of the harbour, and boats may at all times be hired for 1s. 6d. from Queenstown to Rostellan Castle. If the boat is not detained more than half an hour only half-fare is charged for the return trip; but the tourist may agreeably occupy a portion of the day by a walk or drive from Rostellan to the ancient town of Cloyne, the intervening distance being only four miles. Visitors have free access to the Rostellan demesne, which is extensive and well planted. In the castle, which occupies the site of an ancient stronghold of the Fitzgeralds, is an antique sword, said to have belonged to the famous Brian Boru, from whom the O'Briens claim descent. On the decease of the late Marquis of Thomond in 1855, all the titles of this family became extinct, except the barony of Inchiquin, which descended to Sir Lucius O'Brien, now Lord Inchiquin. The road to Cloyne passes the hamlet of Soleen and the demesne of Castle Mary, seat of Mr. Longfield, in the vicinity of which are two cromlechs, one much larger than the other. "It is supposed," says Mr. Coyne, "that the lesser might have been used for the purposes of common sacrifice, while the greater altar was reserved for occasions of extraordinary solemnity." Cloyne is a mile beyond this locality, in the valley of Imokilly, and is interesting from its ecclesiastical remains and numerous limestone caverns, the most remarkable of the latter being situated in a part of the episcopal demesne, called the Rock Meadow. The Cathedral was founded in the seventh century by St. Colman, a disciple of St. Finnbar; but in its present condition, displays the works of several ages. The north transept, which was rebuilt by Bishop Agar in 1776, in a style not at all in harmony with the design of the ancient portions, contains an altar tomb, with a mutilated figure of a mailed knight, said to represent one of the Fitzgeralds. In the churchyard is a small building called the Fire House, within which St. Colman is said to have been interred; and about a hundred yards from the Cathedral is a round tower, originally 92 feet high, and now rising to 102 feet, the ancient conical top having some years ago been shattered by lightning, when the present embattlement was substituted.

YOUGHAL AND THE BLACKWATER.

THE opening of the railway from Cork to Youghal, a distance of 28 miles, affords great facilities for visiting the beautiful scenery of the Blackwater, as the tourist leaving Cork by the first train, can spend an hour or two in Youghal, proceed by steamer to Cappoquin, to which point the Blackwater is navigable, and return by the steamer on its downward trip to Youghal in time to reach Cork by the afternoon train. There is a good hotel in Youghal, the Devonshire Arms; also another, called the Commercial.

Fine views of the right bank of the Lee are obtained from the line during the first few miles of the journey, and divide the tourist's attention with the numerous villas and plantations of Glenmire. The valley through which the line runs is one of the richest agricultural districts in the county, and generally well cultivated. A little to the south of the village of Carrigtuohill is Barry's Court, a castle built by Philip Barry in the thirteenth century, and now, in its restored state, occupied by Mr. Coppinger. We next reach the little town of Middleton, in the endowed school of which Curran received the rudiments of his education. Ballinacurra, the port of Middleton, is a mile below the town, which is situated at the head of one of the creeks branching off the north-eastern end of Cork harbour. There are commodious quays and warehouses, and the trade in corn and provisions is far from inconsiderable. The town and much of the fertile land in the neighbourhood belongs to the representatives of the last Viscount Middleton. The title is now extinct. Castlemartyr, the only other place on the line calling for notice, is a neat little town, almost surrounded by the demesne of the same name, seat of the Earl of Shannon, proprietor of the town. The mansion is a plain, unpretending structure, but the grounds are beautifully planted, the lucombe oaks being the finest in Ireland, and the camellias and magnolias the finest out of doors in the United Kingdom. Within the demesne are the ruins of the old castle of Imokilly, so often besieged and sacked during the five centuries between the Anglo-Norman invasion and the Revolution.

Youghal is picturesquely situated on a hill overhanging the estuary of the Blackwater, which opens widely to the sea between bluff headlands. Blended in one prospect, from some points of the locality, are the sea and rocky coast of the harbour's mouth, on either side, and cultivated fields and wooded spots on the bank of the estuary within. Stretching away far inland is the wide river, crossed at some distance by a long wooden bridge. The town itself possesses several features of interest. It was occupied by the army of Cromwell in 1649, and a house

then used by the Protector remained standing until 1835. It was a place of residence of Raleigh, who was its chief magistrate in the years 1588 and 1589, and who about that time entertained Spenser, before both embarked from the port for England, to superintend the publication of the *Faerie Queene*. In the town and surrounding district are several ancient religious foundations, of which one, the Collegiate Church of St. Mary, is in perfect preservation, while others are in ruins. These constitute a group scattered around the estuary, forming memorials of the landing of Christian missionaries there, anterior to the preaching of St. Patrick, and of their subsequent labours. St. Mary's Collegiate Church was founded in the thirteenth century by Richard Bennett, and Ellis Barry his wife. It stands in a churchyard, which is itself of no small beauty, being thickly overgrown with trees, and situated upon a precipitous slope, and crested at the top with a portion of the ancient walls of the town, on which are five cannon that once belonged to the old fort of Youghal. A charming prospect of the estuary and harbour, the opposite shores of Waterford, with distant mountain ranges, is afforded from this elevation. The church is in the form of a Latin cross, chiefly in the early pointed style of architecture, and although not very large, is a beautiful edifice. Its choir, aisles, nave, with its pointed arches and original roof timbers still remaining, decorated doorways, and other architectural points, will strike every beholder. Its monuments are also remarkable. There are curious sepulchral relics, including coffin-lids, some of which bear Norman-French inscriptions, more or less perfect. One of these bears the name of Roger Deivil, a companion of Strongbow. At one side of the churchyard is the site of "Our Lady's College of Youghal," founded in 1464 by Thomas, eighth Earl of Desmond, Lord Deputy of Ireland. Hardly a vestige of the building is now visible, the site being occupied by a fine house built in 1782. On the other side is the Warden's House, celebrated as the residence of Raleigh, and a structure of the fifteenth century, in the old English style of architecture. A luxuriant growth of myrtles, bays, and arbutuses decorates the gardens, in which the first potato planted in Ireland is stated to have been grown. There is a group of four aged yew trees in the garden, which local tradition has associated with the name of Raleigh. Here also was used, it is said, for the first time, in Ireland at least, the "fragrant weed," which has since grown into such universal request. The church and college were desecrated and spoiled by the rebellious Earl of Desmond in 1579. The former edifice, which has been restored by the indefatigable exertions of the Rev. W. P. Drew, the rector, is well worthy of a visit. The "College" is now the residence of the agent of the proprietor of the estate, purchased from the Duke of Devonshire in

1860. In the reign of Elizabeth, the site of the town, and a large tract of land beyond, extending as far as Lismore, was owned by Sir Walter Raleigh, who disposed of them in 1602 to Mr. Boyle, afterwards created Earl of Cork. In 1748, Lady Charlotte Boyle, daughter of the fourth earl, married William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire; and on the earl's death, a few years afterwards, all his estates became vested in the dukedom. Since 1860 considerable improvement has been effected in the aspect of Youghal. Dilapidated buildings have disappeared; and various arrangements are in progress for infusing commercial activity into the town, and for making it an attractive watering-place. In respect of both objects, the place possesses great natural resources. It is the centre of a district as fertile and productive as any in Ireland, and which, until the opening of the railway, was without the modern facilities of communication with adjacent markets; and the sandy beach cannot be surpassed, as a spot for sea-bathing, by any other watering-place in the United Kingdom.

Before proceeding up the Blackwater, the tourist, if fond of inspecting antiquities, should make an excursion to Ardmore, about five miles north-east of Youghal, in the county of Waterford. For this purpose, the river should be crossed at Ferry Point, and a vehicle may be obtained on the opposite side, if desired, to convey the visitor to the little town of Ardmore. Here St. Declan, a missionary of a noble family, founded, about the year 416, a seminary, from which the light of Christianity is said to have been diffused over the surrounding district, and thence through all parts of Ireland. The buildings still remaining, but in an imperfect state, are St. Declan's oratory, in the south-east angle of which his grave is pointed out; the ancient cathedral, the chancel of which was used as the parish church until the erection of the present edifice. The west gable of the church presents a series of sculptured niches, of elaborate design and execution. A round tower, 90 feet high, is in the churchyard. St. Declan's Well is still held in great veneration by the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who, on "patron day," the 24th of July, creep beneath a huge boulder, called St. Declan's Stone, one end of which rests upon another, in the hope of being benefited in their health or their spiritual condition. For further information respecting either Ardmore or Youghal, the reader is referred to the very interesting book of the Rev. S. Hayman, B.A., published in 1860 by Mr. J. Lindsay, of Youghal, who has presented the public with a specimen of Irish typography and illustration that may challenge competition with any similar publication, the productions of the leading London publishers not excepted.

Three centuries ago, Spenser, who, from his residence at Kilcolman Castle, and his intimacy with Raleigh, was well acquainted with all this

part of Ireland, thus wrote—"And sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country as any under heaven, being stored throughout with many rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish most abundantly; sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods, even fit for building of houses and ships, so commodiously, as that if some princes of the world had them, they would soon hope to become lords of all the seas, and ere long of all the world." But the river that above all captivated Spenser was the Blackwater; nor is this to be wondered at, as it has since then been described by more than one writer of celebrity as combining beauties unsurpassed either on the Rhine, the Rhone, or the Danube. It must be remembered, however, that the portion of the river navigable for steamers does not exceed sixteen miles, and that, even if nature did not interpose obstacles to further navigation, it is checked by a handsome stone bridge at Cappoquin, where the river makes a remarkable bend from its easterly course, and flows due south.

Leaving the pier at Youghal, the steamer, at about a mile and a half from the town, passes under the stupendous timber bridge which connects the county of Waterford with that of Cork. This is the largest structure of the kind in Ireland, being 1,787 feet long, and is supported upon 57 sets of piers, each consisting of five pillars of timber; connected with the bridge is a causeway, 1,500 feet long, making the total length 3,287 feet, or nearly three-fifths of a mile. Immediately beyond this structure, on the right, the river Toorigh flows into the Blackwater; and, on the opposite side, on the summit of a precipitous hill, are the ruins of Rhincrew Abbey, once a preceptory of Templers, said to have been founded toward the end of the twelfth century, by Raymond le Gros, one of the companions of Strongbow. A very extensive view over the surrounding country is obtained from the hill on which these ruins stand. We next come upon the ruins of Temple Michael Castle, erected in the fourteenth century, and reduced to its present condition by the cannonade to which it was subjected by Cromwell. The first modern mansion passed in ascending the river is Ballinatray, seat of the Hon. C. Smyth, picturesquely situated close to the water's edge. The chief picture of general interest in a small but choice collection possessed by Mr. Smyth is the full-length portrait of Raleigh, by Zuccherò. Within the demesne are the remains of the Abbey of Molano, said to have been founded by St. Molanfeide in the sixth century, and to contain the grave of Raymond le Gros, to whose memory there is an urn and inscription beneath an arched window. The ruins are in good preservation, and in the cloisters is a modern statue of the founder, placed there by Mrs. Smyth in 1820. Next to Ballinatray is Cherrymount, beautifully situated, with charming views of

the adjacent mountain scenery on the one side of the house, and the long vista of the Blackwater, towards Youghal, on the other. This property was purchased a few years ago by that distinguished officer, the late Sir J. Thackwell. Loughtane, seat of Mr. S. Allin, is situated on an eminence overlooking the river, at the point where it suddenly expands into a lake-like basin, called the Broad of Clashmore. Clashmore House, the property (acquired by marriage) of the Earl of Huntingdon, is near the village of the same name, and at some little distance from the river. Higher up, the ruins of the old castle of Strancally are seen, surmounting a cliff rising almost perpendicularly from the water. This was one of the strongholds of the Desmonds, and tradition still preserves the recollection of many ruthless deeds of its former owners. There was a cavern beneath, used as a prison, with a hole like a portcullis, down which victims were thrown into the river. When the castle was blown up by order of the English Government the cave was laid open. The new castle of Strancally, erected a few years ago, and now the property of Mr. G. H. Lloyd, is situated most picturesquely on the left in close proximity to the junction of the Bride with the Blackwater. The views at this part of the river are very beautiful, the charming sylvan scenery being varied with rocks rising precipitously from the water's edge, whilst the mountains in the background add solemnity and grandeur to the scene. On the opposite side of the river, about three miles higher up, is the demesne of Dromana, seat of Lord Stuart de Decies, whose mansion stands on a lofty cliff overhanging the river, behind which are the remains of a fine old castle formerly one of the many residences of the once powerful Desmonds. Here the cherry is said to have been first produced in Ireland, having been introduced by Raleigh from the Canaries.

Some small islands are now passed, and the steamer reaches Cappoquin, the head of the navigation, and pleasantly situated on the north bank of the river. It is a place of considerable antiquity, and its castle was an important strategical position in the early history of the country. Here is as beautiful a portion as any of the valley of the Blackwater, the banks being richly wooded, and the southern acclivities of the Knockmealdown mountains reaching almost to the river. Above the village is Cappoquin House, seat of Sir R. Keane, delightfully situated and commanding fine views of the river. In the neighbourhood is Mount Melleray, a Trappist monastery, to whose brotherhood Sir R. Keane granted a large tract of barren mountain, which they reclaimed by their labour, and now grow good crops, leaving a surplus for educating, feeding, and clothing the poor of the neighbourhood. Visitors are politely received by one of the fraternity, who is absolved from the rule, which

otherwise commands unbroken silence, when performing the rites of hospitality to strangers. The building, belonging to the order of the celebrated Mount St. Bernard, is exteriorly a plain one, and all the stones of which it is constructed are said to have been picked off the estate by the monks; but the chapel is splendid, the choir being richly carved and painted, and the altar lighted by a magnificent window of stained glass.

From Cappoquin to Lismore is a distance of four miles, through beautiful scenery. The trip can be made either by boat, or by post car along the left bank of the river. The return to Cork may be made *vid* Lismore, Fermoy, and Mallow. From Lismore to Fermoy is twelve miles, and from the latter town to the Mallow Junction (seventeen miles) there is a branch railway. The principal inn at Lismore is the Devonshire Arms, where post cars and horses may be obtained, and at Fermoy good accommodation will be found at the Queen's Arms.

Lismore is one of the most ancient towns in Ireland, having been, from the seventh century, the seat of one of the four universities which at that remote era attracted to Ireland the noble youth of all Western Europe. In 830, however, Lismore was attacked, for the third time, by Scandinavian marauders, who burned the collegiate buildings, and carried off every moveable article of value. Henry II. remained two days at Lismore in his progress through the south of Ireland, and was so impressed with its importance as a military position that he determined to erect a fortress, a design which was carried out by John in 1185. Four years afterwards, however, the castle was surprised and destroyed by the Irish, who slew the whole of the garrison. Being rebuilt, it became the residence of the bishops of the diocese until 1589, when it was granted to Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1602 it passed, with the Youghal estates, into the possession of Mr. Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork, and became the seat of that family until the death of the fourth earl in 1753, when it passed into the possession of the Cavendish family in the manner already related.

The castle is situated on the summit of a cliff, overlooking the Blackwater, which is here crossed by a handsome bridge, erected by the late Duke of Devonshire. Mr. O'Flanagan thus describes the aspect of the castle from this point:—"Immediately above the light and graceful bridge appears the thick foliage of huge trees, flinging their boughs over the river, while richly covered rocks rise to a fearful height, crowned by the feudal towers of this ducal pile. The portions next us half disclose their antique casements; the ivied turrets and shelving roofs are concealed by the nodding trees. Further off, the square-built towers are boldly defied against the dark woods, and high over all the venerable

and lofty trees raise their shady branches, and form a verdant canopy." The Duke of Devonshire is a non-resident, but he occasionally visits the castle, and is much esteemed as a kind considerate landlord. The agent, Mr. Curry, by whom his grace is well represented, resides in the castle, which the housekeeper shows to visitors sending in their cards. There are some choice paintings, and two fine pieces of tapestry. In one of the chambers the philosopher Boyle was born, and in the tapestried room James II. was entertained in 1690, when, on approaching the window, he was so terrified by its height above the river that he accused his host of a design to hurl him into the abyss below. "I know nothing," says the author just quoted, "superior to the prospect from the projecting window of the tapestried chamber. It looks on the river, flowing several hundred feet beneath, gliding on its onward course, and watering a rich and verdant valley. The hills do not contract the fair meadow inches which display the hue of the emerald in their green banks. Clumps of trees afford shelter and shade to flocks and herds. High mountains peep from the lateral glens, through which the tributary streamlets from the hills pour into the Blackwater." Inglis is equally enthusiastic in praise of the view from the bridge. "Nothing," he says, "can exceed in richness and beauty this view, when at evening the deepwoods, and the grey castle, and the still river are left in shade, while the sun, streaming up the valley, gilds the soft slopes and knolls that lie opposite; the bridge, the castle, grey and massive, with its ruined and ivy-grown towers, and the beautiful tapering spire of the church, all combine to form a scene we gaze on with pleasure and turn away from regret." Near the castle is the Cathedral, approached from the town through a fine avenue of trees. The Norman arch forming the entrance, the stained windows of the choir, and the elaborate oak carvings of the bishop's throne and the prebends' stalls render it well worthy a visit.

The Blackwater abounds in salmon, trout, pike, and perch. The part of the river best adapted for angling is from Lismore to Mallow. The tributary rivers Bride and Funcheon afford good trout fishing, and excellent sport may be had in the vicinity of Fermoy. The best fishing is at Carysville, seat of Mr. Cary, two miles from Fermoy. This part of the river is strictly preserved, but gentlemen asking permission are seldom refused. The regulations under which angling is permitted may be learned at the fishing-tackle shops in Lismore and Fermoy, or of the men who are always ready, for a small consideration, to guide the angler to the haunts of the finny tribes.

About a mile west of Lismore, on the north bank of the river, is the splendid demesne of Ballysaggartmore, seat of Mr. Usher; and adjoining this are the beautiful grounds of Flower Hill, seat of Mr. Drew.

The hills beyond Cappoquin now become indistinct, and the Knockmealdown mountains look a dark confused mass. On the opposite side are the handsome house and tastefully-planted demesne of Fort William, seat of Mr. Gumbleton, near which is the ruined castle of Ballygarron. On the same side are Glencairn Abbey, property of Mr. Richard Bushe, and Glenbeg, residence of Mr. Foley, with a walk along the margin of the river, shaded by noble beeches. Here the water becomes shallow, and the navigation impeded by rapids; but deep water is found again above the hamlet of Ballyduff. A little higher up we pass the ruins of Macollop Castle, memorable in the feuds of the Geraldines and Butlers. It was much dilapidated by Cromwell's cannon, but the winding staircase of the circular keep is still in tolerable preservation, and worth ascending for the view from the top. About this point the river again becomes shallow and very rapid. On the right is Kilmurry, seat of Mr. Grant, showing rich lawns, dotted with clumps of noble trees; and on the left the woods of Waterpark and the demesnes of Kilbarry and Carysville, the former being the seat of Mr. Wigmore. A little higher up, on a rock between the mouths of the Funcheon and the Ariglen, which flow into the Blackwater from the north, is the ruined castle of Ballyderoon, near which is Mount Rivers, the elegant and picturesque seat of Mr. Hendley, and Moore Park, the finely planted demesne of the Earl of Mountcashel. Beyond the former demesne is Rockview, residence of Mr. Mackler, and, on a rock near the river, the ruined castle of Lisclash, near which is a Danish rath. On the south bank is Carrigabuck, formerly a stronghold of the Condons, as was Lisclash also.

Fermoy is a pleasantly situated and flourishing town, principally on the southern bank of the Blackwater, which is here crossed by a substantial stone bridge. There are extensive barracks, a court-house, two branch banks, a well attended market, and all the usual buildings of a thriving town. The country around is fertile and well cultivated, and the surface diversified with hill and dale. From the hills on the north side of the river views are obtained of the valley of the Blackwater, which is here bounded, above the town, by the Nagles mountains, the highest point of which, called Knockinskeagh, attains an elevation of 1,388 feet; and, below the town, on the north by the hills which rise between the Blackwater and the Ariglen, and on the south by the high table-land which stretches southward to the valley of the Bride. Five miles from the town, on the north bank of the river, is Convamore, seat of the Earl of Listowel, in whose park is the ruined castle of Ballyhooley, once a fortress of the Roches. The fine demesne of Castle Hyde occupies both banks of the river, a mile above the town, its park and plantations stretching southward to the base of the Nagles mountains. There is a romantic glen a

little beyond Fermoy, and within the demesne are the ruins of Cregg Castle. The village of Glanworth is five miles from Fermoy, through a fertile and very beautiful country, the valley of the Funcheon. The road passes close to a Druidical altar, locally termed the Hag's Bed, in connection with which many curious legends exist. On a rocky eminence, overlooking the river, are the extensive and interesting ruins of Glanworth Castle, the ancient seat of the Roches; and in their vicinity the remains of an abbey, founded by that family in 1227 for Dominican friars. These ruins are seen to great advantage in approaching the village. Under the walls of the castle is a well, which the peasantry regard with great veneration. "Holy wells" are very numerous throughout Munster, and are regarded by Dr. O'Connor, who wrote a learned essay on the subject some years ago, as a vestige of the paganism of the country, with which the round towers are, in all probability, likewise connected.

Fermoy is well situated for an excursion to Mitchelstown, famous for its fine modern castle, and the stalactite caverns in its vicinity. The distance between the two towns is eight miles, the road crossing the valley of the Funcheon, and passing over the Kilworth hills. The village of Kilworth, which is passed on the right, is part of the Moore Park estate, one of the most beautiful in Ireland. The picturesque ruins of Cloghlea Castle are in the park, and above the Funcheon are the remains of the stronghold of Ballylindon. Further on, the ruins of Caherdriney Castle, perched on the ridge of the Kilworth hills, form a conspicuous object in the landscape.

Mitchelstown is situated in the centre of a rich and diversified country, bounded on all sides by lofty mountain ranges. It was formerly, with much of the surrounding district, the property of the Earl of Kingston, but is now passing into other hands through the agency of the Encumbered Estates Court. The principal inn of the town is the Kingston Arms. The castle, considered the finest modern castellated residence in Ireland, was built in 1823, and commands extensive views of the fine mountain scenery around, and of those rich possessions which were once attached to it. The towers and battlements of this massive pile are visible from all parts of the surrounding country, rising above the extensive plantations which environ it. The Funcheon flows through the park, admission to which may be obtained by application at the gate; and the interior of the castle will be shown to visitors giving their card.

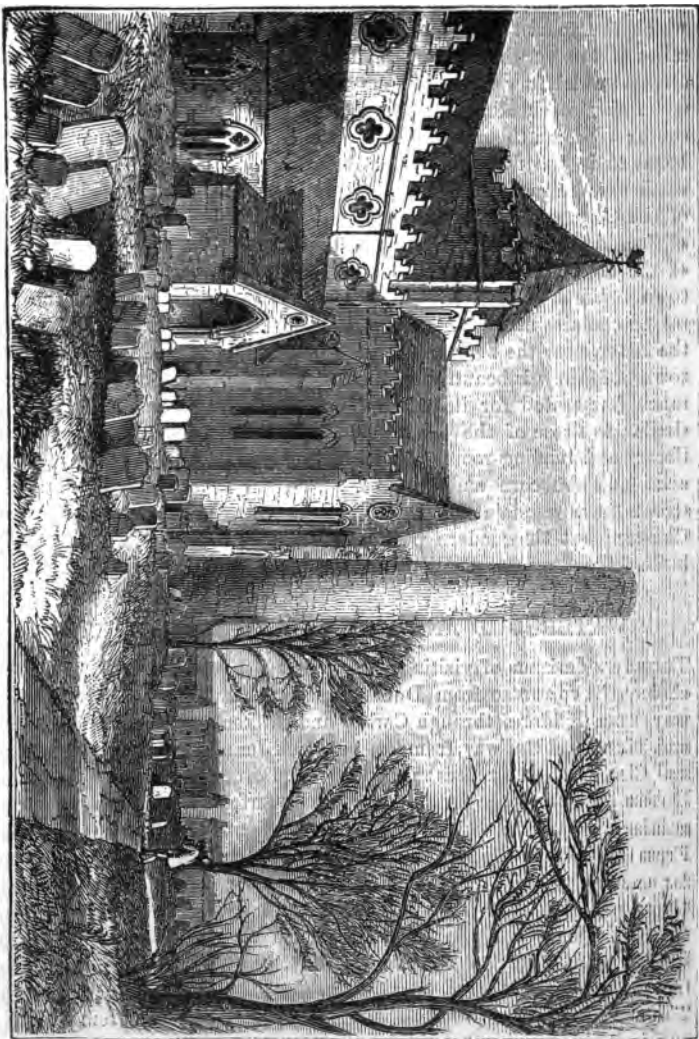
The celebrated caves of Mitchelstown are seven miles from the town, after which they are named from their having, until 1851, formed part of the same large estate. The road follows the long valley formed by the Galtee mountains on the north, and the Kilworth and Knockmeale-

down ranges on the south, and affords numerous views of the deep ravines which diversify their sides. The Galtees are easy of access, and their summits command magnificent views of the mountain ranges, valleys, and defiles around, particularly of the beautiful glen of Aherlow, ten miles in length, which runs parallel to the road from Mitchelstown to Cahir. Galteemore, the highest summit, rises to an elevation of 3,008 feet. Soon after leaving Mitchelstown, the tourist passes through the village of Kilbeheny, with its neat little church, a mile beyond which, on the left, in one of the glens which pierce the acclivities of the Galtees, is the Mountain Lodge, surrounded by fine plantations, and formerly the property of the Earl of Kingston, but now in the possession of the Irish Land Company. Two small round hills, of compact grey limestone, indicate the sites of the old and new caves, the former (now seldom visited) known for many years before the other and more interesting subterranean was discovered in 1833. Within a mile of the entrance to the latter, which is midway up the more easterly of the two hilla, is a public-house, where visitors are provided with guides and over-all dresses for the exploration. After traversing a low passage for some distance, and descending a precipice by a ladder, the first chamber is reached, from which several passages lead to fifteen other chambers, of various dimensions, the principal of which are distinguished by the guides as the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the Kingston Gallery, O'Leary's Cave, O'Callaghan's Cave, the Altar Cave, and Kingsborough Hall. The stalactites depending from the roof are exceedingly beautiful, and unite in some places with the stalagmites rising from the floor, forming magnificent columns of spar. Two hours are necessary for even a cursory examination of the wonders and beauties of the cave, and the time may be doubled with advantage, as there is nothing to compare with them in the United Kingdom. To enumerate them in detail is beyond our purpose and limits; but Mr. O'Flanagan has described the general effect produced by them so well that we cannot forbear quotation. "Let the reader," he says, "fancy himself in the midst of a cavern larger than any building hitherto constructed by art; his guides have stationed themselves at the various points where effects can be best produced—one upon the point of a huge stalagmite; another in some deep recess; others at the several points of ingress and egress; another behind some half-transparent curtain; others where the light may fall upon masses of glittering crystals; let them all suddenly unveil their lights; the effect can be likened only to that which the gorgeous fictions of the East attribute to the power of the necromancer." After viewing the cave, the tourist may proceed either to Knocklong station, or return to Fermoy, and reach Mallow from thence by railway.

The Fermoy and Mallow line follows the left bank of the Blackwater, which the tourist is enabled, by this route, to trace to within a dozen miles of Banteer Bridge, where it is formed by the confluence of the streams which flow eastward from the Kerry mountains. The Nagles mountains reach almost to Mallow, and bound the lovely valley on the south; while on the north the eye roams over a rich and fertile country, bounded in the distance by the Ballyhoura range. The ruins of the castle of Carrigacuna are passed eight miles below Mallow, and the seats of the Cork gentry are numerous on both sides of the river. The ruins of the old castle of Mallow, built by the Desmonds to defend the passage of the river, are in the grounds of Sir D. J. Norris, proprietor of the town. His mansion is a handsome Elizabethan structure, and the demesne contains many fine old trees, particularly elms and poplars, one of the latter, near the bridge, being the finest in the three kingdoms. The town of Mallow is beautifully situated on the left bank of the river, and much frequented for its mineral water, the properties of which are similar to those of the Clifton Spa. There is a good spa-house and a library and reading-room. The town has a neat and thriving appearance, and the corn and butter markets are well supplied. The old streets have a quaint mediæval aspect, which reminds the visitor of Chester; but the modern portions of the town are well and regularly built. Good accommodation will be found at the Queen's Arms.

WATERFORD AND THE VALLEY OF THE SUIR.

TOURISTS desirous of visiting the ancient city of Waterford, have the choice of two routes from Dublin, namely, by the South-Eastern Railway from Kildare, through Carlow and Kilkenny, or by the Limerick and Waterford Railway, from the Limerick Junction, through Tipperary and Clonmel. Both routes may be travelled over in the journey between Dublin and Cork, the tourist reaching Waterford from Kildare, and regaining the Great Southern and Western line at the Limerick Junction. From Kildare to Carlow the country is flat and uninteresting, and, as far as Athy, moorish; but about Carlow it is fertile and well-cultivated. On an eminence near the town are the remains of the castle, built by the Lord-Deputy Lacy in 1176, and seized by Lord James Fitzgerald, brother of the Earl of Kildare, in 1494, but retaken after a siege of ten days by Sir Edward Poynings. In 1534 it was seized by Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, when he threw off his allegiance to Henry VIII.; and in 1642 was bombarded by Sir Hardress Waller, commanding a division of Ireton's army. Three miles beyond Bagenalstown, whence coaches start on the arrival of the forenoon train for Wexford and New



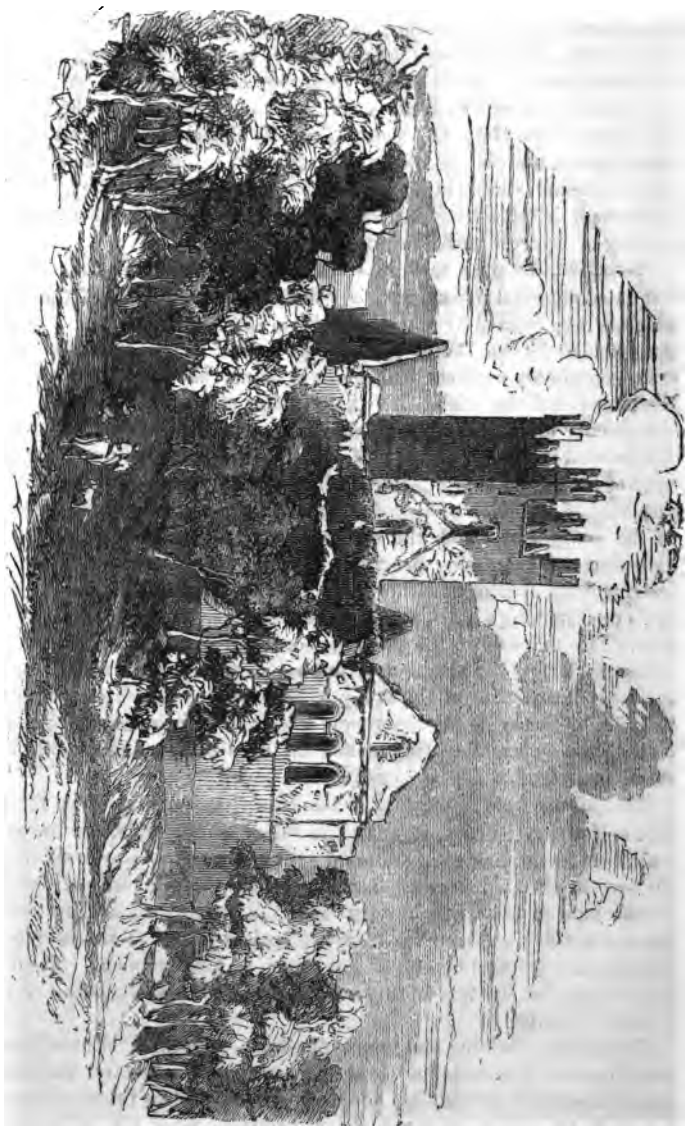
ST. CANICE, KILKARNEY.

Ross, the line crosses the Barrow, to which river it runs parallel from Athy ; and, after passing Gowran station, we reach Kilkenny, the view of which from the line is rather imposing, comprising Ormond Castle, the princely seat of the Butlers, the tower and spire of the churches of St. John and St. Mary, the Roman Catholic chapel at the bottom of the embankment, and the venerable Cathedral of St. Canice in the distance. Near Ballyhall station is the beautiful ruin of Jerpoint Abbey, founded by Donagh M'Gilla-Patrick, Prince of Ossory ; beyond which there is nothing of interest until Waterford is reached.

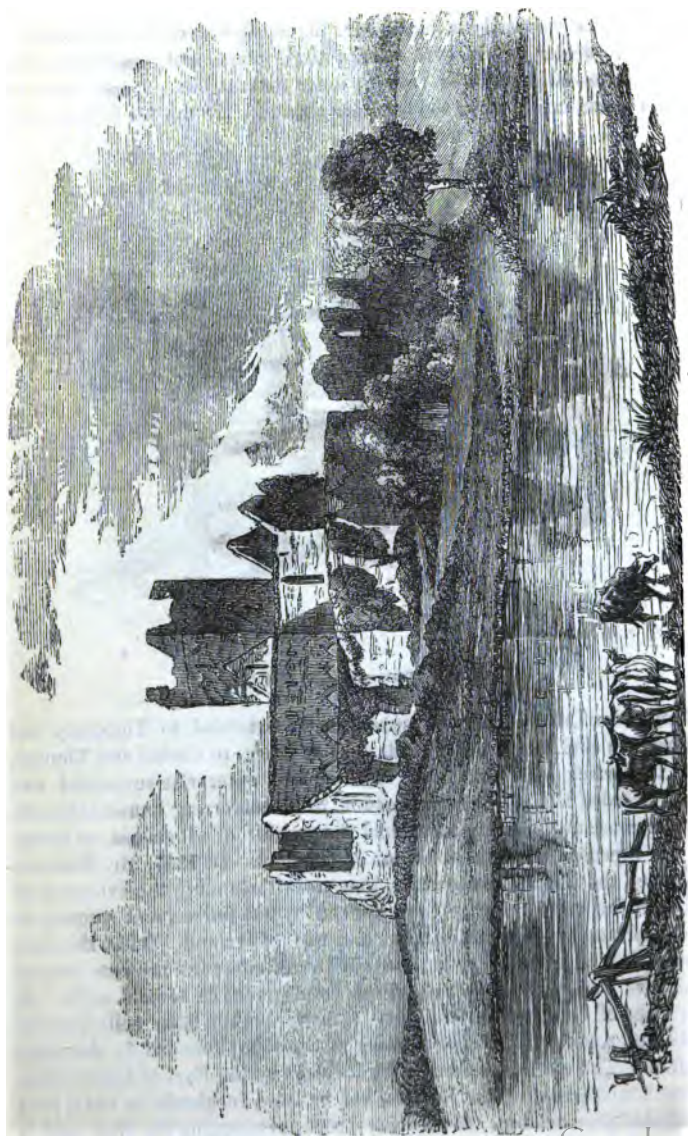
Waterford, the sixth town in Ireland in point of population, and the fifth in commercial importance, is situated on the estuary of the Suir, which is here crossed by a wooden bridge, 832 feet in length. The city was founded by the Danes towards the end of the ninth century, and many sanguinary conflicts took place in its neighbourhood between the Northmen and the Irish. All that remains of its ancient fortifications is a circular tower, called Reginald's Tower, after the Dane by whom it was erected in 1003. In 1171 Waterford was taken by Strongbow, and most of the inhabitants massacred, the victor receiving the hand of Eva, daughter of the King of Leinster, immediately afterwards, in fulfilment of the compact by which the earl was induced to invade Ireland. An extensive and increasing provision trade is carried on here. Tourists arriving from Bristol or Milford will find good accommodation at Dobbyn's or Cumming's hotel, situated near the river, in the best part of the town. Five miles down the estuary, near the embouchure of the Barrow, and accessible by the steamers plying between Waterford and Ross, are the magnificent ruins of Dunbrody Abbey, founded for Cistercian monks in 1182, by Henry de Montmorency, a relative of Strongbow. Situated close to the water, and being among the most perfect and beautiful remains in Ireland, they should not be left unvisited.

The railway from Waterford to the Limerick Junction runs, for the first half of the journey, through the valley of the Suir, the banks of which are finely wooded, and dotted with many a moss-grown ruin. At the prettily situated town of Carrick-on-Suir the old castle of the Ormonds, built in 1309, will be seen, with the ivy-covered antique bridge above the weir ; and near the town the ancient church of Donoughmore, romantically situated on one of the slopes of Slievenamon. The Suir is navigable for lighters of fifty tons as far as Clonmel, where the line crosses the river.

Clonmel is a thriving and interesting town, beautifully situated under the Comeragh mountains. It is a place of great antiquity, and ruined castles abound in its vicinity. Clonmel was battered by Cromwell's artillery in 1650, and in 1848 was the principal scene of the insurrection



JERPOINT ABBEY.



DUNBRODY ABBEY.

Much of its prosperity is due to Mr. Bianconi, who settled in Dublin as a picture-dealer, and in 1815, having saved money and removed to Clonmel, conceived the idea of running a car that, at less expense than the stage coach, might serve the humbler classes. He ran his first car from

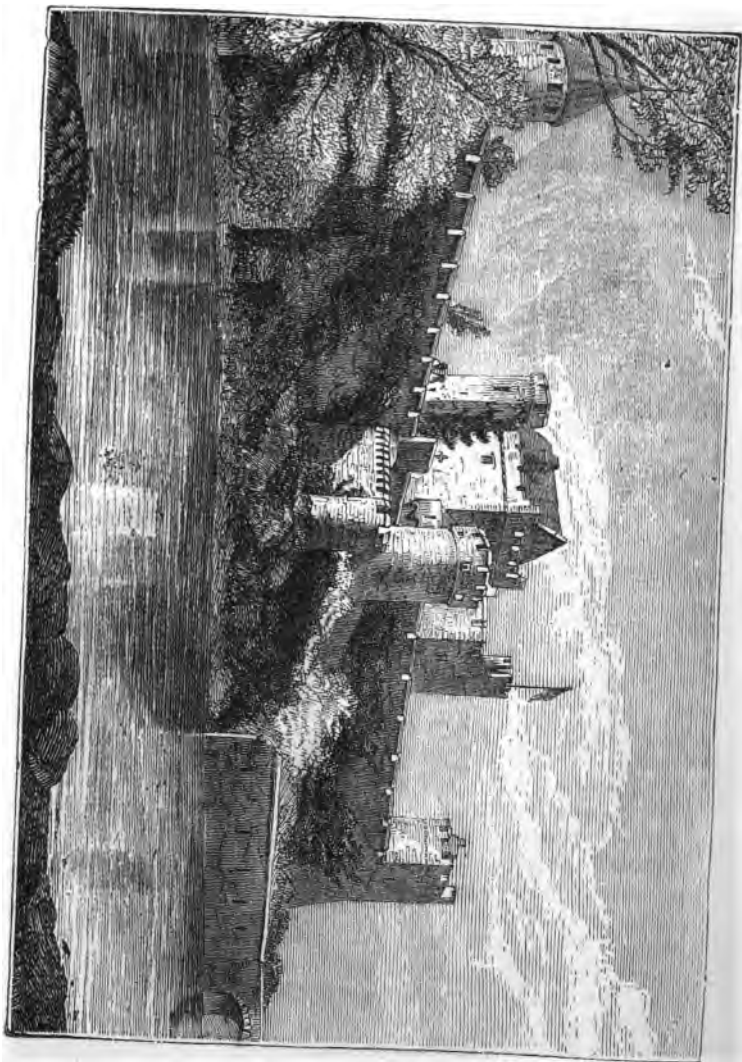


IRISH TOURIST AND CAR.

Clonmel to Cahir, which he subsequently extended to Tipperary and Limerick; and shortly afterwards started others to Cashel and Thurles, and to Carrick and Waterford. His spirited enterprise succeeded, and has rewarded him with a large fortune, while conferring immense benefit on the community, and gaining him the respect of all classes, as shown by his repeated election as mayor of Clonmel. In 1857, Mr. Bianconi informed the British Association, that notwithstanding the extension of railways, he had 67 conveyances, worked by 900 horses, and running to all the principal towns in the south and west of Ireland. Cahir, the next station, is a clean and thriving town, with well-attended markets, and an extensive trade in corn, which affords employment to several mills. It is a place of considerable antiquity, a castle having been built here in 1142, and some remains still existing of an abbey founded in the reign of John. The castle, memorable for its siege by the Earl of Essex, when it was a stronghold of the Butlers, and by Lord Inchiquin in 1641, is in admirable preservation. It occupies a rock, overlooking the Suir, and is



CLONMEL.



CAHIR CASTLE.

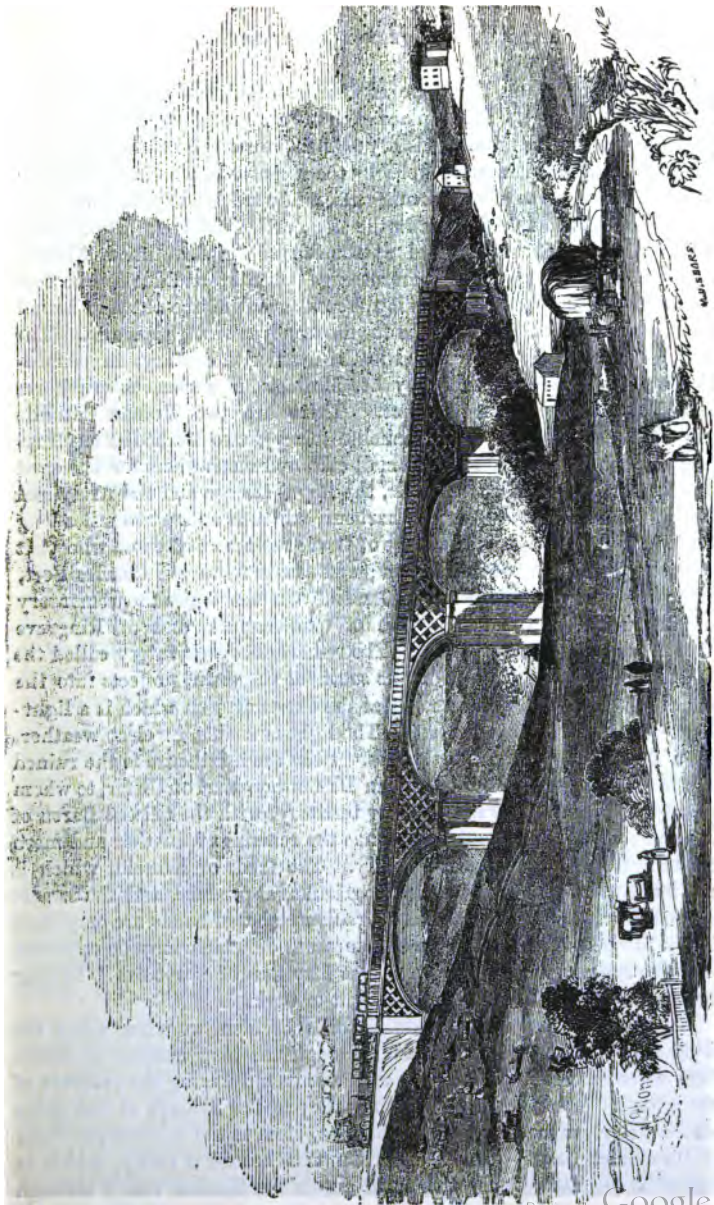
a highly interesting and picturesque object. Three miles beyond Cahir, the church and castle ruins of Knockgraffan are seen; and two miles west of Bansha station the line crosses the little river Aherlow, and the tourist catches a view of the beautiful glen of that name, with its grand mountain boundaries of Galtee and Slievenamuck. The railway sweeps along the base of the latter range, through a singularly fertile and diversified country, to Tipperary, whence the distance to the Junction is only three miles.

CORK TO KILLARNEY.

THERE are three routes by which the matchless scenery of Killarney may be reached from Cork:—1st, by Railway, through Mallow as already described; 2nd, by the Cork and Bandon and West Cork Railways to Dunmanway, and thence to Bantry, Glengariff, and Kenmare; and 3rd, by road through Crookstown and Inchigeela, to Bantry, from which point this route is the same as the second. The Mallow route is the shortest, but possesses fewest features of interest; whilst the other routes introduce the tourist to the finest scenery in the county of Cork, the last embracing the lakes of Inchigeela, the wild solitude of Gougane Barra, and the magnificent pass of Keimaneigh, and both including the sublime scenery of Bantry Bay and the lovely valley of Glengariff. We proceed to describe both these routes, commencing with the road through Enniskean and Dunmanway.

The Cork terminus of the Cork and Bandon Railway is at Albert-quay, just below Anglesea-bridge, and contiguous to the Corn Exchange. Soon after leaving the terminus, the train passes over the Chetwynd Viaduct, raised on arches 100 feet high, and 120 feet wide, spanning the valley through which winds the Currabeg-road. At the Waterfall station a magnificent view of the city and suburbs of Cork is obtained, and the distant mountains of Dunmanway, Kerry, and Kilworth are seen to great advantage. About a mile farther on we reach the ruins of Mourné Abbey, adjoining which are to be seen the remains of a Danish fort; here the highest point of the railway is reached, and we descend to the junction station of the Cork and Kinsale Railway.

This branch, ten miles in length, passes through a very undulating country. It continues along the high ground until within about a mile of Kinsale, and then rapidly descends to the station, which is situated close to the new marine hotel now in course of erection at a most picturesque part of the harbour. Kinsale is situated at the mouth of the Bandon river, from which it has rather an imposing appearance, the streets rising,



CHETWYND VIADUCT, CORK RAILWAY.

one above another, on the slope of Compass Hill, which forms the left bank of the estuary. It is a place of great antiquity, and makes an important figure in the military history of the seventeenth century. In 1601 the town and defences were held by the Spaniards, who had landed in considerable force to aid the insurgents, and were not expelled until the royal army had lost 6,000 men in the siege or by sickness. During the Protectorate of Cromwell, and at the time of the Revolution, Kinsale was the scene of several important engagements; and during the last war with France the harbour was the rendezvous of the outward bound fleets. Of the old walls of the town scarcely a vestige remains. The church, said to have been erected in the fourteenth century, in connection with a convent founded by St. Multosia, is a spacious cruciform building of venerable appearance. There are two Roman Catholic chapels (one attached to a Carmelite friary), two Methodist meeting-houses, and several schools and small endowed institutions for the aged and infirm. There are two hotels, the Royal George and the Army and Navy. On the east side of the harbour, which is about two miles long by half a mile wide, is the village of Cove, the resort of those who visit Kinsale during the bathing season; and a mile further is Charles Fort, where there are barracks for 350 men. On the opposite promontory are the ruins of the old fortress of Castlenapark, and of Ringrove Castle, seat of the De Courcys. The remarkable promontory called the Old Head of Kinsale, eight miles south of the town, projects into the sea about three miles, and rises at the extremity, on which is a lighthouse, 243 feet above the sea. The light is visible, in clear weather, at a distance of 20 nautical miles. Near the lighthouse is the ruined castle of Duncearnay, built by John De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, to whom Henry II. granted the surrounding territory, with the title of Baron of Kinsale; and a little to the north are the remains of another and more modern fortress of the same family. The trade of Kinsale, which is not large, consists in the export of agricultural produce, and the import of coal, iron, and timber. A considerable number of hands are employed in the deep sea fishery, a large development of which may be expected now the railway is opened, as much as fifty tons of "wet fish" having been occasionally conveyed in one night to Cork.

Reverting to our direct route towards Bandon, we wind along the deep valley of the Owenbeg, and through the long cutting at Rockfort, where a vein of silver ore was discovered during the progress of the works. We next approach the valley of the Brinny, at the point where the river unites with the Bandon, close to the picturesque ruins of Dundaniel Castle. Diverging from this beautiful valley, which is full of scenic attractions, the train enters the Bandon valley through

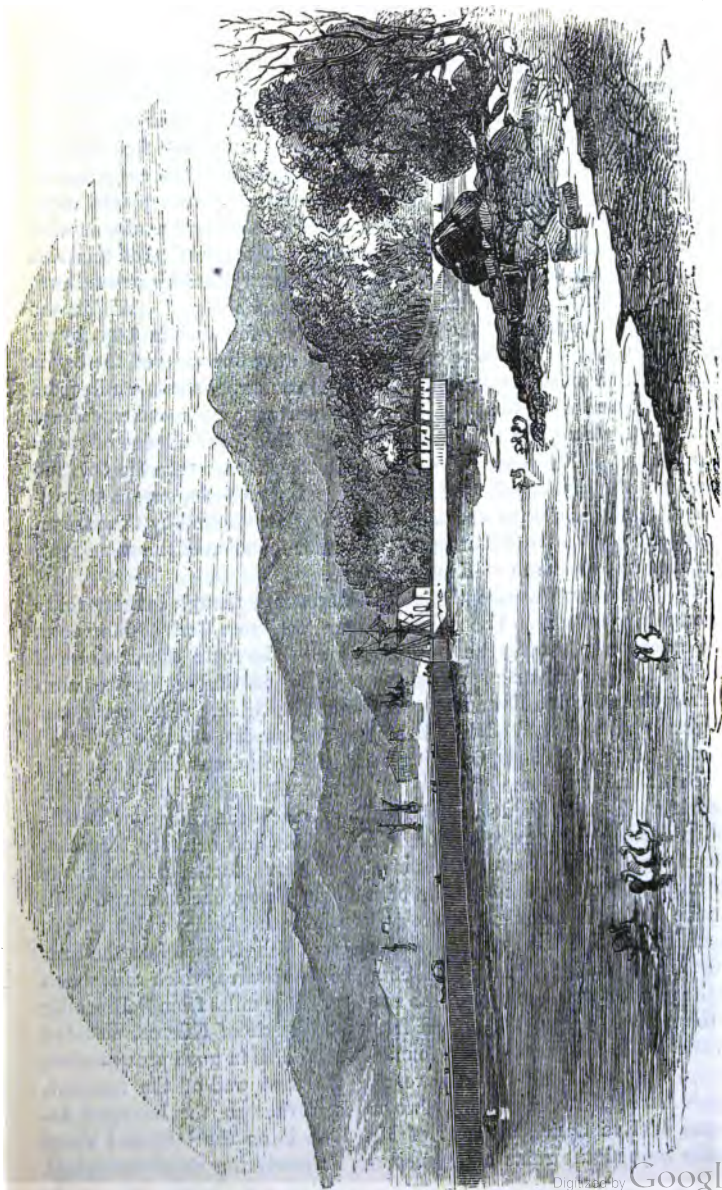
a tunnel, and crosses the river of that name by a handsome timber and iron viaduct. We are now at Innoshannon station, within two miles of Bandon, and lovers of the picturesque will not regret quitting the train for a stroll along the banks of the river to the pretty little town, and through the wild wooded glen which forms part of the extensive property of the Duke of Devonshire. The ruined castles of Dundaniel and Carrigonassig are close at hand, and numerous villas and gardens add to the beauty of the scene. Much of this may be enjoyed in the train, however, as the railway runs parallel with the river, and the hills on each side are high and steep, and densely wooded to their summits.

Bandon is a flourishing little town on the river of the same name, which is here spanned by a good bridge. It possesses several large breweries and distilleries, and all the usual business establishments of a corporate town. There are two Protestant churches, one of much architectural beauty, and a magnificent Roman Catholic church, recently erected, besides several places of worship for Dissenters. There are two public libraries and reading-rooms, and an excellent hotel, the Devonshire Arms. The numerous markets and fairs are well attended, and add considerably to the importance of the town. The environs are singularly beautiful, the west side of the town deriving no small portion of its attractions from the demesne of Castle Bernard, seat of the Earl of Bandon. The mansion is situated in the midst of a beautiful valley surrounded by gentle hills, wooded to their summits with a luxuriant growth of oaks, sycamores, elms, and chesnuts. The grounds, including the gardens and conservatories, are open to the public, except on Sundays. The Bandon river has long been celebrated for its salmon and trout fishing, and the angler may find plenty of sport along its banks for several miles.

The Cork and Bandon line ends at Bandon, where the West Cork Railway commences. It was opened for traffic this spring, to Dunmanway, and is in progress to Skibbereen. It passes Coolfadda House, seat of Mr. Swanston, the Duke of Devonshire's agent in the district; Mr. W. Bernard's beautiful demesne, Mount Bernard, and the adjacent grounds of Mr. Galway; and the little hamlet of Moragh, just beyond which we come in sight of Captain Bernard's seat, Palace Anne, a quaint-looking mansion of red brick, to which the pointed gables, smoothly shaven lawn, and closely clipped hedges give the appearance of an old French chateau. The spire of Dysart church is next seen, on the right, and then we pass Enniskean, pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Bandon river. Near the church, which, however, is three miles from the village, on the mountain road leading to Macroon, is the round tower of Kineth, 75

feet high, remarkable for having the lower part hexagonal. A mile to the west we reach Ballineen, near which is an ancient bridge of several small arches, leading to the church and rectory of Ballymoney. The scenery along the banks of the river, from this point westward, is singularly beautiful. We pass Connorville and Fort Robert, seats of the O'Connor family, and Carrigmore, the noble residence of Lord Norbury, and, soon afterwards, obtain a view of baronial-looking Kilkaskin, seat of Mr. Daunt. Proceeding up the valley of the Bandon, which gradually becomes more hilly, we pass the ruined castle of Ballinacarriga, once a stronghold of the O'Hurleys, and reduced to its present condition by Cromwell. There are some curious sculptures and inscriptions in the interior. Dunmanway is a neat and thriving village, surrounded by rocky hills, diversified by the narrow glens through which the mountain rills flow into the Bandon. Mount Gunnery, which rises to an elevation of 757 feet, immediately behind the town, is backed by the range of hills which unite with the Sheehy mountains in the west, and divide the valley of the Bandon from that of the Lee. The West Cork Railway will eventually extend to Drimoleague, seven miles nearer to Bantry. Cars and coaches, in connection with the Company, run from Dunmanway station to Bantry. The road passes over bleak hills and moors until it approaches the beautiful bay in which the French fleet anchored in 1796, where, after passing a deep gorge, the tourist comes suddenly upon a scene so strikingly in contrast with the dreary tract he has just passed over that it seems the effect of enchantment. The bay is spread out before him, with the prettily situated town at his feet, and, facing it, Whiddy Island, crowned with its imposing fort, which commands the whole bay. Looking across, he sees Hungry Hill, the Sugar Loaf, and the Caha mountains, and in the distance the blue peaks of Mangerton and the Reeks.

The road into the town runs immediately under the beautiful demesne of Seacourt, seat of the Earl of Bantry. The coach stops at Lannin's Hotel; the other hotels are Godson's and Murphy's. Next morning the tourist should rise in time to ascend Knocknaveigh, which rises 933 feet on the south side of the town, and the view from which has been so finely described by the Rev. Cæsar Otway. He says:—"I challenge the British empire to show such scenery. Nothing I have seen in Wales, or England, or Ireland is at all comparable to it. As I looked across on a fine clear day, to the east, in the far blue distance rose Mangerton, in dark and lofty massiveness; to the left of it, M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, the points piercing the 'cumulo-stratus' of the clouds, and leaving you to guess at their mysterious altitudes; nearer still, to the north-west, Hungry Mountain, rising like an embattled wall before you; and down the mural



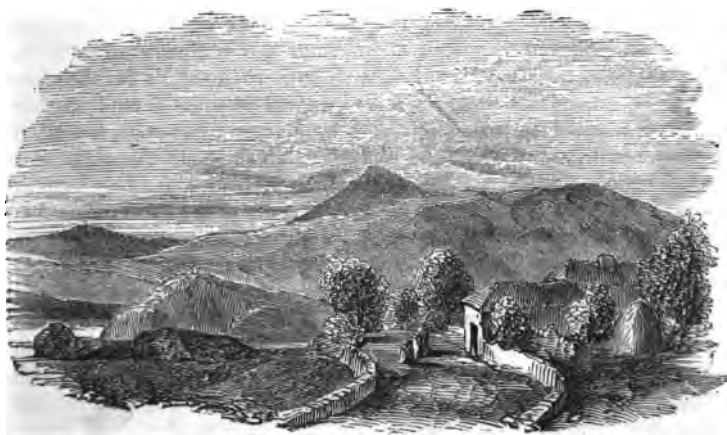
ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN OF BANTRY.

descent, as relieved from its black ground, fell the cataract of Adrigoll, in a perpendicular silver column of 800 feet! Nearer still, facing the north, the Sugar Loaf, almost as white in its silicious quartzose formation as if it were crystallized sugar; directly under my feet was the inner harbour of Bantry, protected and divided from the outer bay by the green island of Whiddy; and up and down on that placid water were studded isles and islets, one crested with an ancient castle, another crowned with a modern battery; and to finish the setting of this rich jewel, the woods, hills, and mansion of Lord Bantry, and his green lawn, sweeping down in easy undulations to the water's edge." Within the demesne are the ruins of the Franciscan friary founded in 1466 by an O'Sullivan, and its extensive cemetery. Another fine view of the bay is obtained from an elevation in the rear of Gurteenroe, about a mile from the town; and near this spot are the picturesque cove and cascade of Dunemark, where the little river Mealagh falls over a ledge of rocks into the bay. Two miles and a half along the shore, where the Owvane flows into the bay, are the ruins of Raneedisart Castle, once a stronghold of the O'Sullivans; and a little up the glen watered by this stream are the ruined castle of Carriganass, another fortalice of the same sept, and the ancient church of Kilmacomogue.

We must now describe the more interesting, though longer, route through Crookstown. The railway is now open from Cork to Macroom, and coaches run during the touring season. The route affords views of the Lee for some distance, passing through the beautiful scenery between Carrigrohan Castle ruins and the mouth of the Bride. The castle was originally a stronghold of the Macarthys, and consists of two dilapidated piles of different periods, frowning over the precipitous limestone cliffs which extend for some distance along the right bank of the river. Leaving this picturesque spot behind, we reach the village of Ballincollig, where there are extensive powder-mills and artillery barracks. About a mile to the west are the ruins of Barrett's Castle, erected in the reign of Edward, and consisting of a square keep, enclosed by a wall. A mile above Ballincollig the Lee is joined by the Bride, which affords good salmon and trout fishing, and is open to anglers. Near the confluence of the rivers is the ruined church of Inniscarra, which adds much to the picturesque character of the scenery. Five miles from Ballincollig is the road leading to the ruined friary and castle of Kilcrea, situated a little to the left. The friary, founded in 1465, is in good preservation, except the south wall of the nave and the west wall of the transept, which have fallen into ruin. Two miles further on the beautiful demesne of Rye Court, the seat of Mr. Rye, is on the left, and about a mile beyond the ruins of Castlemore, formerly the chief stronghold

of the M'Swineys. Two or three other fortalices of this sept lie on the left, near the neat village of Crookstown. At Crookstown bridge a most charming view is obtained. Belmont Castle is on the tourist's left, thickly overgrown with ivy, and built upon a commanding eminence, gracefully planted, while Rye Court and Castlemore Castle are seen in the valley, on the north side of the bridge; and under its steep arches rolls the silvery Bride. About a mile onward we approach another valley, luxuriantly clothed on both sides with laurels, lilacs, and firs; the fine house and grounds of Mr. Warren occupying the north, and the extensive demesne of Castle Baldwin the south side of the vale. Having surmounted a gentle hill, and crossed over a little bridge, the magnificent mansion of Warren's Court, seat of Sir A. Warren, is seen; while on the opposite side of the road, a mile beyond, stands Delacour Villa, the charming residence of Mr. Beamish, situated on a commanding elevation, and surrounded by extensive plantations.

After passing the extensive property of Mr. Beamish, the country assumes a wilder aspect, and we ascend a hill, from which the eye surveys an area of fifty miles, embracing every variety of scenery. The Sheehy mountains and the hills enclosing the holy lake of Gougane Barra are before us, rising in imposing grandeur, and behind them the mountains of Kerry, Mangerton, and Torc, and Cormanagh, with giant Car-



INCHIGEELA.

rantual and the lofty cone of Musheru towering above all. As we pass through the moory vale below, the ruined church and castle of Cona-

drumna are seen on the summit of a hill on the right ; and a little further on we pass the castle of Drumcarraigh, where lived the unfortunate Arthur O'Leary, a victim of the religious feuds of the last century, and whose unconsecrated grave is in the immediate vicinity. We next reach Boyle's Bridge, a most picturesque spot, the bridge being overgrown with ivy, and the Lee winding through the valley, while adjoining is the undulating and thickly wooded demesne of Boyle's Grove. Passing an old castle on the right, we cross Toon Bridge, and ascend a heath-covered hill, the summit of which commands a nearer view of the Kerry mountains, which form prominent objects in the landscape from every eminence. Passing Castle Masters, formerly the seat of the family from which it derives its name, but now the property of Mr. Pyne, we descend the hill, and enter the little village of Inchigeela, where we again obtain a view of the Lee. A short distance beyond the village the river expands into a broad sheet of water, and three lakes, dotted with little islands, present a panorama of the most charming scenery, extending three miles. The road winds round the northern shore of the lakes, and, still following the course of the Lee, enters a secluded valley, encompassed with mountains. At the hamlet of Ballingeary we cross a bridge, from which we see a wild mossy glen, down which a mountain stream flows, and glides noiselessly through the valley into the Lee. About a mile up the glen a rude ancient church is seen, standing upon an eminence. The road now becomes narrower, and, passing along the base of a steep mountain, brings us by a short curve within view of Gougane Barra. In the bottom of a hollow formed by a circle of rugged hills lies the Holy Lake, reflecting in its tranquil depths the giant sentinels around. Nearly midway in the lake, and approached by a narrow causeway, is a small island, beautifully wooded with ash trees, which shade the ruins of a small building, called the hermitage of St. Finnbar, and a holy well, at one time a place of pilgrimage for the peasantry of the surrounding district, who believed in the efficacy of the water to cure all diseases, both of man and beast. There are several springs on the island, gushing out in tiny streams, and trickling into the lake, forming the source of the Lee. The steep hills around are covered with heath and masses of black rock, and their precipitous sides give forth numerous echoes. From the summit of the mountain which frowns above the lake, accessible with difficulty, a magnificent view is obtained over Bantry Bay and its surrounding scenery.

We next reach the famous Pass of Keimaneigh, so well described by Mr. Windele, in his valuable work on the south of Ireland, that we transcribe it in preference to any attempt of our own :—"Nothing in mountain scenery of glen, or dell, or defile can well equal this gloomy pass.

The separation of the mountain ground at either side is only just sufficient to afford room for a road of moderate breadth, with a rugged channel at

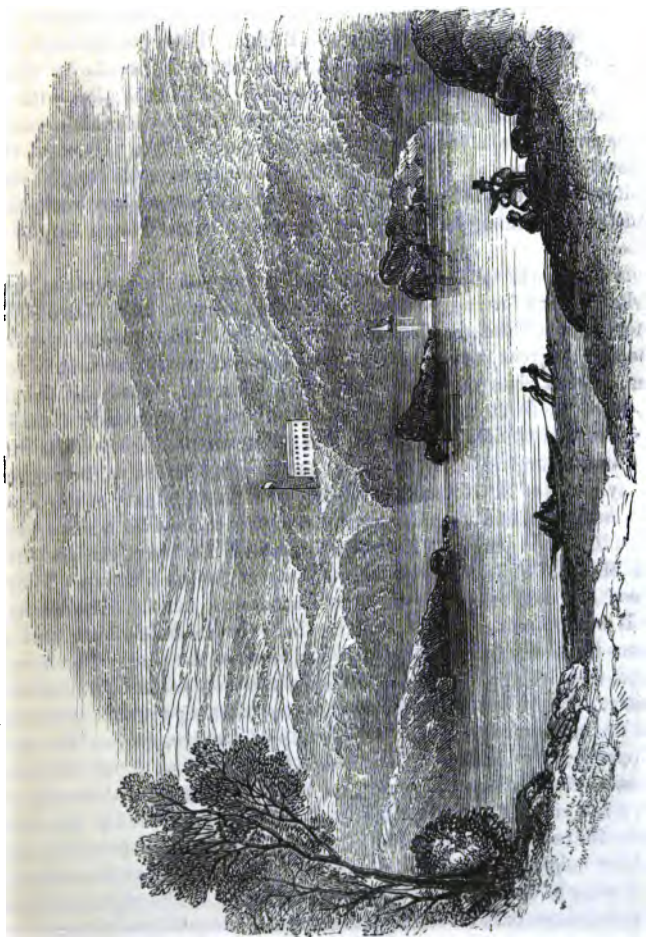


PASS OF KEIMANEIGH.

one side for the water, which, in the winter season, rushes down from the high grounds, and meeting here, hastens onward to pay the first tribute offered to the Lee. At its entrance from Gougane the pass is seen with best effect; there its high close cliffs are steepest, and the toppling crags assume their most picturesque forms and resemblances of fantastic piles and ancient ruins. These receive variety and beauty from the various mosses which encrust them, and the dwarf shrubs and underwood, ivy, and creeping plants, which lend their mellow hues to soften and give

effect to the whole. The arbutus, a plant almost indigenous to Killarney and Glengariff, into the first of which places it has been plausibly conjectured it had been brought from the continent by the monks who settled in the islands of its lakes, is not uncommon among the rocks of Keimaneigh. We behold with wonder this, and the ash, and other hardy plants and shrubs growing at immense heights overhead; tufting crags, inaccessible to the human foot, where we are astonished to think how they got there. The London Pride grows here and on the surrounding mountains, as well as amongst the ruins of Gougane Barra, in astonishing profusion. A number of lesser defiles, formed by many a headlong torrent or shelving cascade, shoot inwards from the pass in deep and gloomy hollows as the road winds along; and these, forming at the entrance high headlands, thickly covered with a most luxuriant clothing of long flowering heather, have at a distance the appearance of rich overhanging woods. As we proceed we find the channel of the stream, which winds along with the road, blocked up in various places with vast fragments of rocks, rent in some violent convulsion or tempest from the cliffs around, or hurled downward in wild sport by the presiding genius of the scene."

Arrived at the end of this remarkable pass, a beautiful view of Bantry Bay opens before us as we round the head of that noble harbour, and we enter the charming valley of Glengariff, so admired by travellers. There are two hotels, the Royal and the Bantry Arms; and two days may be spent here most agreeably, should time permit. In the immediate neighbourhood is Cromwell's Bridge, a picturesque ruin, formerly on the high road to Berehaven, and said to have been built by the Protector, whom the narrow but rapid stream it spans delayed on his passage through the glen to chastise the O'Sullivans. This bridge is seen by the tourist in proceeding from the little bay up the Glengariff river by boat, by which excursion the romantic scenery of the valley and its amphitheatre of surrounding hills is seen to the best advantage. Garnish and Brandy Islands are passed, and, after a delightful row, a landing may be made on the grounds of Glengariff Castle, seat of Mr. White, concerning the beauties of which the Rev. C. Otway has written so enthusiastically. "Show me," he says, "the spot in the British empire where there is such an accompaniment of rock, precipices, and shelving banks, all clothed with appropriate vegetation; where the native ash and oak are so mingled with the foreign ilex and myrtle; where the climate is so mild that plants whose habitat belongs to more southern climes vegetate in all their native richness. Underneath lies the bay, studded with islands, on one of which is a most picturesque martello tower. Other islands, not too many to diminish the beauty of the fine azure expanse, were dropped here and there, just



GLENGARIFF.

where wanting; some covered with copse, others scattered over with holly and arbutus. Across the bay, the shore rising rocky and precipitous; and on still westward, one of the finest mountain ranges in the world." Another very fine view is obtained from a wooded steep on the road to Berehaven, north of Cromwell's Bridge. Here the spectator has Mr. White's fine mansion on his right, rising above the woods by which it is surrounded, and overlooking the bay; on his left the glen, with its rocks, precipices, and cascades; and before him the lofty mountain range which separates the bays of Bantry and Kenmare. From this point the best view is obtained of Hungry Hill, the lower parts of its rugged and precipitous sides clothed with heath, the upper a mass of bare rock, and the Adrigole tumbling headlong into the valley below from a height of 800 feet.

From Glengariff to Kenmare is sixteen miles, along a mountain road remarkable alike for rugged grandeur and pleasing variety. Lord John Manners calls it "the grandest road, barring the Alpine passes," that he had seen. A great portion of its length is cut through the rock, which in some places rises on either hand, gay with the yellow and purple blossoms of the furze and heath; while in others it is pierced by tunnels, one of which is 600 feet long. At this point we pass from Cork into Kerry, and, emerging from the tunnel, see looming before us the rugged and lofty peaks of M'Gillicuddy's Reeks. The noble estuary of the Kenmare is before us, and we enter the town of that name over a suspension bridge 470 feet in length. Kenmare is a neat little town, the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who has a seat in the vicinity. There is a good and comfortable hotel—the Lansdowne Arms. The estuary abounds with salmon, and the catching them for the hotels here and at the lakes forms the principal industry and trade of the place. The horses changed, we start again through scenery of the most varied and romantic character. On the left is the mountain range running towards Valentia, before us the sombre ravine called the Gap of Dunloe, and on the right the Upper Lake of Killarney, hemmed in by mountains. From the point of greatest elevation on this road, near the Mulgrave police-barrack, we obtain a full view of the fairy region of Killarney, embracing the three lake, the Gap of Dunloe, the wooded sides of the Sheehy Mountains, the more lofty heights of Mangerton and Torc, and, further to the left, the crested ridge of M'Gillicuddy's Reeks. Turning to the right, we cross Gallway's Bridge, pass through a tunnel, and leaving Glenna Mountain on the left, drive along the base of Torc Mountain to one of the numerous and excellent hotels around the shores of the lakes, or in their immediate vicinity. They are named the Muckross, the Lake, and the Victoria, and, at the railway station, the Railway Hotel, the property of the company, and a very noble and admirably managed establishment.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

ONE advantage of arriving at Killarney by the Kenmare route is, that it enables the tourist to comprehend the position of the lakes, relatively to each other, and to the several mountains and glens around them, and thus to arrange the programme of excursions according to the time at his disposal. Three days are necessary to see the lakes and their surrounding scenic beauties, but five or six should be devoted to them, if the tourist proposes to ascend Mangerton, or to visit Glenacappul and Lough Guitane. If only a single day can be spared, the best plan is to hire a pony, and ride through the Gap of Dunloe, having a boat in readiness at Lord Brandon's Cottage, on the Upper Lake, to convey you from thence to the Middle and Lower Lakes. If the tourist has two days to spend at Killarney, the Lower Lake, with the ruins of Aghadoe, should be left for the second day, the first excursion being extended from the Middle Lake to Muckross Abbey. If a third day can be spared, the foregoing excursions may be advantageously shortened, and a day may be given to the Middle Lake and Muckross. The ascent of Mangerton, Torc, or Carrantual, and the excursion to Glenacappul and Lough Guitane, each require another day.

Setting out from Killarney for a trip to the Gap of Dunloe, we pass the beautiful Roman Catholic Cathedral, designed by Pugin, and proceed westward by car or pony, having the ruins of Aghadoe on our right, and catching an occasional glimpse of the Lower Lake on our left. About six miles from Killarney we pass the ruined church of Killalee, and, after crossing the little river Leane, see on our left Dunloe Castle, once a seat of the O'Sullivans, and now the residence of Mr. D. Mahony. In a field near the entrance of the Gap is a cave, of great interest to the archæologist, the roof being formed of large stones inscribed with the Ogham characters, supposed to be the written language of the Druids. Near at hand is a solitary *posada*, whereat refreshments are dispensed by a grand-daughter of Killarney's far-famed belle, "Kate Kearney." The Gap is a narrow ravine between M'Gillicuddy's Reeks and the Toomies and Purple mountains. "On either hand," writes Stirling Coyne, "the craggy cliffs, composed of huge masses of projecting rock,

UPPER LAKE, KILLARNEY.



suspend fearfully over the narrow pathway, and at every step threaten with destruction the adventurous explorer of this desolate scene. In the interstices of these immense fragments a few shrubs shoot out in fantastic shapes, which, with the dark ivy and luxuriant heather, contribute to the picturesque effect of the landscape. A small but rapid stream, called the Loe, traverses the whole length of the glen, expanding at different points into five small lakes. The road follows the course of the stream, and in two places crosses it by means of bridges. One of these stands at the head of a beautiful rapid, where the water rushes in whitening foam over the rocky bed of the torrent. The part of the glen which attracts most admiration is that where the valley becomes so contracted as scarcely to leave room between the precipitous sides for the scanty pathway." Cars cannot proceed beyond this point, which is called the Pike, so that the tourist, if he has chosen that conveyance, must walk to Lord Brandon's Cottage, a distance of four miles.

Emerging from the Gap, we come in sight of the Black Valley, so called from the shadows cast across it by the lofty Reeks, and the colour imparted to the lakes which dot it by the peat. Leitch Ritchie calls this valley "one of the finest bits of the picturesque around Killarney." Leaving it to the right, we proceed towards Lord Brandon's Cottage, which is the best point of embarkation for viewing the lakes, the fall of stream being from the Upper to the Middle and Lower Lakes; and as there is a considerable current in passing through the Old Weir Bridge, which causes some difficulty and delay in getting the boat through against the current, the tourist is saved inconvenience, and is not required to leave the boat, except in the event of heavy floods. The Upper Lake, though the smallest of the three, is considered by Inglis, Weld, and many others as the most beautiful, being nearer to the mountains, and more studded with islands, than the other lakes. Having coasted round the lake, we proceed to the Long Range, a circuitous channel connecting the Upper and Middle Lakes, and presenting some very beautiful scenery. The entrance is guarded by a singular promontory, called Colman's Eye; but the point of most interest connected with it is the almost perpendicular cliff called the Eagle's Nest, remarkable for its extraordinary echoes. About a mile further is Old Weir Bridge, an antiquated structure of two arches, through which boats are carried by the current with great swiftness, without an effort of the rowers. A little distance below the bridge is a sequestered spot of great beauty, called the Meeting of the Waters, much admired by Scott when he visited Killarney in 1826. The Middle Lake, sometimes called Torc Lake, is divided from the Lower Lake by the islands of Dinish and Brickeen, and connected with it by three narrow channels. Its shores are beauti-

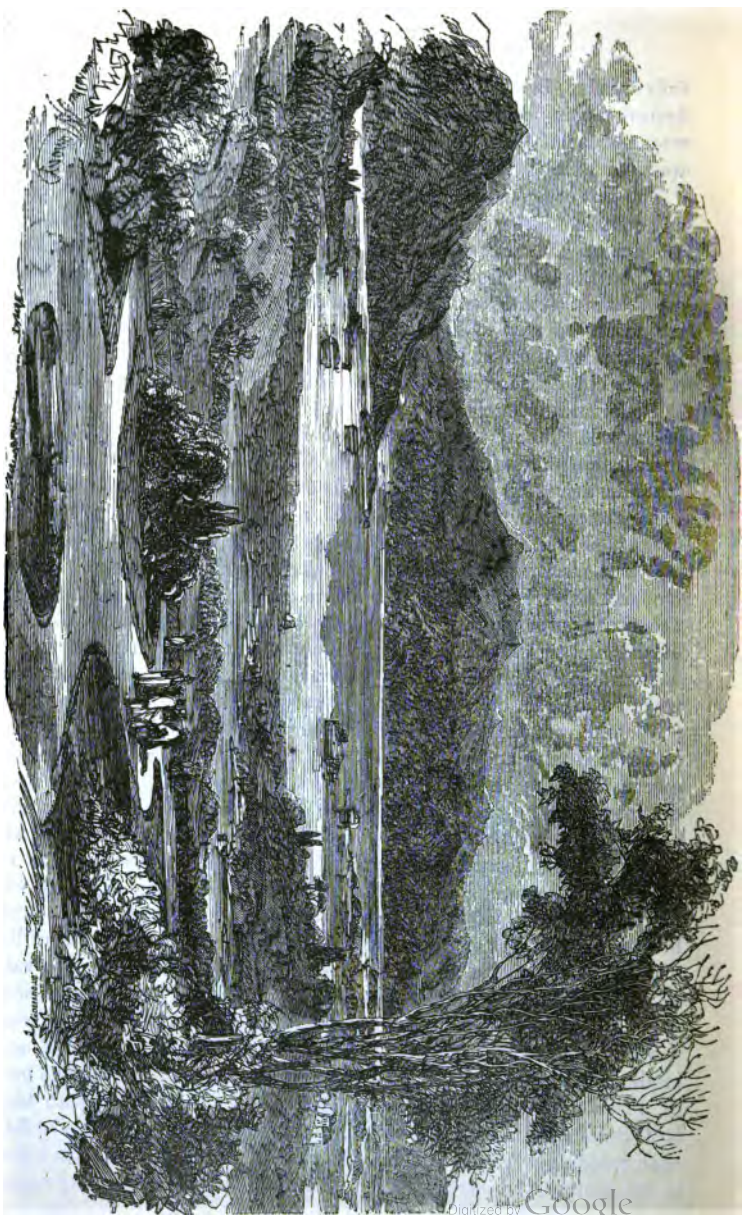


THE PEEP, KILLARNEY,

fully wooded, Brickeen Island and Camillan wood, part of the Muckcross demesne, being on the north, the wood of Cloghreen on the east, the wooded base of Torc Mountain on the south, and Dinish Island on the west, with the Sheehy Mountain rising above it.

The Lower Lake is five miles in length, and three in greatest breadth, and contains thirty islands, the largest of which is Ross Island, containing 158 acres. If entered from the Middle Lake, the Bay of Gleng is the first point to be visited; but if from the eastern side the larger islands are the first attraction. Ross Island forms part of the beautiful demesne of the Earl of Kenmare, from which it is separated only by a narrow stream, crossed by a bridge. Only a small portion now remains of the old castle, erected in the fourteenth century by one of the O'Donoghues, whose successors resided here for nearly three centuries afterwards. Many wild legends are related of this family, the most remarkable attributing to one of its chiefs a septennial return to earth, when he drives his milk-white steeds over the lake at sunrise, his castle being restored by enchantment as he reaches it, but only until the sun appears above the woods. Ross Castle was the last stronghold in Munster that surrendered to Cromwell, being given up to General Ludlow by Lord Muskerry in 1652. It affords some fine views, particularly to the south, over the beautiful woods of Muckcross demesne, Brickeen Island, and the Bay of Gleng, with Torc Mountain for the background.

Innisfallen Island lies a short distance from Ross Island, about mid-way in the lake, and has been deservedly eulogized by all travellers. "Viewed from the water," says Stirling Coyne, "Innisfallen appears to be covered with an impervious wood; but, after penetrating the leafy screen which fringes the shore, I found the interior of the island spread out into beautiful glades and lawns, embellished by thickets of flowering shrubs and clumps of magnificent trees, amongst which the arbutus, with its dark shining leaves, stood conspicuously distinct. From these delightful openings the lofty peaks of the distant Gleng and Toomies, with the misty summits of the Purple Mountains, are distinctly seen; while between the dark stems of the trees glimpses are caught of the sparkling waters below, and the more distant sunny shores." Here are the ruins of an abbey, founded about the year 600, and nearer the shore are some remains of an oratory. From Innisfallen the tourist should proceed towards the wooded base of Toomies, distant a mile and a half, and, landing at a rude quay, ascend a rugged mountain path, along the bank of a rivulet, which glides downward through a wood. This path leads to O'Sullivan's Cascade, consisting of three distinct and successive falls, each receding a few feet behind the other. When viewed from a rock in the centre of the stream, being all seen in the same line, they appear



LOWER LAKE, KILLARNEY.



TOOMIES MOUNTAINS.

as one. Beneath a projecting rock, overhanging the lowest basin, is a recess, with a seat rudely cut in the rock, called O'Sullivan's Grotto. Returning to our boat, and passing several islands, we proceed to the Bay of Glenna, a most truly glorious scene. On the banks Lady Kenmare has built a sweet little cottage ornée; and, not far distant, is one where strangers have an opportunity of testing the excellence of the Killarney salmon, the flavour of which is said to be improved by being roasted with skewers of arbutus, or broiled over an arbutus wood fire. About $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Killarney, and near the village of Cloghreen, are the ruins of Muckross Abbey, founded in 1440. They stand in the demesne of the same name, which is open to visitors. There are remains of both the church and the monastery, which are kept in excellent preservation by Colonel Herbert, the proprietor of the demesne, and one of the members for Kerry, and well known as one of the very best landlords in Ireland. Several of the kings of Munster are said to be buried here, and in the centre of the choir is the vault of the Macarthys, marked by a rudely sculptured monument. In the centre of the cloister, which is the most perfect portion remaining, is a yew tree of great age and size, the trunk being ten feet in girth. The Muckross demesne embraces the peninsula which separates the Lower and Middle



CLOGHREEN.



GREAT YEW TREE, MUCKROSS ABBEY.



MUCKROSS CLOISTER.

Lakes, and the southern shores of the latter, including Torc Mountain. About a mile from the entrance to the demesne, a little above Torc Cottage, is Torc Cascade, situated between the mountain of that name and Mangerton. The waters of two streams, which issue from the sides of the latter mountain, and unite a little above the fall, tumble over a broken ledge of rock from a height of sixty feet, and flow rapidly towards the lake. The steep sides of the chasm are clothed with firs, which add greatly to its picturesque aspect. The old mountain road between Killarney and Kenmare passes the cascade, and is the nearest route to Derrycunihy fall, which can be reached, however, by the new road nearer to the lakes. Three miles from Torc Cottage we reach the Cromaglen, through a rocky glen, on the north side of which, separating the mountain from Torc, the Crinnagh rivulet descends from the steep western side of Mangerton. About a third of a mile from the new road is Esknamucky fall, the best way to which is by the Tower Lodge, near the little bridge over the Crinnagh. Crossing this bridge, and passing through the tunnel, we reach the path leading to Derrycunihy cascade, quite different from Torc in its character, position, and accessories. Several mountain streams unite a little above Galloway's Bridge, and rush tumultuously over a broken ledge of rock of sufficient height to give the fall an imposing aspect.

The route to the ruins of Aghadoe has already been noticed. They consist of the remains of a round tower, a small and much dilapidated cathedral, and a ruined castle, the latter standing within a square enclosure, fortified by a fosse and ramparts of earth. The cathedral contains two chapels, St Finian's, the more ancient one, being in the Romanesque style, and that of the Holy Trinity in the pointed style of the twelfth century. From the eminence on which these ruins stand a good view is obtained over the Lower Lake. The ivy-covered ruins on Ross and Innisfallen, surrounded by dark masses of foliage, are below you, while the more distant islands look like projecting points of the land. On the left are the wooded banks and verdant hills of the Kenmare demesne, contrasted with the rugged heather-covered steepes of Toomies and Glena on the right. In the distance, Torc and Mangerton rise, huge and stately, behind the peninsula of Muckcross.

The Purple Mountain, which derives its name partly from the purplish red hue of the primary rocks of which it is composed, and partly from the blossoms of the heath with which the upper portion is covered, affords charming views over the whole district of the lakes, and may be ascended either from the Gap of Dunloe, or from the vicinity of Lord Brandon's Cottage. Mr. Stirling Coyne, who ascended from the Gap, is enthusiastic in his description of the view, one great charm of which is the

suddenness with which it bursts on the sight, and the pleasing transition from the wild and gloomy scenery of the valley to the sparkling waters, green islands, and wooded shores of the lakes.



THE REEK.

Carrantual, one of the range called the Reeks, is the highest mountain in Ireland, rising to an elevation of 3,414 feet. The distance from Killarney to the summit is fifteen miles. The ascent is steep, and in some places difficult. The whole of one day will be required for the expedition, and the start should be made early in the morning. Guides, without whom the ascent should not be attempted, may be obtained at Dunloe for 3s. 6d. a day each. There are several routes, that which Mr. Windele recommends being from the north side of the Reeks, about five miles west from Dunloe; but the one generally selected is from the entrance to the Gap, which is the one recommended by Mr. Fraser. As the ascent must be made on foot, much fatigue may be avoided by having a boat or car in readiness for the return, in order to do which it will be necessary, before starting, to determine upon the return route. This may be either by the Black Valley, and thence to the head of the Upper Lake; or by Dunloe and the Aghadoe road. The former route is a mile or two nearer, but the descent is much more steep and difficult. The mountain path from Dunloe leads, over a low ridge of hills, to the banks of the Gaddagh, a mountain torrent flowing into the Leane; and after crossing this stream, and a valley of mingled moss and rock, we enter the Hag's Glen, one side of which is formed by a lofty green mountain, the other by the lower Reeks. Looking up and down the glen, several small lakes are seen, one called the Devil's Lough, another the Hag's Lough, &c., the latter having a small island in the centre. At this point

the difficulties of the ascent commence. For a quarter of a mile we toil upward, over rocks, stones, moss, and shingle, and arrive at a narrow ledge, along which lies the way to the highest peak. The summit gained, the prospect repays the toil. Mr. Windele says :—"It is magnificent beyond conception—a sea of terrene billows, each with its own blue lake, amongst which Lough Carra is distinguished as the broadest and fairest. At every turn they are seen in the sunlight, or shadowed by overhanging precipices. Of the Killarney lakes a small portion only of the Lower Lake is visible, owing to the interposition of Toomies Mountain. The summit presents a smooth area, nearly thirty feet in diameter, and commands an uninterrupted view of immense extent, stretching beyond the Shannon on the north, to the seaward of Cape Clear on the south, and embracing the bays of Tralee, Castlemaine, Dingle, Kenmare, and Bantry."

The ascent of Mangerton is much less difficult, and may be performed on ponies. The distance from Killarney to the summit is between seven and eight miles. Drumrourke Hill, an elevated tract of table-land overlooking the Muckcross demesne, is passed in the ascent, and affords such charming views over the Lower Lake that it should be visited, irrespective of the ascent of Mangerton. At an elevation of 2,206 feet we reach the Devil's Punch Bowl, a sequestered lake, surrounded on three sides by high cliffs. It is said never to freeze, and to contain no fish, although abundance of trout are found in the stream that flows from it, and which, in the lower part of its course, forms Torc cascade. Another mile brings us to the summit, which commands a view nearly as extensive as from the top of Carrantual. Glennacappul should not be visited without a guide, as the mountains often become enveloped in mist, rendering it dangerous for a stranger to traverse them alone. It is a wild rocky pass between Mangerton and Stompa, about a mile to the eastward of the Devil's Punch Bowl, and is reached most conveniently by descending the mountain to a point about a mile below the lake, and turning off to the right, to the northern entrance of the glen. It is about two miles long, and contains three small lakes, the largest being near the mouth, and the others higher up, towards the top of Mangerton. "There is something," says Mr. Fraser, "very impressive in the scenery of this lonely ravine; its situation, high up among the mountains, the depth of its precipitous sides, the profound repose of its lake, and the stillness that reigns all around, tend to awaken a train of feelings in unison with the scene." Lough Guitane lies to the eastward, at the northern base of Stompa. It is seldom visited, being more famous for its abundance of trout than for its scenic beauties.

There are several varieties of the genus *homo* peculiar to Killarney,

and whose acquaintance the tourist will not be long in making. Guides and donkey-drivers abound, as at every place of tourist resort in Ireland, but the pipers, the "mountain dew" girls, and the vendors of arbutus wood and bog-oak ornaments are indigenous tribes. "Mountain dew" is goats' milk qualified with whisky, and will be urged upon the tourist in all his rambles by dark-eyed, black-haired, barefooted girls, in red petticoats, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads. Their importunities create an impression unfavourable to them, but they are uniformly well-conducted, and Dr. Rodenburg has expressed the literal truth, in saying that the peasant girls of Killarney are the most chaste and pure beings under the sun. The chapters which this amusing foreigner has devoted to Killarney abounds in graphic sketches of the peasantry; and Sir Patrick, the bugler, whose mock patent of knighthood was given him by Crofton Croker; Jack Lowney, another of the horn-blowing fraternity; Fiddler Mick, Sally of Dunloe, and the dark-eyed Bridget, the Myrtle of Killarney, will this season be sought after by hundreds of tourists to whom their names have thus been made familiar.

KILLARNEY TO VALENTIA.

THOUGH the interest which, a few years ago, attached to the island and harbour of Valentia in connection with the attempt to establish telegraphic communication with America has been diminished by the failure of the cable, the scenery of the locality will repay a visit, as will also that of the drive thither. The distance from Killarney is 45 miles, travelled from Killarney to Cahirciveen by Bianconi's car, leaving the former place at 7½ a.m., and reaching the latter at 1 p.m., and thence to Valentia by hack car. The most interesting portion of the drive is from Killorglin, on the right bank of the Leane, and thirteen miles beyond Killarney, to the end of the Drung cliffs. Anglers may find good sport in the Leane and Lough Carragh, the latter embosomed in the Glencarragh mountains, a little to the left of the road. Eight miles beyond Killorglin we reach Rossbay, the favourite resort of the Kerry gentry of the inland districts during the bathing season, and much admired for its salubrity and wild mountain scenery. Beyond Rossbay the road runs for several miles along the edge of the cliffs forming the base of Drung Mountain, which rises precipitously to an elevation of 2,104 feet. An extensive view over Dingle Bay, bounded only by the mountains on the opposite side, is commanded all the way. As the road runs inland, how-

ever, the prospect becomes dreary and monotonous, until we get beyond Cahirciveen, the birthplace of the late Daniel O'Connell, and famous also for the fine quality of its butter. Thence to Reenard Point, where is the ferry for Valentia Island, is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and the channel is nearly half a mile across.

The Knight of Kerry (Mr. Fitzgerald), who is the principal proprietor of the island, has built an excellent hotel close to the pier, which commands a fine view of the mountain scenery which the visitor has travelled through. Opposite the hotel is Ballycarbery Castle, where the Atlantic Telegraph Company had their temporary station, and close by is the depôt of the Valentia Slate Company, whose quarries on the west side of the island will repay a visit. Magnificent views are obtained from all parts of the island of the Kerry mountains, which surround it on three sides, while the fourth commands an extensive prospect over Dingle Bay. Thirteen miles south-west from Cahirciveen is Bolus Head, which rises to the height of 940 feet, and commands a wide and varied view over the mountains and the sea. Nine miles beyond this bold promontory are the remarkable rocks called the Skelligs, the resort of an immense number of gannets. On the Great Skellig, an enormous slate rock, rising precipitously from the waves which whiten its base with foam to the height of 611 feet, there was formerly a monastery, some remains of which still exist, but the exposure of the situation caused it to be deserted for the mainland. There are now two lighthouses, the highest nearly 400 feet above the sea.

The tourist may vary his route by returning to Killarney by Waterville, near Lough Currane, which is worth visiting for its wild scenery and (if he is a disciple of old Izaak Walton) for the abundance and size of its salmon and trout. There are several small islands on the lake, on the largest of which are some curious ecclesiastical antiquities. Four miles beyond Waterville we reach a considerable elevation, whence the road descends to Derrynane, seat of the O'Connell family. Its situation, on the margin of a sheltered creek, running in from Ballinskellig Bay, and surrounded by the mountains, is romantic; but the house is a singular piece of architectural patchwork, built at various times, and without much regard to symmetry or uniformity of style. Passing through the village of Caherdaniel, and over a wild track of bleak moorland, we reach the little fishing village of Sneem, whence the road continues along the right bank of the noble estuary of the Kenmare to its head.

LIMERICK AND THE SHANNON.

THERE is little to interest the tourist on the railway route from the junction station of the Great Southern and Western and Limerick and Waterford lines, to the "City of the Violated Treaty." Near Pallas station, second on the line, is Glenstal Castle, seat of the late Sir M. Barrington, memorials of the munificence of whose family will be found in Limerick at every turn. Near Boher station, the last but one before reaching the city, is Mount Shannon, seat of the Earl of Clare, son of the famous Lord Chancellor Clare, and brother of the nobleman whose name Byron said he never heard without a beating of the heart. Arrived at the Limerick terminus, a car or omnibus conveys us to Cruise's, Moore's, or the Clare Hotel, and we set out to view the city, in which there is much to interest us.

Limerick is, in point of population and mercantile importance, the fourth city in Ireland, being to the west what Cork and Belfast are to the south and north. It stands on the Shannon, eighty miles from the Atlantic, and had, in 1851, a population of 53,448. The manufactures are limited to lace, gloves, and fish-hooks, but for the former it is so famous, that Limerick lace has been exported to Belgium, sent back as Mechlin, and sold for four times the price it could have been purchased for where it was originally made. The places of worship comprise, besides the Cathedral, the Protestant churches of St. John's, St. Munchin's, St. George's, and the Episcopal Chapel attached to the Blind Asylum; eight Roman Catholic churches and chapels; various dissenting congregations; several free schools; six bridges; a chamber of commerce, custom-house, banks, and numerous fine buildings. It is the head-quarters of the military in the south-west; and there are two infantry barracks, one for cavalry, and another for artillery. Of late Limerick has been considerably improved, chiefly by the exertions of Sir Matthew Barrington (who died in April last) and of Lord Monteagle, in whose honour a handsome column has been erected, surmounted by a statue.

The Danes settled here in the ninth century, and continued its masters until their final overthrow at Clontarf, by the Irish under Brian Boru, in 1014. After their expulsion, the place became the seat of the kings of Thomond, to the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion. The castle was built by John, as a defence against the Irish, and is one of the most interesting features of the old city. Seven massive towers, connected by walls of prodigious thickness, still exist, and bear traces of the sieges sustained by the city in 1657, 1690, and 1691. The Cathedral dates from 1180, but was enlarged by Donagh O'Brien, who died in 1207. The venerable tower is famous for its peal of eight bells, to which a remarkable story attaches. The bells are said to have been cast by an Italian, and placed in the *campanile* of a convent in his own country. He lost several sons in the war between Francis I. and Charles V.—three at Pavia. The sound of his own bells was the music of memory to his lonely heart. The bells were removed, and the Italian was desolate. Staff in hand, he left his native land in search of their music. One evening, in 1559, an old man was seen in a boat on the Shannon, when the bells of the Cathedral pealed out the hour of evening prayer. Rapture was their sound to his soul; and, midst the contending influences of joy and sadness, the aged wanderer folded his arms over his weary heart, and expired.



KING JOHN'S CASTLE AND THOMOND BRIDGE.

The older portions of the city occupy an island formed by a loop of the Shannon, called the Salmon Weir River. Here are situated the cathedral and the castle, both near Thomond Bridge, an elegant modern structure, occupying the place of an ancient bridge erected in the thirteenth century. Lower down the river is Wellesley Bridge, with an opening for the admission of shipping, built in 1827. The quays afford fine views up and down the river. On the right are seen the mill of Carragour, built in 1672, the ivy-mantled towers of King John's Castle, Thomond Bridge, and, in the distance, the mountains of Clare; on the left the Pool, where the larger vessels ride at anchor, and the distant towers of Carrigagunnel Castle. Vessels of 600 tons can float alongside the quay; those of larger tonnage unload a few miles below the city. During the works by the Shannon Commissioners, here and elsewhere in the river, a number of human skeletons, fossil remains of the Irish elk, cinerary urns, spear-heads of bronze and stone, bronze swords, armlets and fibulæ of gold, &c., were discovered, and forwarded to the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.

LIMERICK TO FOYNES.

LIMERICK is in course of becoming the centre of a system of railways diverging thence to the principal places of interest around. The first line to be noticed is that to Foynes, through the ancient town of Adare, where there are remains of a castle and three abbeys. The castle was built by the Earls of Desmond to command the bridge across the Maige, a tributary of the Shannon, and dates its ruin from the rebellion of 1641. On the opposite side of the river is Adare Abbey, seat of the Earl of Dunraven, within whose demesne the finest of the ecclesiastical ruins, the Augustine Abbey, founded by the first Earl of Kildare, in 1315, is situated. The beautiful Gothic cloisters are nearly entire, and the whole is in good preservation, although roofless. The Franciscan Abbey, founded by the seventh Earl of Kildare, is used as the parish church; and the abbey of the Holy Trinity, which owes its origin to the first earl, was converted by the late Earl of Dunraven into a Roman Catholic Chapel. Foynes is beautifully situated on the Shannon, the bold shores of which afford charming views of the estuary, and of the opposite coast of Clare.

DOWN THE SHANNON TO KILRUSH.

STEAMERS leave Foynes every day for Tarbert and Kilrush, the passage occupying about three hours each way. Mr. Fraser observes of this trip, that though there are many charming scenes along the southern bank of the river near Limerick, on either shore at Foynes, and about Tarbert, the scenery, generally speaking, is tame and monotonous. Leitch Ritchie is of a different opinion. "The scenery," he says, "is as agreeable as sloping hills and verdant dales, with a noble stream running between, can make it. The river widens till it resembles a great lake, and, after several fine ruins have been passed on either side, it suddenly opens into a little sea, like Lough Derg, dotted with green islands, and bordered with woods and hills. After crossing this expanse, the banks approach again, with Mount Shannon on the right, and the residence of the Knight of Glyn on the left." Tarbert is a small town at the head of the bay of that name, in which is a little island, on which a battery has been placed. Clanderlaw Bay being opposite, on the Clare side of the Shannon, gives the river the appearance of great breadth at this point, and in crossing over to Kilrush the seaward view is illimitable. Scatterry Island, made famous by one of Moore's melodies, "Oh! haste and leave this holy isle!" is passed just before we reach Kilrush. It is a small green islet, crowned with a venerable round tower, one of the finest in Ireland, being 120 feet high, and some crumbling remains of ecclesiastical buildings, among which the oratory of St. Senan is pointed out. Further west, and within the bay formed by the promontory of Loop Head, on the summit of a rocky cliff overlooking the village, are the ruins of Carrigaholt Castle, of most picturesque appearance. Three miles south-west, again, are ruins of Kilballyowen Monastery; and three miles further on the ruins of Cloghantauovan Castle, near which are the caves and puffing-holes, through which the water is forced in columns a considerable height. The view from the steamer towards the mouth of the river is magnificent.

Kilrush is a thriving little port and bathing-place, 22 miles from the mouth of the Shannon, and within nine of the beautiful scenery of Moore Bay. The country between Kilrush and Kilkee is uninteresting, but the vicinity of the latter town will amply repay a visit. The town commands fine views of the bay, and the extent of the smooth sandy beach causes it to be much frequented in the bathing season. In the vicinity of the town is a Danish rath, and two miles down the bay, towards Loop Head, is a stalactite cave, best visited by hiring an oared boat, as an extensive

marine panorama is thus viewed in going and returning, and the boat can be rowed into the cavern for some distance. The entrance is under a lofty arch, which gradually diminishes in height as the visitor proceeds, the passage terminating at 300 feet from the mouth in almost total darkness. The depending stalactites and the conical stalagmites which rise to meet them are tinted with the metallic substances held in solution by the dripping water, and, where the light falls on them, make the cavern glitter like some fabled abode of the gnomes.

UP THE SHANNON TO LOUGH REE.

THE Limerick and Castle Connell Railway affords the readiest and quickest means of reaching Galway from Limerick, or *vice versa*, besides the opportunity of viewing the rapids of the Shannon and the ruins of Killaloe, to which place the railway has been extended. The line runs through a country extremely fertile and pleasingly undulating, but without any claims to picturesqueness. Castle Connell is a little village, deriving its name from an old castle of the royal O'Briens, erected at a very early period. The ruins stand on a conical rock overhanging the river, and are approached by a broad gravel path, leading up from the village. They consist of the lower part of a tower, and some broken walls, overgrown with ivy. These are all the remains of the castle in which the descendants of the renowned Brian Boru once lived, and in which his grandson was murdered by the Prince of Thomond. Nothing remains of the halls in which the Earl of Ulster once held his court, nothing of the keep in which the Irish partizans of James II. held out against the Prince of Hesse, by whose orders it was destroyed with gunpowder, large masses of masonry scattered about attesting the force of the explosion. The Shannon is here, for more than a quarter of a mile, almost a cataract, presenting a scene unparalleled in the United Kingdom. Inglis, than whom there can be no more competent judge of scenery, thus states in what its uniqueness consists—"It is only in the streams and rivulets of England that rapids are found: the larger rivers generally glide smoothly on without impediment from rocks: the Thames, Trent, Mersey, and Severn, when they lose the character of streams and become rivers, hold a noiseless course; but the Shannon, larger than all the four, here pours that immense body of water, which above the rapids is forty feet deep and 300 yards wide, through and over huge stones and rocks, which extend nearly half a mile; and offers not only an un-

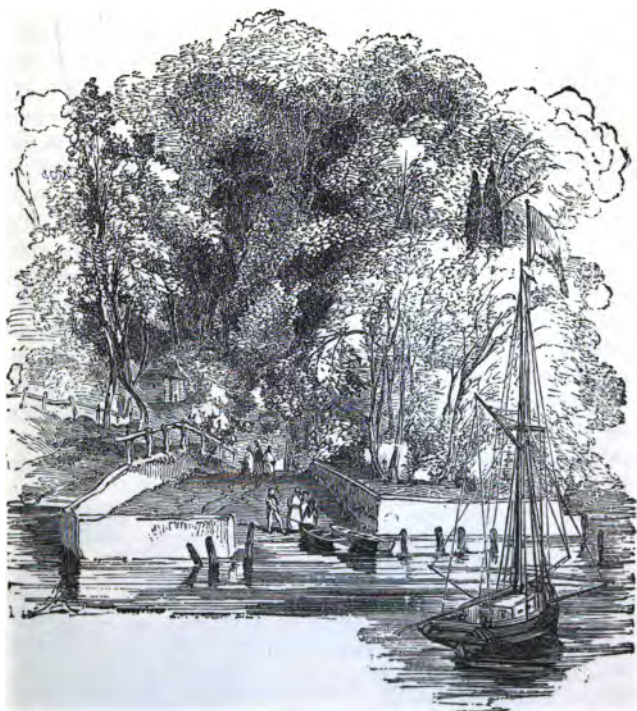
usual scene, but a spectacle approaching much nearer to the sublime than any moderate-sized stream can offer in its highest cascade. None of the Welsh waterfalls, nor even the Geisbach in Switzerland, can compare for a moment in grandeur and effect with the rapids of the Shannon." Willis compares the scene to the rapids of the St. Lawrence, and the most recent literary tourist in Ireland, Dr. Rodenburg, was much impressed by its wild grandeur.

At a short distance from Castle Connell the Shannon is crossed by O'Brien's Bridge, originally a very ancient structure, of which little now remains, it having been partially destroyed by the Earl of Ormond in 1556, and undergone frequent repairs since. Crossing the bridge, we enter the county of Clare, and a short walk or drive brings us to Killaloe, the terminus of the Upper Shannon Navigation. The chief attractions of this place are the Cathedral, half Norman, half Gothic, assigned to the twelfth century; and the ruined abbey of St. Molua, of much greater antiquity. The population are employed chiefly in the salmon fishery and the slate quarries. There are two hotels, the Royal and the Albert. A curious old bridge, of nineteen arches, crosses the Shannon, and forms a conspicuous feature in the prospect down the river from the steam-boat pier at which we embark for Athlone. Lough Derg, 23 miles long, and varying in breadth from two to six miles, is entered soon after starting. Several islands dot its surface, and green hills bound the prospect on either hand. A mound is pointed out as the site of Kinkora, the palace of Brian Boru, referred to in one of Moore's deathless lyrics; and a little further on, to the right, the ruined castle of Derry peeps over the trees on a little island. Inis Celtra, "the holy island," is next passed, and is a point of much attractiveness, as containing St. Patrick's Purgatory, the traditions respecting which may be found in Kohl and Rodenburg, as also a round tower, the remains of several churches, the most perfect attributed to Brian Boru, and an ancient cemetery, containing many tombs with Gaelic inscriptions. Drumineer, where there is a ruined castle, formerly a stronghold of the O'Briens, is the first place at which the steamer stops, and here the lake has in one direction a width of thirteen miles. Williamstown is the next station, and much frequented by anglers, pike and perch being abundant and of great size. Above this point the lake grows narrower, and the numerous creeks which indent its shores give variety to the landscape. The ruined castle of Terryglass is seen on the right, and at the outlet of the lake are the ruins of the castle of Portumna, destroyed by fire in 1826. It was a seat of the Marquis of Clanricarde, whose fine demesne extends for two miles along the river, opposite the plantations of Lord Avonmore. At Portumna, the next station, are the ruins of a Dominican monas-

tery, the walls of which are nearly entire. Here the Shannon is a placid river, flowing through a fertile country to Athlone, above which it again expands into a lake, forming Lough Ree. At Banagher we pass a swivel bridge, which a few years ago replaced an old stone one, probably one of the oldest in the country. Near the town is the ruined castle of Garry, the fortress of the M'Coghlan's, the last of whom died about sixty years ago. We now pass the Grand Canal, and at Shannon Bridge see, on the right, the celebrated ruins of Clonmacnoise, the most recent description of which is that given by Dr. Rodenburg, as follows:—"Close to the shore stands Clonmacnoise, one of the most remarkable ruins in this island of the saints. The banks rise here slightly, and on the grass-clad mound stand two round towers, ruins of churches, and a cemetery. On the first hillock are the sunken walls of an old ecclesiastical building; on another hill is the great round tower. The roof has disappeared, and a broad belt of ivy winds like a garland round its centre. Down in the bottom, rather further inland, is the second round tower, still perfect, and behind it M'Dermott's Church, with its splendid round arched portal, fresh as if carved but yesterday. From the mound of the great round tower to the second the ground is covered with upright gravestones, among which stands a ruin, St. Kieran's Church, where the saint himself is said to be buried. The wonder of Clonmacnoise is St. Kieran's Stone, a cross of rare beauty, covered with sacred images. A wall surrounds the holy spot, which is to this day the scene of many pilgrimages and processions."

Our voyage comes to an end soon after passing these ruins. A broad weir, over which the Shannon falls like a cascade, stops further navigation, and here we land and walk into Athlone. The position of the town, with reference both to the Shannon and the borders of Connaught, has always made it a place of much importance in a military point of view; and the castle, erected in the reign of John, is, in consequence, maintained in perfect repair, and was strengthened a few years ago with additional fortifications, while there is barrack accommodation adjoining for 1,000 men and arms for 15,000. Portions of the ancient walls remain; but the north gate, a square tower of Elizabeth's time, was pulled down a few years ago. Several relics are still preserved, one being the doorway of the house in which Ginkell resided in 1689. The bridge which spanned the Shannon at the place of the ancient ford, rendered famous by the desperate encounter upon it between the armies of St. Ruth and Ginkell, in 1691, was pulled down a few years ago, and replaced by the present graceful structure. The site of the Cistercian monastery, founded in 1216, is now occupied by the church of St. Peter. The few public buildings are of no importance, and there are no manufactures. There

are two hotels, the Royal and Rourke's. A good view of the town is obtained from the embankment along which the railway approaches the magnificent bridge which carries it across the Shannon, and a much more extensive one from the fortified heights on the west. The scenery around the town is flat and tame, except towards the east, where the country is undulating, and varied by round-headed hills. Northward, Lough Ree extends seventeen miles, dotted with small islands; westward, bleak tracts of peat alternate with low pasture lands; and southward stretches a vast plain of marsh and bog, through which the Shannon pours its mighty flood. Should time permit, a boat may be hired to visit Lough Ree, or the ferry on the Leinster shore may be reached by a walk



LANDING PLACE AT HARE ISLAND.

or drive of a few miles. In ascending the Shannon from Athlone, the lake is entered a mile and a half above the town, and, after a row of

three miles more, we reach the sylvan solitude of Hare Island, belonging to Lord Castlemaine, who has a delightful summer residence there. The row may be prolonged at pleasure, but, if a visit to Church Island, on which are some interesting ecclesiastical antiquities, and to the ruined castles of Randown and Roscommon, be included in it, it will be necessary to devote a whole day to it, in which case provisions should be taken in the boat.

GALWAY AND THE WEST.

SHOULD the tourist start from Dublin for the wildly grand scenery of Connemara and the West, he will take the train of the Midland Great Western Railway, which leaves Dublin four times every day. The village of Glasnevin is passed, on the right, soon after leaving the Broadstone terminus, and the Wellington obelisk in Phoenix Park is seen, in the distance, on the left. At Clonsilla station the observatory of the Dublin University is seen on the left, crowning a wooded eminence, and, on the opposite side, the ruins of Castleknock, erected by Hugh Tyrrell, in the reign of Henry II., and taken by Edward Bruce in 1316, and by Colonel Monk in 1642. Between Lucan and Leixlip stations the line crosses the valley of the Rye by an embankment 100 feet in height, from which elevation we discern on the right the mouldering ruins of Confey Castle. Passing some delightful scenery, we next reach Leixlip, the ivy-mantled towers of whose castle, erected by Adam Fitz-Hereford, one of the Anglo-Norman conquerors, rise majestically above the surrounding trees and river. Immediately adjoining Leixlip is the Salmon Leap, where the Liffey,



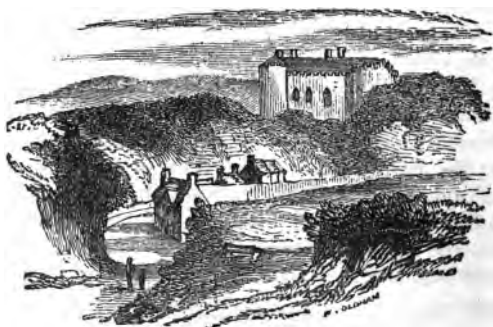
SALMON LEAP ON THE LIFFEY, AT LEIXLIP.

falling over a ledge of rocks, forms a beautiful cascade, up which the fish, at certain seasons, are seen to spring. At Maynooth, the next



MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

station we see the buildings of the Royal College of St. Patrick, and the remains of the castle, erected in 1426 by the sixth Earl of Kildare.



LEIXLIP CASTLE.

Between Leixlip and Fern's Lock, the country is well wooded, studded with seats, and apparently closed in by the range of the Dublin mountains, affording views varied and beautiful. From near Fern's Lock, however, the line passes through the dreary Bog of Allen, once a forest, inhabited by the giant elks, whose bones are often found by the turf-cutters. Trees are met with at various depths, and many lie along the line, where they cannot fail to attract attention. Between Fern's Lock and Enfield we pass, on the left, the ruined church of Cloncurry, near which is a large tumulus. Two miles beyond Enfield the line crosses the Blackwater, and we see, in the distance, the ruined walls of Castle Car-

bury, a fortress of the Berminghams, from whom it passed to the Cowleys, ancestors of Wellington ; and the Hill of Carbury, famous for many a fierce encounter between the Anglo-Normans and the Irish, and crowned with remains of pagan antiquity.

From this point there is little to attract until we reach Mullingar, an assize town of considerable importance, with a large trade in butter, wool, and frieze, and famous for its annual horse-fair. The Royal Canal, which from Dublin to Mullingar runs parallel with the railway, here turns off to Longford, and is lost to sight. There is a branch railway from Mullingar to Sligo. Near to Longford, about seventeen miles from Mullingar, are the neat village and demesne of Edgeworthstown, rendered memorable by the works of the late Miss Edgeworth and her father. The demesne now includes Fir Mount, formerly the residence of the Abbé Edgeworth, who was confessor to Louis XVI., and attended him to the scaffold. Longford is a well-built and thriving town, but presents no feature of interest to tourists. The extension of this branch to Sligo has opened to the traveller the beautiful scenery of Lough Gill, of which hereafter in connection with Enniskillen, which is at present the nearest place to Sligo which can be reached by railway from the north of Ireland. Reverting to the direct line to Galway, from Mullingar station a fine view is obtained of Lough Ennel, frequently called Belvidere Lake, from the beautiful residence of the late Earl of Lanesborough. About seven miles from Mullingar the line passes through Glamerstown, a wild hilly district, wherein is a small circle of stones, about which many human bones and sepulchral urns have been discovered. We next arrive at Streamstown, a decayed village, between which and Moate the line passes through a cutting in the limestone rock, and then, by an embankment, crosses Lake Ballinderry, where in quantities of bones of extinct animals, with various antiquities, chiefly swords and spears, and rudely-fashioned canoes cut out of a single tree, have been discovered. At Athlone, already described, the line crosses the Shannon by a magnificent bridge, and near Ballinasloe the Suck is passed over by another. Ballinasloe is a town of considerable size, containing some handsome buildings, and remarkable for its great cattle fair, attended from all parts of Europe. Six miles further on we see the beautiful ruins of the Franciscan monastery at Kilconnel, founded about 1460, and in excellent preservation. The mountains of Connemara become visible on the right between Woodlawn and Athenry, the latter place once important, but now only remarkable for its antiquities. Athenry has been the scene of many desperate encounters. In 1249, and again in 1316, the Irish were defeated here, with great slaughter, by the English, whom the second victory made masters of the entire province of Connaught. In 1596

the town was plundered and burned by Hugh O'Donnell, a disaster which reduced it to its present insignificance. The castle, built in the thirteenth century by the Berminghams, is well preserved; and the Dominican abbey is one of the finest ecclesiastical ruins in the whole country. The old town also retains a great portion of its wall, and one of its ancient castellated gateways. The former, which is of considerable height and thickness, is defended at intervals by round towers of great strength. We next pass, on the left, the ruined castle of Derrydonnell; and at Oranmore station obtain a fine view of Galway and the islands of Arran. Crossing the splendid swivel bridge at Lough Athalia, said to be the largest in the world, the tourist finds himself before the terminus at Galway, to which a fine hotel is attached. The other hotels are Kilroy's and Black's, both affording good accommodation.

Galway, the capital of the West, and, in point of population, the fifth city of Ireland, is situated on the bay of that name, at the point where the great western lakes pour into it their surplus waters. The population in 1851 was 20,686. The public buildings, of which our limits allow no detailed description, are, the collegiate church of St. Nicholas, founded in 1320, two Roman Catholic chapels, three monasteries, and five nunneries; Presbyterian and Wesleyan Chapels; Erasmus Smith's College, chartered in 1699; Queen's College, a handsome Gothic structure; custom-house, chamber of commerce, the Royal Institution, a mechanics' institute, two barracks, with banks, hospitals, and all the usual buildings of a county and borough town. There are several flour, oatmeal, and malt mills, an extensive paper mill, a bleaching factory, three foundries, a tan-yard, three breweries, two distilleries, and several mills for sawing and polishing marble. There is a small export trade in corn, provisions, wool, and marble, and extensive salmon and herring fisheries. Galway obtained considerable notoriety, a few years ago, as the Irish port of arrival and departure for the steamers of the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, known as the "Lever" Company.

Little is known of Galway prior to the Anglo-Norman conquest, when the castle, erected in 1124, was taken by Richard de Burgh. In 1270 the fortifications were strengthened and extended by the conquerors, and it appears from the Pipe Roll that the place had become the port of a considerable foreign trade even then. Its commerce, which went on increasing until the middle of the seventeenth century, was chiefly with Spain, traces of the intercourse with which country meet the eye of the tourist at every turn. Inglis says—"I was not prepared to find so much to remind me of that land of romance. I found the wide entries and broad stairs of Cadiz and Malaga; the arched gateways, with the

outer and inner railing, and court within, needing only the flower vases to emulate Seville. I found the sculptured gateways and grotesque architecture which carried the imagination to the Moorish cities of Granada and Valencia." The finest example remaining of the Spanish Irish structures in the town, is the large square house in Shop-street, called Lynch's Castle, the front of which is decorated with curious old carvings. Many of the old houses have lately been removed, and among them one in Lower Abbeygate-street, said to have been given by Cromwell to a relative of the unknown personage who decapitated Charles I. Near the church of St. Nicholas, in Lombard-street, stood the house of



GALWAY ARCH.

the celebrated warden of Galway, who carried the extreme sentence of [the law into execution upon his own son, the circumstances of which

tragedy are variously related, and have been embodied in numerous fictions and dramas. Several portions of the old walls still remain, and a strong bastion stands in Francis-street, leading from William's Gate to the court-house.

Both in features and costume, the inhabitants of Galway have a foreign aspect in keeping with the architecture. There is no doubt that many Spanish merchants lived in Galway, and intermarried with the natives, and Dr. Rodenburg believes that the descendents of these southern connections are to be found among the dark-eyed foreign faces observable in the fish-market. "Black eyes and golden hair," he says, "are by no means a rarity in the fish-market. If you wish for contradictions, come to Galway; if you want riddles, and legends, and primeval stories, and songs, and customs, to be found nowhere else, come to the bay! Most of the faces have something decidedly southern—oval shape, dark eyes, and black hair; southern garments, gay and striking, but torn and ragged. The women and girls wear red petticoats which descend to their ankles; the rest is naked. The hair is worn close round the head and hangs down the back; over this they throw a cloak—the remnant of the Spanish mantilla—blue cloaks, black cloaks, often crimson cloaks, picturesquely folded over the head, and fastened under the chin."



GALWAY FISHERWOMAN.

Galway should not be left without a visit to the Claddagh, a quarter near the harbour, inhabited chiefly by fishermen, who have many peculiar customs, and are in all respects a curious race, seldom intermarrying with the other inhabitants, and having a chief whom they call the King



ANCIENT DOOR PORCH, GALWAY.

of the Claddagh, who decides all disputes among themselves. This quarter is reached from the railway station by West Bridge, built in 1442, on the way to which Lynch's Castle is passed. From the Claddagh the visitor should proceed westward, to obtain a fine view across and down the bay, extending to the hills of Clare and to the islands of Arran, celebrated by Moore in the song, "Oh! Arranmore, loved Arranmore!" Tourists desirous of visiting these islands will often find a boat from one of them at Galway, and may obtain a passage for a small sum. Roundstone is a nearer point, however, and boats are readily obtained there for 10s., going one day and returning the next. On Arranmore, the largest, are remains of two of the circular forts of the early inhabitants, ruins of several small ecclesiastical buildings, and the shaft of a sculptured cross.

GALWAY TO CONNEMARA.

BIANCONI'S stage-car leaves Galway every morning for Glifden, from which place there is a car three times a week to Westport. Another car leaves Galway every day for Westport, passing through Ballinacree, thus enabling a three days' tour to be done at very moderate cost, Galway being reached in time for the afternoon train for Dublin. If six days can be spared, the tour can be performed more leisurely, admitting of excursions to several places off interest off the main route, and enabling the tourist to carry away with him a more distinct impression of the



LOUGH CORRIE.

many beauties and wonders of nature upon which he could otherwise bestow only a passing glance. By this plan, the first stage should end

at the Half-way House, near the head of Lough Shindilla, and the second at Clifden; the third and fourth being devoted to excursions to Roundstone and Leenane, the tourist spending the fifth at Westport, and reaching Galway on the sixth in time to reach Dublin the same night.

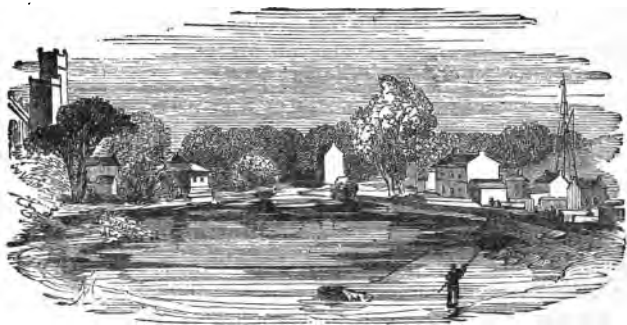
Glimpses of Lough Corrib are caught at intervals as we drive westward, through a well cultivated country, sprinkled with the seats of the Galway gentry. At Moycullen we enter upon the extensive estate, formerly the property of the late Mr. Martin, of Ballinahinch, purchased a few years ago in the Encumbered Estates Court by the Law Life Assurance Company, and since resold to other parties. It extends forty miles along the road towards Clifden, and has of late years been much improved, the abundant limestone of the district affording great facilities for the reclamation of the bogs. Beyond Moycullen the country becomes hilly on the left, while on the right it continues flat, affording frequent views of Lough Corrib. The promontory of Ross, jutting into the lake, opens on the view about two miles beyond Moycullen, and three miles further we pass the natural arch of limestone, which crosses the rivulet that flows under the walls of Aghnanure Castle, the ancient seat



PATRICK O'FLAHERTY.

of the O'Flahertys, whose modern residence, Lemonfield, is seen just before reaching Oughterard.

Oughterard is prettily situated on the banks of the Feogh, in which pearls of considerable size are frequently found, and which forms a cascade in a dell a little above the village. At the extremity of the village is a pretty little cottage, known as Martin's gate-house. The scenery becomes more romantic as we proceed, the Maumturk mountains and the



VILLAGE OF OUGHTERARD.

Twelve Bens rising on the right, while on the left the view is diversified by several sheets of water, the principal of which are Lough Boffin and Lough Ardden. We are now very near the Half-way House, and may either go on, or leave the car at the lonely cabin called Butler's Lodge, for a detour to Maum, distant $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The village is situated at the junction of two mountain streams, the Failmore and the Bealanabrack; over which is a pretty little bridge, constructed by Nimmo, whose house here has been converted into an excellent hotel. The prospect well repays the up-hill walk. Stretching before us, as we look down the road to Cong, is Lough Corrib, on our right the Maumturk mountains peer cloudward, on the left are the rugged sides of the Joyce range, while behind us tower the dusky summits of the Twelve Bens. Returning to the main road we pass Lough Shindilla, studded with wooded islands, and soon reach the Half-way House.

Five miles further west the tourist reaches the beautiful Lough Garromin, on the south side of which a pretty house was erected by the late Dean Mahon, called the Recess, now converted into the Recess Hotel. A fine view of the Joyce mountains is here obtained through the deep gorge on the right, which opens into the valley of Lough Inagh, formed by the mountains Lisoughter and Derryclare, the latter, one of the Bens, rising to an elevation of 2,220 feet. Lough Derryclare being close to the road at the foot of the mountain of that name, and Lough Ballinahinch only a short distance further on, the Recess is a favourite station for anglers, these lakes, with Lough Inagh, being among the best fisheries in Connemara, and all open to rods, the only charge being for boats and boatmen, which here, as in nearly all the Irish fishery grounds, are indispensable. The charge for boats is four shillings a day. Most of



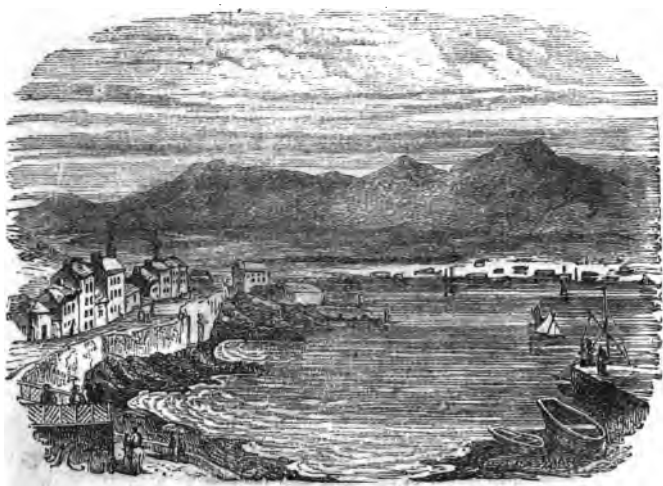
TWELVE B NS.

them are sufficiently large to enable two men to fish from them, if they understand throwing from a boat, so that a companion makes a considerable difference in the cost of a day's sport. Continuing our route to Clifden, along the base of the Twelve Bens, we skirt Lough Ballinahinch, and see on our left the family mansion of the former proprietor of the district, a plain building, embosomed in trees. We are now approaching Clifden, and the scenery increases in beauty as we proceed.

"There are few things in the world," says Miss Martineau, "more delightful than a drive at sunset, in a bright evening, among the mountains and lakes of Connemara. It has the best qualities of the sea and land breeze at once. Then there are the grand bare mountains, the Bennobeala, or Twelve Bens, with caprices of sunlight playing about their solemn heads, and shining into their dark purple depths, and below are waters untraceable and incalculable. We are here at the ends of the earth to all appearance; for the land is as a fringe, with the water running in everywhere between its streaks. There are salt waters and fresh; bays, lakes, river, dashing torrents, mirror-like pools, a salmon-leap here, an inlet for shell-fish there, and, receding behind, Ballinahinch Lough, with its little island, just big enough to hold the old castle, now a ruin, where tradition says that 'Dick Martin' used to imprison people who had been guilty of cruelty to animals. Close at hand are broken banks, gandy with heath and bog flowers in vast variety; and beyond spreads the browned moorland, with foreign-looking goats, black and white, browsing in a group; and sea-gulls dipping, as if they took it for the sea. Along the road are brown-faced girls and boys, all healthy-looking, and many handsome; and women finishing their reaping and binding for the day—their madder-red petticoats and blue cloaks throwing a wonderful charm of colour into the scene."

Clifden is beautifully situated, at the head of Ardbear Bay, and facing the Atlantic, of which a full view may be obtained from any of the hills in the neighbourhood. It is quite a modern town, owing its rise to the late Mr. D'Arcy, who was ruined by the speculation. There is a considerable export trade in corn, a well attended market, court-house, schools, and two hotels—Carr's and Hart's. Near the town is a romantic waterfall, formed by a stream which rises among the Twelve Bens; and there are charming walks, in every direction, in the vicinity. At the entrance of the harbour are several small islands, on two of which, Omev and Ard Oilen, accessible only in fine weather, are some ancient habitations of the bee-hive construction, in good preservation. In visiting Roundstone, Bianconi's car may be availed of to Ballinahinch, whence the distance to Roundstone is only four miles, for which a car may be obtained, if desired, at the Fishery Hotel. Near the hotel are the ruins of

Toombeola Abbey, one of the few ecclesiastical remains in this district. Roundstone is pleasantly situated on the western side of the harbour of



ROUNDSTONE, FROM KELLY'S HOTEL.

that name, on the slope of a hill called Urrisbeg, the summit of which commands magnificent views over the Twelve Bens to the north, the Maumturk range to the north-east, the bay of Galway, the Arran Isles, and hills of Clare to the south, and Slyn Head to the west. Off the harbour are several small islands, on one of which are remains of a chapel, and a "holy well," both dedicated to St. M'Dara, who is said to have resided there. The exciting sport of seal-shooting can be pursued in this locality, those amphibious creatures being numerous in Betragh boy Bay. Roundstone, which has a good hotel, is also a convenient port for a visit to the islands of Arran. The return to Clifden may be varied by a drive of twelve miles along the coast, which, about seven miles from Roundstone, brings the tourist within two miles of Bunowen Castle, formerly the seat of the O'Neils.

Another excursion from Clifden is to Leenane and the Killery, but, as the route is travelled over by the car from Clifden to Westport, it may be more convenient for the tourist to use that conveyance as far as Leenane, and to visit the Killery, Lough Kylemore, and Delphi from that locality. Inglis, speaking of this romantic district, says that the scenery between Clifden and the Killery is the finest in Ireland. Clifden Castle,

formerly seat of the D'Arcys, now the residence of Mr. Eyre, comes in view as we reach the entrance of the harbour, and round a promontory



CLIFDEN CASTLE.

about two miles from the town. It is a modern castellated building, with a fine lawn sloping down to the bay, and backed by plantations, with the mountains rising above them. From this point to Kylemore the country is bleak and uninviting, though much improved in productiveness of late years by the enterprise of Mr. Ellis at Letterfrack, and of Mr. Eastwood at Adragoole. Glimpses of the Atlantic are obtained from the more elevated parts of the road, from which Cleggan Point is a conspicuous object in the landscape. Passing Streamstown and Letterfracken, we cross the Dawross, the stream that discharges the surplus waters of Loughs Kylemore and Pollacappul into Ballynakill harbour, and reach Adragoole, an oasis in the dreary wilderness of heath and rock. The little lake of Pollacappul is passed soon afterwards, and, a mile further, we drive round the northern side of Lough Kylemore. There is a good hotel at the head of the lake, where, or at the comfortable inn at Leenane, on the south side of the Killery, tourists who can spare a day for leisurely survey of this romantic district should take up their quarters. Lough Kylemore is considered the most beautiful of the Connemara lakes, as, though it is only three miles long by half a mile broad, the precipitous sides of the mountains which enclose it are partially wooded, and derive thence a charm which the other lakes do not possess. The towering peaks of the Twelve Bens rise one behind another on the south side of the valley, and Garraun separates it on the other side from Glen Fee. Garraun forms part of the estate purchased by Archdeacon



THE KILLERIE.

RENYLE CASTLE, CONNEMARA.



Wilberforce from Mr. Blake, the road to whose ancestral seat, Renvyle Castle, turns off from the road we have travelled over at Letterfrack.

The Killery is an arm of the sea, running inland fully ten miles, and wanting only a border of firs and birches to complete its resemblance to a Norwegian fiord. Ponies may be hired for an excursion along its shores, but if a boat be desired the tourist must proceed to the inn at Leenane. Mr. Willis was much pleased with the Killery. "Nothing," he says, "can be finer than the mountain scenery all around. When you are in the middle of the bay you seemed locked in on every side, and were it not for the small colour, and vegetation peculiar to the sea, you would imagine you were on a mountain lake. But there is scarcely any lake that has not a flat, tame end, generally that where the superabundant waters flow off, and form a river; but here nothing is tame; on every side the magnificent mountains seem to vie with each other which shall catch and keep your attention most. Northward the Fenamore mountains, the Partree range to the east, Maumturk to the south; a little more to the south-west, the Twelve Bens; then a little more to the west, Renvyle mountain, and to the north of that again, the monarch of the whole amphitheatre, cloud-capped Mewlrea." Tourists are recommended to cross over to the mouth of the little river Bendarragh, and proceed up it to Delphi Lodge, a shooting-box of the Hon. Mr. Plunket, romantically situated at the foot of Lough Doo, and surrounded by precipitous mountains.



LEENANE.

At Leenane a road diverges from the main line of travel, and leads to Tuam, by Maum and Gong, and to Galway by the cross road from the inn at Maum. From Leenane to Maum the road skirts the Bealanabrack river, which flows into Lough Corrib, and is a drive of considerable interest. Beyond Maum the road to Tuam overlooks Lough Corrib, running along the southern base of the Joyce mountains, and at one point ap-



ON THE ROAD TO MAUM.

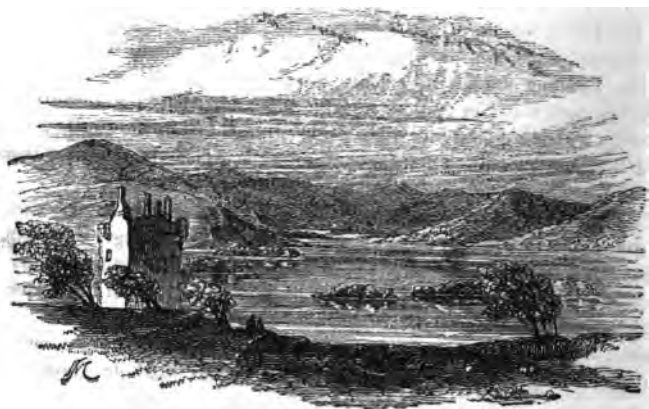
proaching close to the lake, commanding an uninterrupted view of its island-studded expanse, with the hills around Oughterard in the distance. Another route from Maum to Cong is by boat, starting from the bridge, and descending the Bealanabrack to Lough Corrib, a long arm of which stretches westward to meet the mountain stream. We enter the lake a mile below Maum, and after proceeding a few miles along a water-gorge, in the midst of towering mountains, we reach a wide expanse, dotted with islands. On one of these, Inisghoil, are the remains of an abbey and an oratory, in the former of which are tombs of Darerca, only sister of St. Patrick, and of Archbishop O'Nioc, who died on the island in 1128.

The drive from Leenane to Westport is considered by some tourists to be even more interesting than that from Clifden to Leenane. The road winds round the head of the Killery, enters the county of Mayo at a point a little to the east of Delphi Lodge, and then follows the valley of the Erive, which, in the opinion of the Rev. C. Otway, presents "a succession of as fine mountain views as are in Ireland." Roaring cascades, foaming rapids, bold hills, dark ravines, and precipitous rocks, succeed each other in endless variety of combinations for several miles. Croagh Patrick, 2,510 feet high, rising abruptly from the southern shore of Clew Bay, becomes a conspicuous object in the landscape after leaving Glen Erive, and continues to be so until we reach Westport.

Westport is a clean well-built town, with a mountain stream running through it, bordered by rows of trees, giving it a very agreeable aspect. There is a considerable corn and provision trade, as evidenced by the extent and number of the wharves and warehouses, several breweries and distilleries, two hotels (the Eagle and the Royal Mail), banks, court-house, &c. It offers many inducements as a watering-place, the sea-bathing being excellent, and the numerous islands and bold coast of Clew Bay inviting many excursions. Magnificent views over the bay are obtained from the upper part of the town, and also from the beautiful demesne of the Marquis of Sligo, to which visitors are allowed free access, the entrance being at the end of the principal street. Clew Bay is about twenty miles long by eight or ten wide, and sprinkled all over its eastern and northern sides with small islands, mostly bare rocks, some covered with heath, and a few beautifully wooded. Clare Island, four miles long, is situated at the entrance of the bay, and is famous as the residence of the celebrated chieftainess, Grace O'Malley, of whose stronghold only a dilapidated tower now remains.

Between Westport and the Triangle the country presents little to interest the tourist in search of the picturesque. Its general features are a succession of hills, and numerous streamlets rippling across the road,

and meandering through the valleys. The Triangle is the name given to a spot where roads branch off, on the left to Castlebar, and on the right to the wild country between the Killery and Lough Mask. Crossing the little river which connects Loughs Nagaltia and Nacorralea, we reach Clonee, and get our first view of Lough Mask, which, like Corrib, is dotted with numerous islands. It is connected with Lough Cloon by a small river, which we cross on our way, and a little further on reach Killeeran. Here the scenery becomes more interesting, views of Lough Mask being caught from time to time as we drive along the peninsula between it and Lough Carra, and cross the stream which unites the waters of the two lakes. Ballinrobe is a small and unimportant town, situated on the Robe, two miles above the point where it flows into Lough Mask. This lake is ten miles in length by four in breadth, and



LOUGH MASK AND CASTLE.

contains upwards of twenty islands, on one of which, not far from Ballinrobe, are the ruins of a castle of the regal O'Connors, destroyed by Sir Richard Bingham in 1586. The largest island in the lake is Inismann, on which are the remains of a fort, ascribed to a king of Connaught who was killed at Sligo in 537, in a battle with the people of Ulster. There are also some remains of a small abbey, once of much architectural beauty. Opposite this island, on the south-eastern shore of the lake, are the ruins of a fortress erected by the Burkes. The western shore of the lake is bounded by high hills, Farmnanure rising to an elevation of 2,218 feet; but the eastern shore is flat and cultivated.

Passing, on the left, the ruined mansion of the Lords Kilmaine, near the village of Neale, we next reach Cong, famous for its ruined abbey,



CONG ABBEY.

originally founded in the seventh century, though the portions remaining are not of earlier date than the twelfth or thirteenth. Here Roderick O'Connor, the last of the Irish kings, retired after his discomfiture, and lived fifteen years in seclusion, dying in 1198. According to tradition, he was buried here; but the Four Masters state that he was interred at Clonmacnoise. The architecture is principally of the decorated Norman style. The gateway is the finest portion of the remains. There are also two ancient sculptured stone crosses. The celebrated "cross of Cong," preserved for centuries in this abbey, is now in the museum of the Royal

Irish Academy, Dublin. It is of silver, 2½ feet high, richly chased and gilt, and studded with gems. It was made in the early part of the twelfth century, and bears inscriptions in Latin and Gaelic. The greatest natural curiosity in the neighbourhood of Cong is the remarkable cavity called the Pigeon Hole, about a mile from the village. It is one of several openings into the subterranean channel by which the surplus waters of Lough Mask flow into Lough Corrib, and may be explored without much difficulty, with the assistance of a light. Visitors descend first a gentle slope, and then a flight of steps in the rock, hearing the sullen roar of the water below, and at the bottom the torchlight shows them a subterranean canal, across which a weir for catching eels has been constructed.

Rounding the north-east corner of Lough Corrib, we cross the Owen-duff, near the ruined Abbey of Ross, and enter the county of Galway. Two miles further on we reach Headford, a clean little place, belonging to Mr. St. George, whose fine demesne and Elizabethan mansion are in the vicinity. Lough Corrib is within four miles, its eastern shores presenting an agreeable mixture of rocky banks, thick copses, and sloping greensward. The first object of interest beyond Headford is Cregg Castle, seat of Mr. F. Blake, birthplace of Dean Kirwan, and his brother, Richard Kirwan, the geologist and chemist. Three miles to the eastward is the hill of Knockdoe, where a battle was fought in 1504; and four miles distant, in the opposite direction, are the abbey ruins of Annaghdown, on the banks of Lough Corrib. About three miles further on, on the river Clare, are the venerable ruins of the Franciscan Abbey



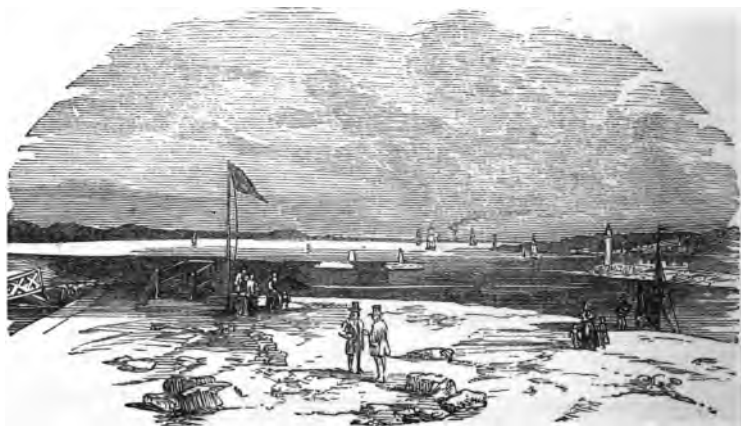
CLARE CASTLE AND ABBEY.

of Clare-Galway, founded in 1290 by John Cogan, a descendant of Miles Cogan, one of the companions in arms of Earl Strongbow. A portion

of this ancient pile was restored a few years ago, and is now used as a chapel by some friars of the order to which it originally belonged. Near the abbey are the picturesque ruins of a castle, built at the close of the fifteenth century by the Burkes or De Burghs. All that remains is a massive square tower, covered with ivy, on the right of the bridge. The river falls into Lough Corrib about four miles lower down. Continuing our journey, we pass Menlough Castle, seat of Sir T. Blake, romantically situated on the left bank of the river by which the waters of the great lakes are discharged into the bay of Galway; and re-enter the City of the Tribes in time to reach Dublin the same night.

BELFAST AND THE NORTH.

REFERRING to the Dublin portion of this volume for a brief description of that part of the Dublin and Drogheda Railway between the capital and the Howth Junction, we must now ask the tourist to accompany us on a tour northward. Two miles beyond the Junction we reach Portmarnock station, and see, on the left, the ancient church of St. Doolagh, one of the oldest ecclesiastical edifices in Ireland, though the date of its erection is uncertain. A little further on, the line passes through a deep cutting, and at Malahide station crosses the creek which runs up to Swords on an embankment and a wooden viaduct of eleven arches, each fifty feet wide. The village of Malahide is on our right, with Lambay Island to the north, and the noble castle and demesne of Lord Talbot de Malahide on our left, with the ancient village of Swords, rich in



ENTRANCE TO BELFAST LOUGH.

archæological attractions, within view. The next station is Donabate, where may be seen the ruins of an ancient church. Again we obtain a good view of Lambay, which is the only island on the eastern coast set down in the ancient map of Ptolemy. It contains an old castle, built entirely of stone, without any timber, and was purchased from the Usher family, who had the original grant, by an ancestor of Lord Talbot de Malahide, the present proprietor. The line now crosses another creek by a high embankment, with a timber viaduct of 335 feet in the centre, and passing, on the right, the village of Rogerstown, we reach Rush and Lusk, situated respectively right and left of their joint station. At Rush is a decayed square church, having three of its angles studded with circular towers of slender proportions; whilst at the fourth angle, yet perfectly distinct and isolated from the comparatively modern building, stands a round tower in fine preservation. Leaving Rush station, we perceive to the right Kenure Park, seat of Sir R. Palmer, formerly residence of the great Duke of Ormond. Passing through the deep cutting of Baldangan Hill, we leave to the left the ruined castle and church of Baldangan, the former once a preceptory of Knights Templars, and, after a gallant resistance, under Thomas Fitzwilliam, burnt by Cromwell in 1641. The rail soon after crosses the high-road by a handsome viaduct, and brings us to Skerries, where we see on our right the islands of



SKERRY ISLAND.

the same name, on one of which are the ruins of a church, dating from the era of St. Patrick. Here is one of the finest views on the line,

the woods around Hampton Hall, seat of Mr. G. A. Hamilton, being on the left, and the Skerries and Clogher Head on the right, with the blue peaks of the Mourne hills in the distance. We next reach Balbriggan, a flourishing little sea-port and watering-place, but better known in England as the seat of manufacture of the familiar Balbriggan hosiery. The railway is carried over the inner harbour by a fine stone viaduct, of eleven arches, and after passing through a long and deep cutting, crosses the river Devlin by a viaduct of timber.

The line next brings us in view of Gormanstown Castle, seat of the Viscount of that name, in whose family the property has been since 1657, when it was granted to Sir R. Preston, distinguished for devotion to the Stuarts. Proceeding through Ben Head, and crossing the Mosney, the railway reaches the Nanny, a fine trout stream, traversed by an embankment and timber viaduct. From this point the view upwards through the Nanny valley is very fine. On the south is Ballygarth Castle, demesne of Colonel Pepper, on an incident in whose family history Lover founded his *White Horse of the Peppers*. Near the station are Mr. Taylor's beautiful pleasure-grounds of Corballis, open to visitors. To the left is the village of Julianstown, the scene of a defeat of the royal forces by the parliamentary army in 1641. Opposite is Betaghstown, a small watering-place, from which point the sea view is striking and beautiful. At the entrance of the Boyne stands the Maiden Tower, and a smaller tower, called the Lady's Finger. These were landmarks, the Boyne at the entrance being very intricate. The rail now enters a deep cutting, emerging from which we look down from an embankment upon the valley of the Boyne and renowned town of Drogheda.

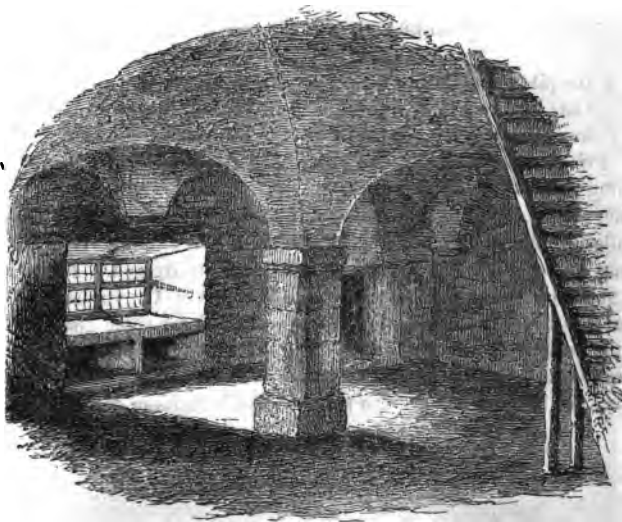
Drogheda is a port and manufacturing town on the Boyne, with a population, in 1861, of 14,740. It has a good harbour, and steam communication with Liverpool, nearly opposite, at 133 miles distance. The linen manufacture formerly flourished here, but has given place to flax-spinning, which now employs upwards of 1,000 persons. There are also numerous corn mills, salt works, tanneries, soap works, breweries, distilleries, and iron and brass foundries. The public buildings, the principal of which are the linen-hall, custom-house, and corn market, possess little interest; but to the antiquary Drogheda is a focus of much attraction, not only from its contiguity to the magnificent ecclesiastical remains at Monasterboice and Mellifont, and the interesting relics of a much earlier period at Tara and Newgrange, but also for the many vestiges of the older time which meet the eye in the town itself. Our limits forbid us to more than enumerate the steeple of the Augustinian priory, said to have been founded by St. Patrick; the ruins of St. Mary's church, originally a Carmelite convent, founded in the reign of Edward I.; St.

Mary's Hospital, also dating from the thirteenth century; the beautiful tower of the Dominican abbey, founded in 1224 by Lucas de Netterville, Archbishop of Armagh; the priory of St. Lawrence; the church of the Grey Friars; and St. Lawrence's Gate and the West Gate, the only remaining portions of the old walls.

Those who can spare the time should make a detour as far as Kells, 27 miles, by the branch railway, which runs through the valley of the Boyne, one of the finest agricultural districts in Ireland. Near Beauparc station is Slane Castle, seat of the Marquis of Conyngham, on the left of the river, the banks of which are clothed for some distance with the plantations of the demesne. The little town of Slane adjoins the demesne, and a little beyond it the ruins of the abbey are seen above the woods. In the vicinity are the ruins of the hermitage of St. Eric, and



DANGAN CASTLE.

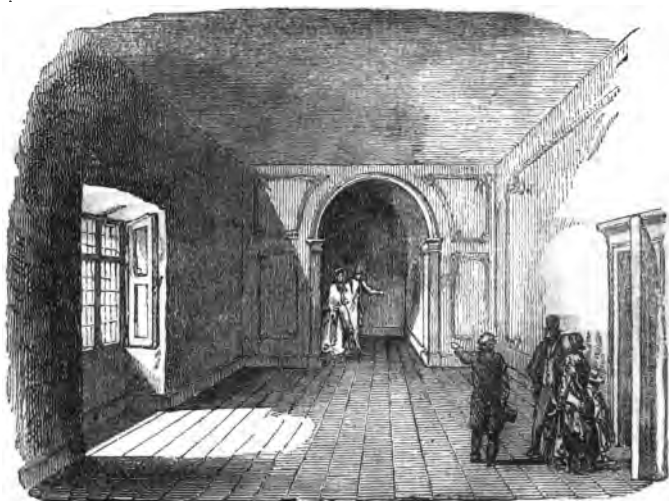


OLD KITCHEN, DANGAN CASTLE.



DOOR PORCH, DANGAN CASTLE.

a tumulus raised above a subterranean chamber, entered by a low and narrow passage. A little further on is Hayes House, seat of the Earl of Mayo. Navan, sixteen miles from Drogheda, is a place of considerable antiquity, but of unprepossessing appearance, though with flax, woollen, and paper mills, and a good trade in agricultural produce. In the burial-ground are the remains of many ancient tombs, with figures in relief. The site of the abbey is now occupied by a cavalry barrack. The antiquities in the neighbourhood comprise the ruined church and castle of Athlumney, and the round tower of Donaghmore, the ancient bridge and church of Clady, and the ruined castles of Liscarton and Scurloughstown. Dangan Castle, the birth-place or early home of Wellington and Wellesley, is only about four miles from Trim, and is



WELLINGTON'S BED-ROOM, DANGAN CASTLE,

a place of considerable interest to the Tourist. From Navan to Kells the line follows the right bank of the Blackwater, through a country of increasing beauty and fertility. About three miles from Navan we pass, on the right, the ruins of Liscarton Castle, and, on the left, Ardraccon House, diocesan seat of the Bishop of Meath, and one of the finest episcopal residences and demesnes in Ireland. Kells is a place of high antiquity, a monastery having been founded here by St. Columba in 550; and re-built by Hugh de Lacy in 1156, having been plundered and burned by Dermot M'Murrough the pre-

KELLS ABBEY, KILKENNY.



ceding year. In the centre of the town is an ancient stone cross, elaborately sculptured; and in the churchyard is another, with a round tower and a small stone-roofed cell, called the house of St. Columba. In the immediate neighbourhood of the town is the seat of the Marquis of Headford, the principal proprietor, the mansion plain, but the demesne finely planted, and watered by the Blackwater.

Drogheda should not be left without a visit to the ruins of Monasterboice and Mellifont, both within five miles of the town. The former, situated in a small burial-ground, surrounded by fields, comprise the remains of two chapels, a handsome round tower, and two elaborately sculptured stone crosses. The larger and more ancient cross has a Gaelic inscription on it, in which can be deciphered the name of Muredach, who, according to Seward, was king of Ireland, and died in 534. The date of the chapels is uncertain; one does not seem older than the twelfth century, but the other is more ancient. Mellifont Abbey, founded in 1142, is about three miles from Monasterboice, and between four and five from Drogheda. The most ancient portion of the existing remains are the circular-headed arches enclosing the site of the baptistry; but the most perfect and beautiful is St. Bernard's chapel, which is a fine example of the transition style which prevailed before the Norman arch finally gave place to the pointed Gothic.

Resuming our journey northward, the first object of interest is the viaduct which carries the railway across the Boyne, connecting the Dublin and Drogheda line with the Belfast Junction Railway. It is constructed of limestone and iron lattice-work, 95 feet high, and consists of fifteen arches of 61 feet span. Eight miles north of Drogheda is Dunleer, a place of little importance, belonging principally to Mr. R. M. Bellew, descended from one of the first Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland. Next comes Castle Bellingham, contiguous to which is the magnificent demesne of Mr. A. E. Bellingham, the groups of yew trees on which are scarcely to be equalled in Ireland, save perhaps at Hollybrook and Kilruddery, in Wicklow, as already described. We next approach Dundalk, famous for the sieges it has sustained from Edward Bruce, who was crowned King of Ireland here in 1316, from the Irish under the O'Neills, and from Lord Inchiquin in 1649. The situation is low and marshy, the town being bounded north by the estuary of the Castletown river, and flanked on the west by the demesne of the Earl of Roden, lord of the manor. Steamers ply between Dundalk and Liverpool, 153 miles, four times a week. There is a considerable export trade, two breweries, a distillery, a pin-manufactory, and a flax-spinning factory.

Visitors to Lough Erne leave the Dublin and Belfast Junction line at Dundalk, and proceed to Enniskillen, distant 64 miles, by the Dundalk

and Enniskillen Railway. A great change in the superficial character of the country becomes visible as we turn westward, the first curve of the railway revealing the small fields, the humble homesteads, and irregular cultivation which succeed to the thriving farms and well cultivated enclosures of the eastern campaign as we approach the county of Monaghan. Close to the Inishkeen station are the abbey ruins, round tower, and stone cross of Inishkeen, romantically situated on the banks of the Fane. From thence to two miles beyond the Culloville station the line follows the left bank of the Fane, a stream which, issuing from Lough Muckno, meanders through the romantic valley traversed by the railway, and falls into Dundalk Bay. Views of the rugged hills which, on the north, blend with Slievegullion, are caught at intervals as the train glides past the lateral glens; but as we approach Castleblayney there are some deep cuttings which intercept the view. Castleblayney is a regularly built and thriving town, formerly the property of the late Mr. Hope. The adjoining demesne is one of the most interesting in this part of the country. It is charmingly planted, the beeches and walnuts especially remarkable for their size. It embraces the whole of Lough Muckno, the fine expanse of which, dotted with green islands, and the plantations which clothe the surrounding hills, add much to the beauty of the scenery. On one of the islands in the lake are the ruins of an ancient castle. From thence the line skirts the base of a succession of round hills to the little town of Ballybay, pleasantly situated in a valley, and still doing a little business in the linen trade, though not to the same extent as formerly. Four miles beyond this place the line crosses the road leading from Cootchill to Monaghan, and at six miles further the neat village of Newbliss is reached. Three miles beyond this station the line crosses the Finn, and thence runs through a beautiful tract of country to the ancient town of Clones, from which point to Enniskillen the route will be described in connection with tourist tickets for Lough Erne from Belfast.

Newry is three miles from the station so called on the main line, but tourists desirous of visiting the charming marine scenery of Carlingford Bay may reach it by the branch line diverging from the right at Goragh Wood station, between which and Newry the ravine of Craigmore is crossed by a viaduct 2,000 feet long, consisting of eighteen arches of fifty feet span, varying in height from fifty to 110 feet. Newry is beautifully situated on the river of that name, navigable to the town by vessels of fifteen feet draught, and to Warrenpoint, six miles below, by vessels of 1,000 tons. Steamers ply twice a week between Newry and Liverpool, 153 miles. It is the second port of the north for the export of corn and provisions, and has a considerable trade with England, the Baltic, and America. There are several grist mills, and a few foun-



NEWRY.

dries and salt works, but the manufactures are not of much importance. The hills which nearly enclose the town afford extensive views over the valley and down the bay to Carlingford, the best point being the hills above the Gap of Barnish, on the road to Turkhill. The railway runs along the banks of the river, passing Narrow Water House, the handsome Elizabethan mansion of Mr. R. Hall, and the ruins of a fort erected in 1663 by the Duke of Ormond. Warrenpoint is a completely new town, and one of the best and most frequented bathing-places in the north. It commands beautiful views across and down the bay, the pretty little church at Omeath being a conspicuous feature of the prospect in the former direction. Between Warrenpoint and Rosstrevor, three miles,



ROSSTREVOR BRIDGE.

the bay has the appearance of a spacious lake, surrounded by woods and hills. Rosstrevor is a most attractive spot, surrounded by green slopes and rich plantations, studded with villas, and bounded by the thickly wooded hills of Slieveban. On the beach is an obelisk, erected to the memory of General Ross, a native of the place, who fell in the battle of Baltimore in 1814.

Returning to the main line at Goragh Wood, we proceed onward to Portadown through the valleys of the Newry and the Bann, the only object of interest being Tanderagee Castle, seat of the Duke of Manchester, who has extensive possessions in these parts. The country traversed by the line is low, presenting a scene of the richest verdure in summer, but in winter often converted by floods into a shallow lake. From Portadown to Belfast the railway runs through the valley of the Lagan, with which river a ship canal is connected, extending from Shan Port, on Lough Neagh, to the head of the lough of Belfast, 23 miles.

Belfast, the second city of the kingdom in point of extent and population, and the first in regard to manufactures and trade, is situated at the head of the fine bay which, under the name of Belfast Lough, penetrates the land for fourteen miles. Compared with the other principal



QUEEN'S SQUARE, BELFAST.

towns of Ireland, Belfast is a modern town, having been little more than a military station until 1620, when it was granted by James I. to Sir Arthur Chichester, ancestor of the present proprietor, the Marquis of Donegal. Steamers leave daily for Liverpool, Fleetwood, and Glasgow, three times a week for Morecambe, Ardrossan, and Stranraer, once a week for London and Whitehaven, and once a fortnight for Bristol. The port is only 130 miles from Glasgow, and 156 from Liverpool, with both of which there is a good trade in agricultural produce, though the most valuable exports are linen goods, the manufacture of which is very extensively carried on in the town and neighbourhood. The population in 1861 was 120,544, the inhabitants having trebled in the preceding thirty years. It combines, in its mills and factories, and its docks and wharves, some of the features both of Manchester and Liverpool; but possesses an advantage over both in its greater cleanliness and salubrity. The streets are well laid out and built, most of them running at right angles to each other, and embellished with numerous edifices devoted to educational purposes, among which are the museum, school of design, high school, and Queen's College. There are also a handsome music hall, and an interesting botanic garden. The principal hotels are the Imperial, Echlin's, and the Victoria.

BELFAST TO THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

SHOULD only one day be at the disposal of the tourist for the completion of his northern tour, it will be best to take a return ticket for Portrush, where vehicles for the Giant's Causeway meet the train, returning in time for the evening train for Belfast. By leaving Belfast at 6 a.m., between three and four hours may be spent at the Causeway, and Belfast reached at 7.0 p.m. If two days can be spared, the coast scenery from the Causeway to Ballycastle may be surveyed the second day, and the car taken from the latter place to Carrickfergus. Holders of tourists' tickets, however, proceed, after viewing the Causeway, to Londonderry and Enniskillen, for a voyage up Lough Erne, returning to Belfast by Monaghan and Armagh. This route we reserve until we have described the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Causeway, and the coast road thence to Belfast. The railway runs, for nearly seven miles, by the side of Belfast Lough; but at the Carrickfergus Junction we turn to the left, and soon leave the Lough far behind us. At Antrim we approach Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the British Islands,

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.



and only surpassed in Europe by those of Ladoga and Onega, in Russia, and that of Geneva in Switzerland, being twenty miles long and fifteen broad. In the vicinity of Antrim is the fine old castle of Viscount Massareene, and a very perfect round tower, 95 feet high. A little beyond Antrim we pass the deer-park of Shane's Castle, seat of the royal O'Neills, which was destroyed by fire in 1816, and remains in the same condition to which it was then reduced. From this point there is little to attract the tourist till we reach Portrush, the termination of our railway journey.

Portrush is situated under a bold headland, off which are a group of rocky islands called the Skerries. It is a good bathing-place, and since the opening of the railway, a place of increasing commercial activity, as the port for Coleraine, which is becoming, through the same instrumentality, a formidable rival to Londonderry. Along the coast, between Portrush and Dunluce, are no fewer than 27 small caves, scarped in the limestone rock by the ceaseless action of the waves. Two miles beyond Portrush we reach Dunluce Castle, which, says Lord John Manners, "is, without exception, the grandest, romanticest, awfulest sea-king's castle in broad Europe. It stands on a great ledge of a cliff, separated from, rather than joined to the mainland by the narrowest of natural bridges, and overhangs the sea—that dark, chilling, northern sea—so perpendicularly that how the towers and wall on the sea-side were built I cannot divine; what numbers of masons and builders must have fallen into that gloomy sea before the last loophole was pierced! The landward scenery, spite of good roads and modern improvements, is dreary enough now; what it must have been when those grim halls were first inhabited by Ulster chieftains who can guess? There is no castle on the Rhine, or the Loire, or the Seine, or anywhere else that I know of, that can be compared with Dunluce for desolate awe-inspiring grandeur." The date of its erection is uncertain, the story which assigns it to De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, resting upon slender foundation. It has been the scene of many strange occurrences, and the traditions connected with its gloomy walls and towers would fill a volume. Beneath the castle is a long narrow cave, which may be entered by a small aperture on the south, but had best be explored at low water. Three miles further brings us to Bushmills, a little old town on the river Bush, from which and an old water-mill, now in ruins, it derives its name. It is a favourite resort for anglers, salmon being abundant in the river; and there are two hotels, Doherty's and Reid's, at one of which, or at M'Naull's, at the Causeway, the two days' tourist in the north should pass the night.

Two miles beyond Bushmills we reach one of the most remarkable natural objects in the whole country—the Giant's Causeway. Basaltic

rocks occur all along the Antrim coast, but the most interesting are met with in a walk of four miles, from Portcoon Cave to Dunseverick Castle. We shall not attempt a scientific description, nor endeavour to unravel the secret of their formation, for the theories of the learned are little more satisfactory than the wild legends of the locality. Kohl has well said that, "with all the explanations that can be offered, so much is left unexplained that they answer very little purpose. We see the most certain and obvious effects produced by the operations of active and powerful forces which entirely escape our scrutiny. We walk over the heads of some 40,000 columns (for this number has been counted by some curious and leisurely person) all beautifully cut and polished, formed of such neat pieces, so exactly fitted to each other, and so cleverly supported, that we might fancy we had before us the work of ingenious human artificers; and yet what we behold is the result of the immutable laws of nature, acting without any apparent object, and by a process which must remain for ever a mystery to our understanding." Half a mile west of the Causeway is Portcoon Cave, a natural cavern into which the sea rushes with fearful force, and with a noise like thunder, and in which there is a fine echo. Near this is Dunkerry Cave, which can be entered only by water. Passing the little bay of Portnabaw, we next see the hillocks called the Stookans, from their resemblance to stacked corn sheaves, from which point the Causeway is first seen in all its beauty—its tower-



HIGHLANDER'S BONNET, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

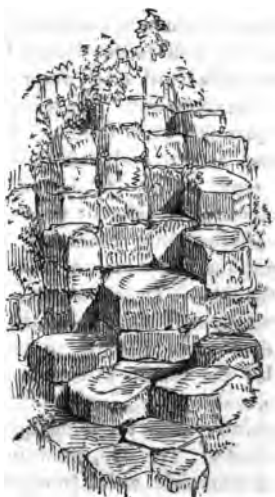
ing rocks and half-submerged columnar headlands rising abruptly from the sea. A little further on we come to the Giant's Well, a small hollow in the basalt rock, generally filled with clear water.

We are now close to the Causeway. It is a low rocky mole, composed of columnar basalt, separating Port Gannary from Port Noffer—the word “port” being used here to designate those little bays formed by the sinuosities of the coast. It is 700 feet in length, but varies very much in breadth and elevation at different places. It has been so often described, and all description must necessarily convey so imperfect a conception of its extraordinary appearance, that we shall pass on. The Giant's Gateway and the Giant's Organ are seen as we leave the Causeway behind us, both composed of basaltic columns; and then we reach Port Noffer and the Giant's Amphitheatre, so greatly admired by Kohl. The phenomenon called the Chimney Tops consists of three pillars, the tallest 45 feet high, said to have been battered by one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, whose crew in the night-time mistook them for the chimneys of Dunluce Castle. The ship, according to tradition, was lost in the small bay on the other side, called from the circumstance, Port-na-Spania. Beyond, to the east, is Sea-gull Island, a broad and high



SEA-GULL ISLAND, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

rock, generally almost covered by the birds which have given it a name. We next reach the remarkable promontory called the Pleaskin, scarcely less wondrous or less beautiful than the Causeway itself. Continuing



LADY'S CHAIR, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

our drive or sail eastward, we pass Horseshoe Harbour, and see in succession the Lion's Head, the Twins, the Giant's Pulpit, Bengore Head,

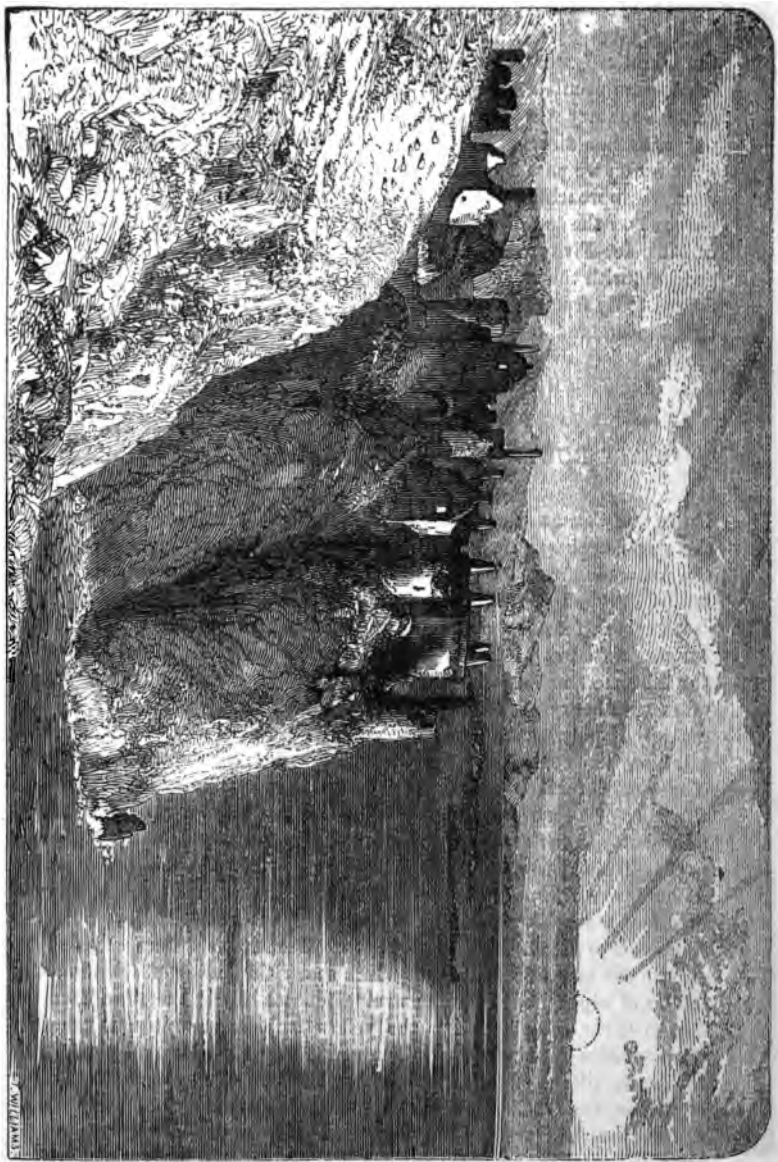


PORT COON.

the Giant's Granny, and the Four Sisters, rocks deriving their names from some peculiarity in their formation. Rounding Port Fad, we observe a solitary rock called the Priest, and, entering Port Moon, have our attention directed to a peculiar mass of columns called the Stack. Further on we pass a singular rock called the Hen and Chickens, and then we approach Dunseverick Castle, the ancient seat of the O'Kanes, perched on the top of a bare insulated rock—a dreary ruin in the midst of solitude. Five or six miles to seaward is the basaltic island of Rathlin, crowned with the ruins of the castle in which Robert Bruce resided when forced to fly from Scotland in 1306. From thence to the Mull of Cantire, in Scotland, is only fourteen miles.

COAST ROUTE FROM THE CAUSEWAY TO BELFAST.

From the Causeway to Ballycastle is 13½ miles, the road passing near the singular chasm, sixty feet wide, which separates the rocky islet of Carrickarede from the main land. Across this chasm, at a height of nearly 100 feet above the sea, a rude bridge is thrown, formed of two stout cables, four feet apart, across which a series of planks are lashed, forming a footway. A pair of hand-ropes completes the bridge, which the fishermen and peasantry cross fearlessly day and night, in all weathers, often with heavy burdens. In the cliff near the island is a cave, formed entirely of polygonal columns of basalt. We next pass Kenbane Head, a jutting limestone promontory, crowned by the remains of a small castle. Three miles further bring us to Ballycastle, where, near the church, are the ruins of a fortress, erected by M'Donnell of Danluce in 1609. Three miles more to the eastward the celebrated promontory of Fairhead rises perpendicularly to an altitude of 636 feet above the sea, commanding an extensive view, the coast of Scotland being distinctly visible, Rathlin only four miles distant, and the wild scenery of Murlough Bay stretching down to Tor Head. We next approach Cushendun, where we pause to admire the magnificent viaduct which spans the valley of Glendun at a height of eighty feet in the centre. Beneath winds the Awe Dun, or Brown River, so called from the yellow turbid appearance it presents when swollen by rains, though its general aspect is clear and placid. At the pretty village of Cushendall, which tradition names as the birthplace of Ossian, the Gaelic Homer, the remains of an ancient extensive fortification may be traced. Leaving Glenariffe to the left, we now enter upon the sublime mountain and sea scenery of Red Bay, where at the



DUNLUCE CASTLE.

entrance of one of the glens which dip deeply into the recesses of the hills, and form outlets for the springs which pour down the mountains, we find the ruins of an old church. In the chancel is a tombstone, whose fast-decaying inscription reveals the grave of the great chieftain, Shane O'Neill.

We next approach Garron Point, whence a fine view is obtained of the coast of Scotland, the bold outline of the Mull of Cantire being clearly defined, and the mountains far inland more dimly discerned in the distance. Skirting the rich plantations which clothe Ben Nachore, we pass through the village of Cairnlough, catching a view up the glen which intersects the romantic deer-park of the Earl of Antrim, and reach Glenarm, beautifully situated between two wooded hills, which surround it on every side save that on which it is open to the sea. From thence to Larne the road runs close to the sea, and glimpses are still caught of the coast of Scotland, especially from the lofty ridge called Agnew's Hill. The amphitheatrical cliffs called the Lallagh Braes offer an interesting study for the geologist, while the antiquary and the lover of old legends may find ample gratification in the inspection of the ruined castle of the Prince of Breffny. Larne is a small, pleasantly situated town, with manufactories of cotton goods and canvas. Near it is a bold headland fronting the bay, where stand the interesting ruins of Olderfleet Castle, also a Druidical altar and rocking stone, with various other interesting remains. The road to Carrickfergus runs along Lough Larne, which has all the appearance of a lake, having only a very narrow entrance from the sea. Passing the village of Glynn, where are the ruins of an ancient church, and through Ballycarry, we reach Kilroot, a parish once held by Swift, but whose church is now a ruin. It is only a short drive to Carrickfergus, where we take the train to Belfast. While waiting for the train, the tourist may survey the old ivy-covered castle, built by the Earl of Ulster in the latter part of the twelfth century, and most picturesquely situated close to the sea; and the ancient church, containing some interesting monuments of the Chichester family.

COLERAINE TO LOUGH ERNE.

WE must now return to Coleraine, to guide the holders of tourists' tickets to the banks of the romantic and picturesque Lough Erne, and thence to Belfast. Coleraine is finely situated on the Bann, which discharges the surplus waters of Lough Neagh into the Atlantic four miles below the town. Though it lays claim to very remote antiquity, there is nothing in the town interesting to the tourist; but the river abounds in salmon and trout, about 40 tons of the former being exported annually, and the latter is considered by connoisseurs to be amongst the finest flavoured in Ireland. The best fishing, however, is between Kibrea, situated thirty miles above Coleraine, and Toom, the outlet of Lough Neagh. A mile above the town the river falls over a ledge of rocks, thirteen feet high, called the Salmon Leap, to which point the tide extends. The scenery between the town and the Leap is very beautiful.

The railway from Coleraine to Londonderry describes a curve towards the mouth of the Bann, and skirts the southern shores of Lough Foyle. In the sands which have accumulated in the estuary, and which impede its navigation, the tourist will discern the cause which has rendered necessary the construction of a harbour at Portrush, which, in conjunction with the railway, promises to make Coleraine a formidable rival to Londonderry. Between Downhill and Bellarena stations, the former six miles from Coleraine, the line runs along the base of the high sandstone cliffs of Magilligan, which attain their greatest altitude a little beyond the Magilligan junction, where a branch line diverges northward to Magilligan Point. The distance from the station to the Point is 4½ miles, across the sandy plain between the cliffs and Lough Foyle; and a ferry of one mile takes travellers desirous of visiting Inishowen Head to Green Castle, a ruined fortress of the O'Doghertys, on the opposite side of the lough. Thence the road runs along the rocky coast, passing the lighthouse at Dunagree. From Inishowen Head an extensive view is obtained of the north-eastern coast, extending as far as Bengore Head. This trip is not included, however, in the route by tourists' tickets.

"A singular combination of picturesque beauty and grandeur," says Mr. Fraser, "presents itself at Magilligan. Here the cliffs, everywhere striking, increase in altitude, and the pastoral banks which they cap are here much more varied by verdant knolls, sylvan dells, and terraced platforms. High on one of the latter, with several cottages, stands the church of Magilligan, one of the most singularly and romantically situated of all our sacred edifices. Overhung by the towering cliffs, and

looking across the sandy plain, succeeded by an arm of the sea, and terminated by the lofty mountains of Inishowen, few situations are better calculated to excite emotions allied to devotional feelings—the feelings in unison with all around.” The cliff scenery ends at Bellarena, whence to Londonderry the line passes over the verdant pastures, comprising thousands of acres, reclaimed from the sea. At Culmore station the Foyle narrows abruptly to a quarter of a mile in breadth, and resembles a tidal river, along the bank of which the line runs for the remaining five miles of the journey.

Londonderry, next to Belfast the most important town in the north of Ireland, is finely situated on a hill, whose steep acclivities give an irregularity of outline to its streets which greatly enhances the picturesque appearance which it presents from the right bank of the river. Though its present prosperity is of modern origin, it is a place of considerable antiquity, an abbey for canons of the Augustinian order having been founded here by St. Columba in 546. In 1218 a religious house for Cistercian nuns was founded by Turlough Leinigh; and in 1274 a Dominican Friary was built. It was first made a military station in 1566, but two years later the town and fort were destroyed by the accidental explosion of the magazine, which caused the place to be abandoned. It was re-occupied in 1600, when the neighbouring fort of Culmore was erected: and in 1604 a charter for the establishment and regulation of the town was granted by James I. to Sir Henry Dowera. In 1608 it was reduced to ashes, and the garrison put to the sword by Sir Caher O'Doherty. In 1613 the Irish Society was formed, and a new charter granted, which was several times confiscated and restored in the succeeding reigns, the present charter dating from the restoration of the Stuarts. The most memorable event in the history of the city was the siege it sustained in 1689, the stirring incidents of which are so well known as to render their relation a work of supererogation. The old walls remain, and have been converted into a promenade; but the gates have been rebuilt since the siege, and the present Bishop's Gate, on the site of that from which the garrison made their first sortie, is a triumphal arch erected in 1789 as a centenary memorial. The New Gate and the Ship Quay Gate were rebuilt at the beginning of the present century. On the central bastion of the western wall is the handsome pillar erected in 1828 in memory of Walker and the brave defenders of the city, and at its base are four of the guns used by them. Within the walls, the city has undergone little change since its streets were laid out anew by the Irish Society; but it now extends greatly beyond the walls, and in 1861 had a population of 20,875. The principal streets radiate from a square called the Diamond, nearly in the centre of the city, from which they

run at right angles towards the ancient gates. The corporation hall occupies the centre of the square, and in Ship Quay-street are the excise office, branch establishments of the National and Provincial Banks, public library and news-room, and meeting-houses of the Reformed Presbyterians and Primitive Methodists. The episcopal palace, deanery, and court-house are in Bishop-street. The palace occupies the site of the ancient Augustinian Abbey. In the rear of the court-house is the old cathedral and parish church of St. Columba, a massive and imposing structure, occupying the summit of the hill on which the town is built, and affording from its tower an extensive prospect over the rich valley of the Foyle. Besides the ecclesiastical edifices mentioned, there is a handsome Roman Catholic Cathedral of recent erection, two Roman Catholic Chapels, the Free Church, three Presbyterian meeting-houses, and chapels for Wesleyans and Independents. Endowed and other educational establishments are numerous, the principal being Gwynne's Hospital, which has a small botanic garden attached to it, and the recently erected Presbyterian College. There are two good hotels, the Imperial and the Commercial. The long narrow bridge which crosses the Foyle is on the same plan as those at Waterford and Wexford, and the work of the same architect, an American, named Cox; but considerably exceeds the others in length.

Four miles north-west of Londonderry, on the shores of Lough Swilly, above which it rises 802 feet, is the hill of Grianan, on the summit of which are remains of an ancient Irish fort, formerly consisting of a series of concentric ramparts, extensive vestiges of which may still be traced. The site of this memorial of the early inhabitants affords an interesting view over Lough Swilly and the surrounding country. The scenery in the neighbourhood of Londonderry is varied and agreeable, though not picturesque. The Vale of Faughan has the best local claims to the latter character, though the hills which form it are bleak and moorish. It is watered by a river of the same name, which rises at the base of Sawel Mountain, and falls into Lough Foyle, opposite Culmore Fort; and several smaller streams flow through the romantic glens which branch off from the vale.

From Londonderry nearly to Strabane the railway follows the left bank of the Foyle, which is for some distance a broad tidal stream, flowing through a wide alluvial valley. The country is too low to be picturesque, but the circumstance of the line running along the margin of the river renders the scenery on either hand visible from the train all the way. The villages of Carrigans and St. Johnstown are passed on the right. About midway between Strabane and Lifford the line crosses the Foyle, and passes from the county of Donegal into that of

Tyrone. Both towns are seen from the bridge, which likewise commands good views, northward, of the fertile vale the tourist has traversed, and, westward, of the narrower valley of the Finn. Lifford was formerly the chief place of the O'Donnells, and was subsequently, with 500 acres of land adjacent, granted by James I. to Sir R. Hansard. It is now in the possession of Lord Erne. Though it is the assize town of Donegal, it is a place of no importance at the present day, having been thrown into the shade by the greater progress of the manufacturing town of Strabane, which now enjoys all the advantages arising from the assize and sessions of the adjoining county. Strabane is situated a mile below the point at which the Foyle is formed by the junction of the rivers Mourne and Finn, and is connected by a canal, four miles in length, with the deeper waters of the river, which is navigable to the mouth of the canal by vessels of considerable burthen. The railway has added to the importance of the place, and gives additional facilities to its export trade in provisions.

From Strabane to Omagh the railway follows the course of the river Strule through a narrow and well defined valley, the banks of the stream being high, and seeming but the foreground of the neighbouring hills. The Strule is generally considered the most beautiful river in Ulster, and the force and volume of its waters render it as useful as it is ornamental to the district it flows through, turning several mill wheels, and propelling the machinery of the large flax-spinning factory at Sion Mills. Victoria Bridge is crossed a little beyond these mills, and the river Derg, which discharges the surplus waters of the celebrated lake of that name, as well as of several of the Donegal streams, into the Strule, is crossed shortly afterwards. Three miles further bring us to Newtown Stewart, pleasantly situated on the left bank of the river, a little below its confluence with the Owenkillev. It was formerly, under the name of Lislis, an important military station, and derived its present name from Sir William Stewart, to whom it was granted by Charles I. The town was burned by order of James II., and not rebuilt till 1722; and in Main-street the remains of the house in which the monarch slept on his way to Londonderry are shown. On the summit of a hill near the town is a ruin called Harry Ivery's Castle, and the names of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, given to two other hills in the vicinity, are further suggestive of local legends; though it is difficult to account for the appropriation in Tyrone of the name of the "two bonnie lassies," whose melancholy fate, with that of their lovers, is preserved in a Scotch ballad. About two miles from the town, in a valley at the base of Bessy Bell, is Baron's Court, seat of the Marquis of Abercorn, whose

demesne is one of the finest and most improved in this part of the country.

A mile above Newtown Stewart is the village and castle of Moyle. The line passes between the two romantically named hills just mentioned, and crosses the stream called Fairy Water, just before its confluence with the Strule, which here bends to the eastward, and flows through what was formerly the forest of Mountjoy. Omagh, the county town of Tyrone, is next reached; and a good view of it is obtained from the railway, as it occupies the side of an eminence. The streets are steep and inconvenient, and the public buildings present no features of interest. The country around is of very diversified character, hill and dale alternating, and the latter containing many strips of bog and marsh. Skirting the hill on which Omagh is situated, the line runs in a south-westerly direction to Enniskillen, giving off a short branch to Fintona, and entering the county of Fermanagh between Trillick and Ballinamallard.

Enniskillen, the chief town of Fermanagh, is situated on an island in the river Erne, which here connects the two lakes of that name. The area of the island is 62 acres, and the town, including the suburbs, is about a mile in length. Besides the usual buildings of a county town, it contains two small forts, one at each end of the town, and the royal school of Portora, founded by Charles I., and one of the best endowed in the country. In the town hall the banners are preserved that the Enniskilleners bore at the battle of the Boyne, much shorn of their glory by the clipping propensities of relic-hunters. The linen hall has never been used for the purpose for which it was erected, and the only manufacture of the town, besides a small quantity of excellent cutlery, is that of straw plait, which employs a considerable number of young females. A large amount of business is transacted at the weekly markets and periodical fairs, but communication with the sea is prevented by the falls at Ballyshannon, which interrupt the navigation between Donegal Bay and Lower Lough Erne. Timber and coal are brought in barges from Belleek, a small town at the foot of the lower lake. Much has now been done to enhance the prosperity of the town by the opening of the railways which connect it with Londonderry and Dundalk, and the completion of the line to Belfast and Galway, will add materially to its business. A good view of the town and island is obtained from the hill above the railway terminus, and which is crowned with a handsome column commemorative of the gallant exploits of Sir Lowry Cole. The surrounding country is charmingly diversified and generally well cultivated. Seven miles southward, on the slope of Cuilcagh, the highest point of the Slieveanieran mountains, and near the road leading to Swanlinbar, is Florence Court, seat

of the Earl of Enniskillen, who owns the principal part of the town whence he derives his title, the whole having been granted in 1612 to his ancestor, William Cole, by James I. It was in one of the romantic glens of this beautiful demesne that, about seventy years ago, the upright variety of the yew, now well known as the Irish yew, and found in every arboretum and pleasure ground, was first observed.

The situation of Enniskillen, midway between the upper and lower lakes, renders it the best station for those who desire to explore their islands and banks, which they may do either by steamer, oared boat, hired car, or by the stage car between Enniskillen and Ballyshannon. There are three hotels in the town—the Imperial, the White Hart, and Macbride's. Trout fishing in the Erne is excellent, the fish being among the largest of the species to be found in Ireland. The best sport is to be had in the neighbourhood of Ballyshannon. The Erne issues from Lough Gowna, on the confines of the counties of Longford and Cavan, and flows northward, passing through Lough Oughter, to Bel-turbet, four miles below which it expands again, forming Upper Lough Erne. It is of no great breadth, however, before reaching Crom Castle, seat of the Earl of Erne,* and throughout its length, which from thence to Belleisle, seat of the Rev. J. G. Porter, is about ten miles, its breadth is very variable, and its course sinuous and interrupted by small islands, of which there are about ninety. From Belleisle to a little below Enniskillen, a distance of ten miles, it again assumes a riverine character, still meandering, and divided at several places by islands. The river scenery,

* His lordship is descended from a branch of the Scotch family of Creighton, in which, until it ceased in 1690, was the title of Viscount Fren draught. The first of this branch mentioned by Sir Bernard Burke is John Creighton, of Crom Castle, whose eldest son was member for the county of Fermanagh, in 1692, and commanded a regiment of foot at the battle of Aughrim. It was the son of this Creighton who, in 1689, so gallantly defended Crom Castle against a body of the army of James II. "Having repulsed the assailants," says Sir Bernard Burke, "young Creighton made a sally, at the instant that a corps of Enniskilleners was approaching to the relief of the castle, which movement placed the besiegers between two fires, and caused dreadful slaughter. The enemy, attempting to accomplish his retreat across an arm of Lough Erne, near Crom Castle, that spot became the scene of such carnage that it has ever since borne the name of the Bloody Pass. This gentleman represented Enniskillen in Parliament, and attaining the rank of major-general in the army, was appointed governor of the royal hospital of Kilmainham." His son was created Baron Erne in 1768, and in 1781 the second baron was advanced to the dignity of Viscount Erne, and in 1789 to that of Earl of Erne. The present and third earl, who is lord-lieutenant of Fermanagh, is the nephew of the second earl, who died unmarried in 1842.

especially where it flows between Fairwood Park and the grounds of Belleville and Castle Cole, is much finer than that of the Upper Lake, which is somewhat tame. The Lower Lake stretches westerly from a little below Enniskillen to Roscor House, a distance of twenty miles, and varies in breadth from two to five miles. It contains 109 islands, most of them very small, but many containing from 10 to 150 acres, and Boa Island, near the northern outlet, containing 1,300 acres. At Roscor the waters contract into a river again, and thus flow on to Belleek, where they are precipitated over a ledge of limestone, forming a fall of 14 feet. Between Belleek and Ballyshannon, a distance of nine miles, the river falls 140 feet, forming a series of rapids; and at the latter place there is a fall of 20 feet at one plunge, which the salmon, incredible as it appears, contrive to surmount in their progress towards the lakes.

Though Lough Erne has only been recently brought within the plan of the tourists' ticket, its scenery has long been a theme of admiration with every traveller who has visited it. "Whether," says Mr. Fraser, "we traverse its outlines, or sail along its quiet waters, which are broken into pleasing forms by the wooded and pastoral islands scattered throughout its broad expanse, we are charmed with the views;—the receding, still coves, and smooth shallow bays, which its outlines present, the sloping lawns, wooded promontories, sequestered knolls, cultivated leas, and the beautiful seats which lie along its banks, entitle us, if not to rank it, with Mr. Inglis, as 'the most beautiful lake in the three kingdoms,' at least to assign it a high place in the lake scenery of Ireland." Mr. Inglis, we may add, terms the Lower Lake the Windermere of Ireland. Mrs. Hall is equally enthusiastic in praise of the drive along the southern shore of the lake from Belleek to Enniskillen. "The lake," she says, "is to the left, and on the right, almost into the town, the drive is under the shadow of lofty hills, richly cultivated, and occasionally as richly planted. Between the road and the water extends a remarkably fertile valley, thick with trees and underwood; and beyond it stretches the long and narrow lough with its multitude of islands. These islands are said to equal in number the days of the year; they are very numerous, and of all sizes, from the small 'dot' to the plain of many acres. All of them are green, and most of them productive; some covered with 'fat herbage,' on which are feeding flocks of sheep; others are miniature forests; some appear so large as to look like profitable estates; others so small that a giant's hand might cover them. Along the whole of the route the opposite shore is kept in view—for the lake has in no part a greater breadth than nine miles, and is so wide only in one vicinity—the neighbourhood of Tully Castle, on the southern bank. From this ancient castle, which stands upon a promontory that juts out

into the lake, the prospect is extensive and inconceivably beautiful. . . . Travel where they will in this singularly beautiful neighbourhood, lovers of the picturesque will have rare treats at every step. It is impossible to exaggerate in describing the surpassing loveliness of the whole locality. How many thousands there are who, if just ideas could be conveyed to them of its attractions, would make their annual trip hither, instead of 'up the hackneyed and soddened Rhine,'—infinitely less rich in natural graces, far inferior in the studies of character it yields, and much less abundant in all enjoyments that can recompense the traveller! Nothing in Great Britain—perhaps nothing in Europe—can surpass in beauty the view along the whole of the road that leads to Enniskillen."

Two miles below Eniskillen is Devenish Island, the first and most interesting of the Erne Archipelago. It contains between seventy and eighty acres of rich pasture; but its chief attractions for the tourist consist in its ecclesiastical ruins and round tower. The former are attributed to St. Molaisse, who died in 563. The abbey was repeatedly plundered by the Danes, and appears to have been re-founded in 1130. It must have fallen into decay early in the seventeenth century, however, for, in a letter written by Sir John Davis, he says "we came the second night after to the south side of Lough Erne, and pitched our tents over against the island of Devenish, a place being prepared for the holding of our sessions for Fermanagh in the ruins of an abbey there." This abbey, locally called the Upper Church, is built of a grey limestone found in the neighbourhood, and susceptible of a high polish. A small pointed doorway in the basement story of the tower leads to a spiral staircase, by which the battlements are reached. The masonry is remarkable, the angles of the architraves being fluted and highly finished. At the height of five feet from the floor, and adjoining the entrance to the belfry, is a mural tablet, with a Latin inscription in ancient characters. There is a second doorway in the south wall, with an ornamental architrave, above which, in a canopied niche, have been the arms of some benefactor of the abbey. The lower church, dedicated to St. Molaisse, is of more ancient date and much more dilapidated, only a portion of the walls remaining. The eastern window is in three compartments, with lanciform heads, and in the southern wall are two circular headed windows, which lighted the baptistry. Near this church is a small ancient building, with a stone roof, having some resemblance to St. Kevin's Kitchen at Glendalough, and said to have been the cell of St. Molaisse. The round tower occupies an elevated position on the northern side of the island. It is 82 feet high, and presents some remarkable variations from the common form of these structures. Twelve feet above the doorway is a window with a pointed head, formed by two flags leaning against each other; and a

little higher, but not in a right line, is a square window. In the upper story are the usual four windows, and above each a keystone, ornamented with a grotesque human head. A projecting sculptured cornice is carried round the top, and supports the conical cap, or roof.

Leaving Devenish Island, and proceeding down the lake, the tourist has on his left the fine demesne of the Marquis of Ely, which embraces several of the wooded islands passed on the voyage. Ely Lodge, his lordship's seat, is situated on one of the larger islands, which is connected with the southern shore of the lake by a causeway and bridge. Here the banks of the lake are high and acclivitous, and richly wooded for several miles, the great abundance of holly adding much to their beauty. Just where the lofty hills mentioned by Mrs. Hall begin to rise, and at the point where the lake is widest, we see the ruins of Tully Castle, one of the fortified residences erected by the first Scotch settlers in the north—a square keep, turreted at the angles, and surrounded by an outer wall, enclosing a courtyard. It was built by Sir John Hume, who received a grant of land here, which passed by marriage into the possession of the Loftus family in 1731. In 1641 the castle was pillaged and burnt by the insurgents, who, led by a brother of Lord Maguire, massacred a great number of the English and Scotch settlers who had taken refuge there. A little beyond Tully Castle is the rocky dell of Polaphuca, formed by the wild and picturesque acclivities of Shean North, which rises from the precipitous banks of the lake to an altitude of 1,135 feet. We are now opposite Boa Island, and, after passing a few more green islands near the southern shore, the lake contracts, and its banks sink until they scarcely rise above the surface.

ENNISKILLEN TO BELFAST.

IMMEDIATELY after leaving Enniskillen, on our return by railway to Belfast, we pass Castle Coole, seat of the Earl of Belmore, one of the handsomest Grecian edifices in the country, and surrounded by fine plantations. Passing on our left the village of Lisbellaw, we reach the little town of Lisnaskea, which has been much improved of late years by its noble proprietor, the Earl of Erne, and now contains a market-house and two hotels, the Commercial and the Erne Arms, which, with the dispensary and schools, have been erected by his lordship. From thence to Newtown Butler the line runs along the base of Tully Hill, passing near Lough Moor and the little village of Donagh. Newtown Butler, the property of the Earl of Lanesborough, is a small town on the summit of a hill, and visible from a considerable distance. Crom Castle, seat of the Earl of Erne, is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-west of the town, on a narrow wooded promontory at the head of the Upper Lough Erne. In the demesne are the ruins of the old castle of Crom, and one of the most remarkable old yews in the kingdom, being twenty feet high and covering with its dusky branches an area of sixty feet diameter. From Newtown Butler the line runs eastward to Clones, an ancient and thriving town, occupying the summit of a hill in the midst of an undulating and well-cultivated district. An abbey was founded here in the sixth century, some remains of which exist on the south side of the town. Near them is a round tower, more rudely constructed than most of these singular structures, and destitute of its cap, which has long since disappeared. Clones was occupied by the Anglo-Normans soon after the invasion of Strongbow, and in 1207 the town and abbey were burned by Hugh de Lacy. On the summit of a hill near the town is an ancient fort, consisting of a triple series of ramparts and ditches, rising one above the other, from which a good view is obtained of the diversified and fertile country around.

Six miles from Clones the village of Smithborough is passed, where there is a small spade manufactory. Monaghan is a place of considerable importance, as, besides being the chief town of the county of that name, there are four well-attended weekly markets for the sale of agricultural produce. The Ulster Canal runs close to the town, and railway communication with Belfast has likewise served to enhance its prosperity. In the vicinity are the Roman Catholic College, a fine building, conspicuously situated on an eminence; and the Diocesan School, founded

by Elizabeth, but chiefly supported by the clergy of the dioceses of Raphoe, Kilmore, and Clogher. Here the tourist takes the train again, and proceeds to Belfast, passing Armagh, Portadown, Lurgan, and Lisburn. Armagh, chief town of the county of that name, is a well-built and thriving place, well provided with public buildings, of which, besides those for county and municipal business, it has a large linen hall, a commodious market-house, a free grammar school, a public library, four branch banks, and several hospitals and other charitable institutions. It is a place of great antiquity, having been founded, according to the native chroniclers, by St. Patrick in 445. The Cathedral, which occupies a commanding site, is a large and venerable building, erected in the twelfth century, but several times burnt during the incursions and sieges of which Armagh was the scene from an early period down to the close of the seventeenth century. A large Roman Catholic Cathedral has recently been erected on one of the adjacent hills, and forms a striking feature in the view of the city. Near the old Cathedral is the public library, founded by Primate Robinson in 1771; and near the handsome modern church of St. Mark, on the east side of the city, is the observatory, which owes its origin to the munificence of the same prelate, and the free grammar school, one of the richest educational endowments in Ireland. The archiepiscopal palace and demesne, the latter well laid out and open to the public, adjoin the town, the country around which, though not picturesque, is of an agreeable and diversified character. The next place of importance on the line is Portadown, from which point to Belfast the route has already been described, in connection with the tour from Dublin to the Giant's Causeway.

ENNISKILLEN TO SLIGO.

SLIGO is now connected by railway with Dublin and the south of Ireland by means of the Midland Great Western Railway.

Enniskillen is at present the nearest place by which Sligo can be reached by railway from the north of Ireland, and cars run twice a-day between these towns. The road runs, for the first nine miles, along the southern base of Belmore mountain, and at Belooo Bridge crosses the stream that connects the upper and lower Loughs Macnean, two extensive sheets of water only half a mile apart, and surrounded by wild hills and unfrequented moors. Skirting the southern shores of the lower lake, we enter the county of Leitrim, and, as we approach Manorhamilton, observe that the country has assumed a more diversified

and cultivated aspect. Manorhamilton is a small town, beautifully situated in a valley watered by the Owenmore, and surrounded by lofty hills, presenting an endless variation of craggy acclivities, winding glens, narrow ravines, and fertile valleys. Scenery of this description continues through the whole remainder of the journey. "Nowhere," says Mr. Fraser, "do we remember such romantically beautiful, and, at the same time, such picturesque combinations of mountains, hills, valleys, dells, and glens, as are exhibited from Lough Doon to Sligo, a distance of seven miles, and all round the head of Lough Gill."

Sligo is a busy, thriving town, second to Galway in the west of Ireland, with a considerable trade, both export and import, which is increasing, and for which additional facilities have been provided within the last few years, in the shape of convenient market-houses, large warehouses, and improved quays. There is a large distillery and several breweries, and some business is also done in the linen trade. The river Garroogue, through which the surplus waters of Lough Gill are discharged into the bay, runs through the town, and drives the wheels of several flour and oatmeal mills. There are all the usual public buildings of a county town, and a good hotel, the Hibernia, besides several comfortable inns. The ruins of the abbey, founded in 1322 by Maurice Fitzgerald, are in that portion of the town which belonged to the late Lord Palmerston, and are carefully preserved. The most interesting portion of the remains are the beautiful window of carved stone, above the altar, and the monument of one of the royal O'Connors, with inscriptions still legible, and figures in good preservation. It is the romantic environs of the town, however, which constitute its chief attraction to tourists, and foremost among their beauties is Hazlewood, seat of Mr. Wynne, about two miles from Sligo, on the road to Manorhamilton. It embraces the largest and finest portion of Lough Gill, and its fine combinations of scenery are best seen by hiring a boat at Sligo, and ascending the river to the upper end of the lake. The demesne is beautifully planted, and Mr. Inglis and Mr. Willis are lavish in their praises of its magnificent ashes, oaks, elms, and limes, and the abundance of evergreens, among which the laurels are equal to those of Woodstock and Curraghmore, and the arbutuses little inferior to those of Killarney.

Lough Gill is about five miles long, and varies in breadth from a mile to a mile and a half. It contains a great number of islands, the principal of which are Church Island, so called from some interesting ecclesiastical ruins, containing twenty-five acres, and Cottage Island, eight acres. The rest are mere rocky islets, but all prettily wooded, and large enough to give a charming diversity to the surface of the water. Mr. Inglis says that Lough Gill will bear comparison with any lake in

Ireland. "Its scenery," he observes, "is not stupendous—scarcely even bold; but it is 'beautiful exceedingly.' Its boundaries are not mountains, but hills of sufficient elevation to form a picturesque and striking outline. The hill sides, which in some places rise abruptly from the water, and in others slope more gently, are covered to a considerable elevation with wood; and the lake is adorned with twenty-three islands, almost every one of them finely wooded. Here, too, as well as on Hazlewood demesne, I found that the arbutus is not confined to Killarney.* The extent of Lough Gill is highly favourable to its beauty. The eye embraces at once its whole length and breadth—the whole circumference of its shores—all their varieties and contrasts at once—all its islands. One charm is not lost in the contemplation of another, as in a greater lake; the whole is seen at once and enjoyed." Hazlewood demesne extends for three miles along the west and north sides of the lake, which are less elevated than the opposite sides, where the rugged gneiss acclivities of Slievedaeane and Slish rise abruptly to an elevation of 780 feet. Cleveragh, demesne of Mr. Martin, adjoins Hazlewood, and comprises Cairns Hill, from the summit of which a fine view is obtained over the lake, the hills around, the valley of the Garrogue, the town of Sligo, and the far-stretching Atlantic. Another charming view of the lake and its shores is obtained from a rock rising out of the wood on the north side, about a mile east of the Ballintogher entrance to the demesne of Hazlewood; and others of different characters from the drives along the wooded acclivities of Slish and the slopes of Cairns Hill.

A walk or drive along the road from Sligo to the village of Dro-mahaire, which passes over the latter eminence, along the southern shore of the lake for two miles, and through the romantic glen between Slievedaeane and Slish, will introduce the tourist to some of the most beautiful scenery in the county of Sligo.

The most remarkable feature of the scenery west of the town of Sligo is Knocknarea, which rises to an elevation of 1,078 feet, and presents a singularly bold escarpment to the bay. To the geologist it is interesting as an isolated hill of limestone in the midst of rugged and sterile gneiss mountains; whilst to the lovers of natural panoramas it offers an extensive view over land and sea, extending in the latter direction from Broadhaven to the lofty cliffs of Slieveleague, and embracing the distant peaks of Croagh Patrick and Nephin. On the smooth level summit of

* Mr. Fraser states that Mr. Inglis and others are mistaken in supposing the arbutus and Irish yew to be indigenous at Hazlewood, the fact being that they were planted by the late Mr. Wynne.

the hill is a large tumulus; and at its southern base a singular chasm, three quarters of a mile along, thirty feet wide, and forty feet deep from the wooded brink of its natural walls of limestone, which are adorned with a great variety of ferns and trailing plants, many of them peculiar to the locality. In the bay of Sligo, five miles from the town, is Coney Island, about a mile and a quarter long by half a mile broad, and near it is Oyster Island, on which are a beacon and two lighthouses. About two miles seaward is the Black Rock, on which is another lighthouse. Four miles from Sligo, on the road to Ballyshannon, is the hamlet of Drumcliff, near which are two ancient crosses and the remains of a round tower. This road runs for five miles round the base of Benbulbin, a mountain of similar appearance and formation to Knocknarea, but 644 feet higher. Three miles beyond Drumcliff is Lissadill, the fine demesne of Sir Robert Gore Booth, the former seat of whose ancestors, Ardtermon Castle, stands in ruins near the hamlet of Raghly, frowning over the desolation produced on that part of the coast by the encroachments of the drifting sands of the ocean. Hundreds of once fertile acres have been covered, and it is only of late years that any endeavours have been made to check the progress of the devastation. The ruins of an ancient church, with the taller of the rude tombs, and the remains of many humble habitations, are discernible above the accumulating sand in which they are imbedded. Near Raghly, which is four miles from Lissadill, are several subterranean channels through which the sea rushes, at flood tides, foaming and roaring, into a deep cavity, at some distance from the shore. The village of Johnsport adjoins Lissadill, and near it is the ruined castle of Dunfort. To the north of Lissadill, on the left of the traveller from Sligo to Ballyshannon, is Streedagh Point, four miles to the seaward of which is the little island of Inismurray, containing some ecclesiastical ruins of great antiquity. Another interesting drive is to Glen Car, formed by the King's Mountain, one of the limestone range of which Benbulbin forms part, and Gullogeaboy Mountain, rising respectively 1,965 and 1,430 feet above the sea. A great portion of this beautiful glen belongs to Mr. Wynne, who has much enhanced its natural picturesqueness by judicious planting. It is about eight miles in length, and at about five miles from Sligo the tourist reaches the solitary lake of Glen Car, about a mile and a half in length. Turning southward again, an interesting excursion may be made to the little town of Collooney, the road to which skirts Cleveragh demesne, and passes through Ballysadare, where there are ruins of a small abbey founded by St. Feehin in the seventh century, and picturesquely situated on the left bank of the Owenmore, at the spot where it falls over a series of shelving rocks, forming one of the finest rapids in the kingdom. Between this place and

Collooney the French were unsuccessfully attacked by Lord Gort, with a small body of yeomanry and militia, when they landed at Killala in 1798. Two miles beyond Ballysadare we reach Collooney; just below which the Owenmore is precipitated over a high ledge of rock, and forms a beautiful cascade, which has been availed of to drive the machinery of two of the largest flour mills in the county.

The task proposed in the foregoing pages is now completed, and the tourist has been rapidly conveyed over a considerable portion of the most attractive scenery of Ireland. It only remains briefly to add that if the perusal of this little volume should lead to increased inter-communication between the two countries, the author will consider that he has been amply repaid for his labour.

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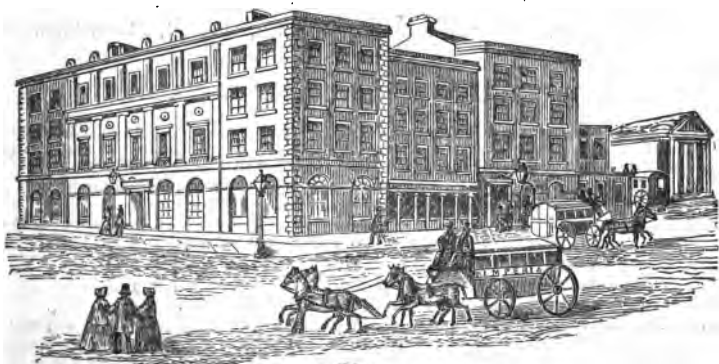
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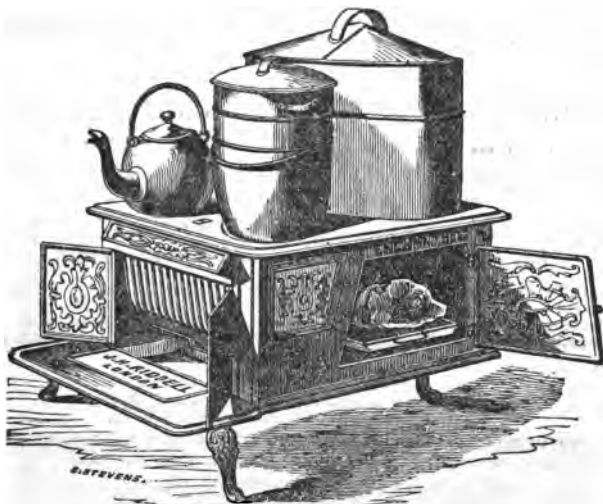
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